

Excursions About Birdland

From the Rockies to the Pacific

ADELAIDE LOWRY POLLOCK

VERSES BY NINA MOORE





Oregon—Taken by C. E. Forsyth
Esma and her Chestnut-backed Chickadee

EXCURSIONS ABOUT BIRDLAND

FROM THE
ROCKIES TO THE PACIFIC

BY
ADELAIDE LOWRY POLLOCK

1925

VERSE BY NINA MOORE



SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

COPYRIGHT, 1925
BY
ADELAIDE LOWRY POLLOCK

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

INDEPENDENT COMMERCIAL PRINTERS, INC.
508-512 FIRST AVENUE SOUTH
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

PREFATORY

When a book is ready to be published the time arrives to sum up the sources from which came the author's inspiration and materials, so that thanks may be given to those remembered who have aided in its inception and production.

For this volume gratitude should first be expressed to the past and present children of Seattle whose sharp eyes and eager questions pointed out the way that led to these excursions about birdland. Barbara of Stanford University, Tom of Stockton, California, and Ted of Seattle especially gave from their childish observations knowledge that was simple enough to be grasped by a beginner, whose senses had never been trained to register the sights and sounds understood by the initiated. The bewildering population of the sky and tree world were also teachers, and their fascinating ways and words were continual incentives to further study.

Books, too, were needed and thanks should be given to William Rogers Lord, Olive Thorne Miller, Bradford Torrey, Elliott Coues, Frank Chapman, Finley, and Robert Ridgway. Constant reference has been made to Dawson and Bowles "Birds of Washington" and Ridgway's "Bulletin No. 50" whenever observations were doubtful. Professor Trevor Kincaid loaned bird skins of the University of Washington; especial help was given by Dr. W. Shaw of the Agricultural College at Pullman; while helpful suggestions were received from Miss Clara Reynolds, of Seattle on book mechanics, and from J. W. Hungate, of Cheney Normal, about bird houses. Appreciation should be expressed, also, for the helpful suggestions given by the printers.

The gratitude of the author is due for the use of photographs, (which give such intimate glimpses of wild bird ways) to Mrs. C. E. Forsyth, to Mr. Ronald Chapman, and to the family (for the use of her work) of the late Mrs. Granville Ross Pike.

Finally, to Mrs. R. S. Fringer, Miss M. Beecher, Miss L. Maxine Kelly, and Miss Nina Moore much might be said: to the first three, because they gave encouraging aid in time of urgent need, and to the latter, because the lines which she has written to sum up the underlying ideas of each section give in a concentrated, beautiful way the thoughts otherwise expressed alone in clumsy prose.

ADELAIDE LOWRY POLLOCK,

Seattle, Washington,

December, 1924.

CONTENTS

	Page
Nuttall Sparrow, or "Western Nightingale"	1
The Rusty Song Sparrow.....	10
Neighboring Birds	30
Wood Midgets	39
The Gleaners	49
Trolls of the Trees.....	60
Wax Wings	66
"Where Land Meets Sea".....	80
"The Place Where You Go to Get Petrels"	88
Common Thrushes of the Dooryard.	100
Robin's Relatives	110
Stellar Jay	118
A January Bird Table..	126
Birds of "The Mountain".	134
The Watchman	141
Oregon Towhee	149
A Child's Questions.....	160
A Black and White Comrade.....	167
Pygmies of the Sky.....	177
Golden Days in Oregon..	

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
Esma and her Chestnut-backed Chickadee	Frontispiece
Rusty Getting His Luncheon.....	1
Bird-house Exhibit.....	15
Varied Thrush and Apple.....	18
Western Chipping Sparrow and Her Youngling.....	20
A Flicker Too Young to Flit.....	28
Western House Wren at His Door.....	50
A Seattle Wren.....	57
Stealing a Ride—A Glaucous-winged Gull.....	70
The Sandpiper's Beach.....	77
"The Place Where You Go to Get Petrels.....	84
An Adopted Family.....	98
A Varied Thrush.....	101
Does He Make You Shiver?.....	117
A Feast for Juncos and Goldfinches.....	121
A Bobbing Water Ouzel.....	127
Knee Deep in Heather Bells.....	132
Father and Young Towhee.....	145
Young Towhee.....	147
A Western Evening Grosbeak.....	151
A Young Louisiana Tanager.....	154
"Touched with Rainbow Colors Bright".....	168
Young and Careless Mothers: Chipping Sparrow and Junco.....	178
Father Grosbeak Collecting.....	182
A Chat—Caught.....	183
A Long-tailed Chat—Unaware.....	184

NUTTALL SPARROW, or "WESTERN NIGHTINGALE"

Night—and the flickering shadows
Played like ghosts on crumbled wall;
With naught to break the stillness
Save a wierd plaintive call
Of a night bird singing bravely
On the ramparts by the moat.
A lonely service woman
Caught the clear familiar note
While memory bore her far away
To her own native shore
Where the Nuttall Sparrow sings his song
By her loved cottage door.

* * * * *

A toast to him who joins the song
When clear and bright the day,
 As myriad throats
 Sing glad happy notes
He blends his song in praise.

But here's to one when night has come
And friends have gone to rest
 Who sings then alone
 In his clearest tone
The song we love the best.

'Tis easy enough to join the song
When the days are clear and bright
 But a brave true heart
 Will carry his part
Though he sings alone in the night.

THE RUSTY SONG SPARROW



I find for all my varying moods
Accompaniment of songs;
A kindred note of harmony
That to my heart belongs:
The flute-like tone so light and
glad,
Or deeper melody when sad,
For every thought that fills my
mind
An echo in your song I find.

—Nina Moore

Rusty Getting His Luncheon

A vigorous current of air blowing his hair across a boy's forehead, as he lay asleep under a maple at the edge of the bay, caused him to open his brown eyes, and to stretch himself with the joy and abandon belonging to his dozen years, as he remembered that this whole day was to be spent out of doors. His chum lay beside him, still dreaming, wrapped in his gray blankets, and the two boy scout hats, near the embers of a fire, reminded him that only a few evenings before he had been fascinated by the stories of a bird lover, as she told the members of his troop something of the secrets she knew about birds.

She had said, "Nature is an open book, which anyone can read, if he will but learn his alphabet of outdoor life.

I have found that birds are very much like people. If you want to know them intimately, you must visit them in their own haunts, or teach them to come to you about your homes. You must study their problems and find out how much they are like those of men and women. Books will help you to give names to the birds you see, and sometimes to determine the truth of your decisions about the things they do, but, if you are after real knowledge about them, you must go where they live and get acquainted there with some of the commoner kinds. Begin by taking your next hike to one of the many places they love near our beautiful city. The whole Northwest is full of such places."

Well, here he was, after a night under the stars, in a little clearing at the edge of an inlet of Puget Sound, and the day, which had been keeping in the shadow of night, was throwing up shafts of golden copper color into the sky. What would she show them? How very different the sights, and smells, and sounds were from those of the city! Mystery dwelt in every shadow, in every movement. All was still except for an occasional snap where a growing twig burst its jacket in the April warmth, or for a whisper from the leaves when the breeze swept through them.

He could just begin to see strange, odd shapes, little more than lights and shades under the edges of the bushes, when one of the brown shadows shook itself, stepped out into the light, ran a short distance, stood still, then jumped to a low branch, and he heard his first studied bird song.

He had never known before that he liked music: like many other boys he had thought that only girls and some grown up people ever got any joy out of song, but this was different from anything he had ever dreamed. It made him think of a prayer he had been taught by his mother, which he always repeated when he was in trouble. It sounded like some of the notes on the organ, when the choir sang on Sunday morning. How did it go? One-two-three-four, and then a running trill that he could not count. Was it

saying, "Yes, yes, yes, yes, the morning is awakening," or did it say anything? He had to share his joy and he touched his chum, pointing at the shadow, and they lay there watching and listening.

As the light increased, they saw that the singer was a small bird, about the size of an English sparrow, with a mottled brown back, gray stripes about its eyes and a speckled breast. His throat was swelling as flute-like tones filled the air; his slender, long brown legs, and crooked toes were clasped firmly around a stem, as if to hold him down to earth, while his song reached beyond the tree tops out into heaven. The big chestnut-brown breastpin that he wore, rippled up and down with the melody, and, occasionally, his wings joined in the music. His grayish-white sides were heavily splashed and spotted, as if in his rush to be the first singer of the morning, he had soiled his white vest as he slipped through a sooty stump, and had not yet had time to clean himself.

However, he was a trim little fellow, and, on reference to a small picture bird book that they carried, they decided that the singer must be the Rusty Song Sparrow, and that the man who named this variety knew what he was doing, for he was surely rusty while his song was a wonder. By this time there were a dozen of these birds joining in a chorus, and, after a hasty breakfast, the boys gave themselves up to a day of studying the lessons the song sparrows could teach them.

The boys had every chance to learn some of the habits and songs of the first singer, for their camp was ideal in its location for attracting this species of birds. A road ran along the edge of a swampy creek; sometimes wandering through blossoming willows; sometimes loitering at the edge of the water, where tangles of wild roses were beginning to show buds on their red stems; and sometimes it was only a path arched over by giant fronds of the common sword

fern, long branches of the thick-leaved salal, or the yellow blossoms of the tree form of the Oregon grape.

As they moved about they often saw Rusty, or his wife, (who looked exactly like him), running along (with funny, little, short steps), ahead of them in the path, picking up invisible dainties; but if they drew too near the birds vanished in the baffling heavy undergrowth, only to appear again at a safe distance. It was as much fun to boys and birds as a game of hide and seek.

They learned to distinguish a querulous call, which seemed, (first on this side, and then on the other), to be a signal note of these birds. They fancied that the anxious nasal "emp, emp" they heard, held a secret which they might be able to find out.

Imagine their delight when a bird flew from an overhanging hazel bush, to find it had just left a substantial nest, which rested on a projecting shelf of an old cedar log. This nest was made of strips of bark, grasses, twigs and leaves, lined with finer grasses, rootlets and horsehair. In the nest there were four warm eggs of a light greenish color, splotched all over with rusty spots, which were heavier about the larger end of the eggs, almost matching the color of the owners.

They began to fancy they had found a song sparrow village, not knowing that these birds do not like other nests near by, for the sparrows appeared in numbers, scolding from every thicket and shrub about them, seeming to avoid the trees, and hiding behind protecting leaves, as they made remarks about this invasion of the sanctuary of bird homes. Occasionally, one of the bolder ones gave a low dash across an open space, seeming to help itself along with a pump-like jerking tail motion. This flight appeared to belong to the song sparrows; and, soon, the boys realized that they had learned to distinguish one kind of flying creature from the other varieties that lived in this locality.

As they wandered on, they came to a brown hut, which attracted their attention by several swinging shelves on which lay scraps of food. One shelf hung beside an open window and another was close to a tiny back porch on which a meal was being placed.

The boys saw a brown flash of wings as a bird slipped through long seed tassels of spirea, and jumped upon one of the four ropes by which the shelf near the table was supported. While they stood watching, it gave a very good imitation of a tight rope performance, as it helped itself to a breadcrumb luncheon, finally sliding down to the level sunshine on the board, giving them a good chance to see it was another Rusty Song Sparrow.

A lady's hand reached out of the window to put some bird seed on the shelf, and when the owner saw the boys, she came out to speak to them. She proved to be a bird lover, who had spent her vacations for many years attracting the birds to her acre, which she called "Bird Refuge."

Finding the boys were interested, she took them out into a tangled back yard where, near a log in a thicket of madrona, spirea, and syringa, was a bird bath. She showed them how it had been made by a friend and herself from the sand, pebbles, and cobblestones of the beach mixed with Portland cement. A number of stones projected above the inner surface so that birds of different sizes could take their choice as to the depth at which they drank or splashed.

The lady told them many stories of the visitors to this pool. "In spite of the salt water all about, there are few creeks or springs near, and birds are more attracted to this secluded nook than they are to the food which I always have on the bird tables. Sometimes, they almost seem to wait in line to get a chance to get into the water. I have seen occasionally as many as six birds, three different kinds, taking a bath together, while twenty other birds were hanging by their toes on the branches, apparently urging the bathers to hurry."

The thirty-first of last August she had heard the Chestnut-backed Chickadee call and had stepped to her door, where she saw seven of these tiny creatures fluttering in and out of the water. As she watched, a small, bright-colored bird (which at first she thought was a Lutescent Warbler), flew to a broken branch of the log above the water, while two others of the same golden hue, but with black crowns, later came out of the foliage, and she had the rare pleasure of seeing what she thought was all that was left of the family of Golden Pileolated Warblers: the father, the mother (without the cap) and one son. Back in the darkest shade she could see another bird, which was trying to hide behind some salal leaves, but with her glasses she could tell it was a Russet-backed Thrush waiting its turn. She heard a rustling in the leaves, and an impatient "me-ay" announced that her pair of Oregon Towhees, and their three young, were on the way, and last, but not least, came a Rusty Song Sparrow.

Taking advantage of every shadow, the female Golden Warbler dared to join for a second in the splashing of the Chickadees, but it was several minutes before she gave herself a real bath. Then the rest of her family settled beside her, but the big Towhees jumped into the tub and all the other birds flew to the bushes. In a short time back they came and Chickadees, Warblers, and Towhees together made the water fly. The exclusive, reserved Russet-backed Thrush watched the frolic in dignified seclusion, occasionally giving a single, musical whistle "quit," but not until the others had finished did he take his solitary bath.

Finding that the boys were especially interested in the Rusty Song Sparrow, the lady told them that in all the years she had furnished food and water for the birds she had always had several of this species as regular boarders.

In spite of his small size, he could hold his own with birds much larger, and valiantly would he fight for his place at her table. Especially was he pugilistic when he brought

his young family to feed themselves after a strenuous nesting period. Life had been such a continual struggle to fill so many empty cavities, even when friendly hands had helped to make the problem easier, that his, and her, temper had been worn quite thin before they had raised their two or three yearly broods. She told of the appearance of the young birds at her table, led there by the proud parents, as soon as they were able to fly; of the way they crouched and fluttered their awkward little wings, as they teased for food, and of the table manners they had to learn.

She, too, loved the quality of Rusty's song, and said that she thought he sang every month of the year, except perhaps September. One bitter day in January, when the snow was heavy, she had heard him on Queen Anne Hill, in Seattle, when the sun came out. He had stood on the top stick of a brush pile, which was evidently his winter home, and had shouted triumphantly, "Dear. dear! Old winter'll soon be over!"

Many people do not know that song sparrows are to be found in almost any place in North America. There are a great many varieties of song sparrows, because the species is very plastic, and develops small differences in any locality where they are separated from others of their own kind by water or high mountains, and are then given new names. Wherever they are found they well deserve the pet name that has been given them: "Silver Tongue," and their song is so similar, that after you have once learned its quality, you will recognize it wherever you hear it. Still, one bird has been heard to sing nine variations of his theme in seven minutes.

If you happen to be in the Olympic Mountains in winter, or north even as far as Alaska, the common song sparrow will be the Sooty Song Sparrow; if west of the Cascade Range, north of the Rogue River in Oregon or in Washington, Rusty will charm with his notes; while east of the Cascades, the Merrill Song Sparrow occupies the northwest

part of the Inland Empire, and the Mountain Song Sparrow, the rest of the region. There is nothing but its own choice that keeps the bird in any location, so that, occasionally, even ornithologists have difficulty in deciding on the real name of a particular bird, but in general, the darker and larger birds are in the damper coast regions, while the grayer song sparrows are in the desert or the sunnier lands of the interior.

A song sparrow is as much at home in the shrubbery, the tangled thickets, or the woodpiles of the residential parts of our cities as he is about secluded streams, lakes, or salt water, but we humans are so often blind to the beauty of our surroundings, and so deaf to the music we might hear, that we do not recognize him when he runs about our yards, or sings from the top of hedges.

"Boys, learn to use your ears, so that you may often get a thrill not shared by ordinary people, when you catch a bit of music from woodsy patches or drifting down out of the sky even about our largest cities," said the bird woman and she went on to tell them that one late winter day in Tacoma she had been wandering through Point Defiance Park, on the lookout for all that beautiful place could show her, when she caught a scrap of song, which she knew was part of Rusty's melody. Its quality was below par, but it was bravely fluted again and again, and she had no difficulty in following the song to its maker, a bird, that with a companion, was examining every dead leaf, and looking about all the naked branches of a small maple tree.

It seemed to be giving only part of its attention to food getting, and the rest went toward paying court to its comrade who looked at him only out of the corners of her brown eyes, as she twisted and turned, showing her trim figure and smooth feathers to their best advantage. Meditating on the kinship of all animal life, she walked on and came, in the course of her wanderings, to a Rusty Song Sparrow in full song. As she turned homeward, this bird seemed to follow

her until they came across the path of the morning pair. She then saw the effect of music, for the songless bird deserted the poor singer for the bird whose tune was perfect; the two fluttered near her as far as the shrubbery extended, while the forsaken one could be heard calling a melancholy plaint behind them.

By this time the sun was approaching the soft, white masses of clouds that partly hid the Olympic Mountains, tingeing them with a crimson glow, and the boys felt that they must leave their new friend and the birds. As they thanked her they said, "We have enjoyed our lessons today from you and Rusty, and are coming again to the big out-of-doors for other wonders about birds which we want to know."

NEIGHBORLY BIRDS

Mysterious nature about you
In forest and field and brook,
Her secrets are yours for the asking
When you learn to listen and look.

—Nina Moore

Even dwellers in apartment houses and hotels sometimes want to coax birds to them, and they place food and water, or put boxes, upon their window ledges to attract them, and wonder why they have no visitors. While in severe winters their efforts may tide over a few starving robins, or increase the tribe of worthless house sparrows, in general, it is only in parks, in suburbs of the cities, or in homes that have vines, or hedges about them that wild birds will take hospitality from the town lodger.

Seldom will birds accept the first invitation, for those now living are descendants of ancestors that escaped destruction during long ages, when man was so busy in struggling for food or in fighting his enemies that he paid but little attention to the things he thought did not help to clothe, feed, or shelter him. He had no time, or even mind, to listen to bird song, or to enjoy the beautiful colors of their plumage unless they could be used as aids to capture these wild creatures for his own use. Now that men are growing wiser, and so many people have learned to play a little, the number is increasing who are getting acquainted with the fact that more pleasure can be had through an acquaintance with some of the plants and animals, that they can attract around them, than in the ordinary air of amusement places or the jostling crowds of the city streets.

It should be better known that birds are more helpful than harmful to man; that they can be coaxed about homes, where they pay their way by the destruction of myriads of

insects and bushels of weed seeds; and that if they are to remain as numerous as they have been in any region, they must be helped to overcome their natural and human enemies. Nesting sites must be provided for them, as trees disappear before an increasing population. Boys and girls, and farmers, who have not already realized it, should learn that the Federal government has had experts study the work that birds do for man. The Biological Bureau of the Department of Agriculture has issued bulletins, telling the value of birds and how their number should, and may be increased, and many state governments do similar work. In spite of help, however, the number of birds has grown less in long-settled states, and the inhabitants of the newer sections should begin early to provide good conditions.

Some far-seeing men and women in the region east of the Rocky Mountains, as well as state and national governments, have seen what to do and thousands of acres have been bought by individuals and set aside for birds to make safe the nests and lives of these friends of man. Henry Ford, probably through the influence of his friend, John Burroughs, has made his 2800-acre farm in Michigan a sanctuary for bird life. One great manufacturing company of farming implements has issued a lecture bulletin, which contains wisely selected bird poems, and has prepared a set of lantern slides which they loan to spread the news that birds are working for man and that they need help. Another big lumber company has put out a pocket volume "Good Bungalows for Good Birds," which is full of bird literature and information about the best way to make boxes that will coax these winged animals to help man earn his living as they earn theirs. When business men see such need for guarding birds, the citizens of a country should surely get the same knowledge, so that they can give help in this good work.

For people who are puzzled as to some of the ways to coax wild birds to be friendly with them, this chapter is

written, hoping that it will show them where to begin. It may be that they want to enjoy their beauty of color, of form, or movements; it may be that they want to enjoy their songs; it may be that they realize that most birds are good partners to have in raising flowers, fruit, or vegetables. Whatever the first cause is that prompts them, they will soon acquire other reasons, as they become acquainted with their new neighbors.

"Out Where the West Begins" birds may choose to be near man all through the year, yet he must provide attractions to help them increase or this region will be in the same plight as the long-settled states where birds are decreasing in number. There was a time in the East when but four species of wild birds would live in man-made houses: most men and women who grew up on farms know these birds to be the Tree Swallow, the Purple Martin, the House Wren, and the Bluebird; but, as increase in population has made harder conditions for them, other birds have learned to accept ready-made houses.

If the right kinds of locations and attractive dwellings are provided, the western winter wren, the Seattle wren, the northern violet-green swallow, the flicker, the chickadee, the phoebe, the western flycatcher, and even the whitebreasted nuthatch may be coaxed, in the lucky localities where they are to be found, into bird houses. Even western robins and rusty song sparrows will sometimes accept roofed shelters with one or all sides open, so that these birds may feel that freedom is theirs to enjoy when they want it.

One busy man several years ago in Southern Oregon, when told by his wife that she had seen a pair of Tree Swallows passing through the yard, hurried to make a bird box and put it up on a telephone pole. Within twenty-four hours the first pair of these birds that had ever been known to nest in that valley had taken possession of the site, and now, each year brings back an increasing number of these

insect eaters to their summer home on the poles prepared for them.

Trees, shrubs, and vines give urgent invitations to possible bird tenants to look over the premises, and if a fit bird house is in sight, and food and water can be found near, no questions are asked about the price of rent, but the new family moves in. Each variety of birds, however, has its own notions about the house it will choose, and the following table, adapted for the West, from Farmers' Bulletin No. 609 of the Department of Agriculture gives dimensions that seem best suited to their fancy.

	Height above ground feet	Floor of cavity in.	Depth of cavity in.	Entrance above floor in.	Dia. of entrance in.
Western, or Calif-					
ornia Bluebird	5 to 10	5 x 5	8	6	1¾
Mountain Bluebird	5 to 10	5 x 5	8	6	1¾
Western Robin	6 to 15	6 x 8	8	(1)	(1)
Chickadee	6 to 15	4 x 4	8 to 10	8	1½
White-breasted					
Nuthatch	12 to 20	4 x 4	8 to 10	8	1¾
Pacific House Wren	6 to 20	4 x 4	6 to 8	1 to 6	7/8
Northern Violet-					
green Swallow	10 to 15	5 x 5	6	1 to 6	1½
Tree Swallow	10 to 15	5 x 5	6	1 to 6	1½
Barn Swallow	8 to 12	6 x 6	6	(1)	(1)
Western & Purple					
Martin	15 to 20	6 x 6	6	1	2½
Song Sparrow	1 to 3	6 x 6	6	(2)	(2)
Flicker	6 to 20	7 x 7	16 to 18	16	2½
Seattle Wren	6 to 10	4 x 4	6 to 8	4 to 6	1

Birds have been taught by much experience to be afraid of traps, so careful selection of the right kind of box material, with colors that are like those that nature has

always provided, is a good insurance for anxious bird landlords to consider. Since ancient times, most birds have been familiar with wood in wild places, from the first day they picked their way out of the egg, and bark, slab, or rough wood is a good footing for tiny claws to climb. A paint of neutral gray or green, or a color the same as that of the house to which the box is attached, will prevent cracking which causes drafts, so fatal to nestlings, and will not offend the taste of winged house hunters.

A pair of wrens will sometimes accept a tomato can that is securely fastened in a shady spot. Some protection should be given, as metal of any kind attracts and holds heat so that young wrens have died in such places; even when the parents, following their usual custom, have filled the can with as many as a thousand sticks, and burrowed out a nest in the middle of the mass. A concrete house on the other hand is too cold and would gather dampness, so, in spite of attractive pictures, it is wise to keep your money in your purse, and build your own birdhouses.

It has been observed that although nests are built on swaying limbs, birds avoid the house that swings. The boxes should be securely fastened, preferably on posts, or against a tree, usually in the early autumn while the leaves are there to show the best location. Then they lose their odor of paint, and may, in case of storms, become places of refuge for winter residents. Becoming used to such places, even the migrants may decide to go to housekeeping in their winter quarters.

Such houses, however, should be cleaned in early spring, and a little powdered sulphur will destroy the insects that may have taken refuge in them. On this account a bird box should be hinged, so that a wall or the roof may be easily lifted. Farmers' Bulletin No. 609 of the Department of Agriculture gives careful plans and directions for such boxes, and for bird shelters, but any boy or manual training class may work out this problem in a dozen different ways.

Students of bird life under many conditions warn beginners to be very careful as to the size and position of the entrance to the nest, the way this entrance slants, the direction it faces, and the selection of the site of the box. The preceding table show the most suitable size and position of the entrance, which should slant upward toward the inside to prevent rain from running down into the box. For the same reason it should face away from prevailing



Yakima—Taken by Mrs. Granville Ross Pike
Bird-house Exhibit

wind and rain. If natural nesting sites are noticed, the direction can be known. In addition, the box should never slant backward at the top, a slant forward is not so unattractive, for some birds dig out nests under projecting stumps of limbs.

For birds that do not like bird houses, poles, fence corners, trees, shrubs, or wild tangles are necessary; and, in clearing our own building places, it would be easy to leave the native growth which bears the fruit that birds like best.

There are so many plants in the West that provide berries or seeds that man destroys, which would protect his cultivated fruit or vegetables. He must learn to save them, or to plant them, if he does not want robins, tanagers, purple finches, or grosbeaks to take their tithe from the fruits he himself likes.

The snowberry, the common and the red-berried elder, sumac, alder, cedar, spruce, fir, pine and hemlock provide food the year round in regions where they are to be found. The wild rose, spirea, hardhack and yarrow spread feasts in all except summer months, and then birds will feed upon the haws, service berry, thimble berry, wild strawberry, wild blackberry, wild gooseberry, wild red currant, oso-berry and the salal, unless such plants are destroyed by man. Autumn and winter furnish ample provisions in the wild plum, flowering dogwood seeds, madrone, or arbutus, berries, fruit of the mountain ash, wild cherry, cascara, the two forms of Oregon grape, the wild honeysuckle, and the red and the evergreen huckleberry.

Birds that will not build in boxes, but will in shrubbery, may often be attracted to an orchard or yard which contains a row of red mulberry trees, which fruits early and keeps fruiting for months, and the birds will pay their way in their care of all the fruit trees.

Other birds will sometimes accept help in the selection of nesting material and will take up quarters near when short lengths of string, ravellings, bits of wool or cotton, horsehair, narrow strips of cloth, or even pans of soft mud, are placed where they can find them. Care must be taken that the string, horsehair, etc. are short, so that birds, or their little ones cannot become tangled in them, for many bird students know stories of tragedies for these small creatures when unwisely helped.

Bread, crumbs from the table, seeds and water to drink and for bathing purposes arranged in protected places will often cause migrants to look for a nesting site in the neigh-

borhood. In such cases, the birds' enemies should be prevented from any chance to steal unseen upon them by placing bird tables several feet from the ground, and by protecting bird baths with screens or clear spaces.

The Bureau of Biological Survey has decided that cats are the most destructive enemies of bird life, outside of man. Even hawks, owls, jays, crows, or snakes do not destroy so large a number as this domestic creature. Not only stray cats, which drag out miserable lives in alleys and parks, but the pampered pets of people who like cats about them are guilty. Cats are not to blame for following natural instincts when they destroy a brood of nestlings, or cause them to die lingering deaths through the destruction of parent birds, but man's wisdom should prevent this waste of friendly lives.

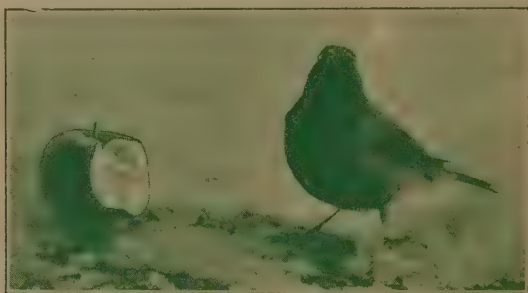
All vagabond cats should be mercifully destroyed, and others should be licensed and prevented from bird stalking, by insisting that owners keep them within doors, nights as well as days, for they cannot be belled or taught so that they will let birds alone. In theory, cats are abominable, although there are individuals that one can admire; but some like birds better, and each person has to make his choice between them. It might help matters if owners of cats which were caught destroying birds, were fined for the actions of their expensive luxuries. |

Chickfood, purchased from any grocer, will feed many winter birds, and the remnants of beef and mutton tallow can be melted and poured into small cans, which can be securely fastened where birds can find them. If into this melted fat hemp, sunflower seeds, and ground bread crumbs are placed, a suet cake is made which will furnish a splendidly balanced meal that will be greatly appreciated by table boarders. While the cake is warm, if you insert a stick for a roosting place, it will be an added inducement to birds to take a bite of your bounty. To prevent jays from getting an unequal share of these dainties, the cakes may be fasten-

ed to the lower side of branches or placed in half-inch wire netting cages in spots where, unseen, a watcher may enjoy sights unusual to the average person.

The end of an apple box with a rim of narrow board placed around it, to prevent warping, projecting a half inch above the level so that food will not be swept away by the wind, makes a fine bird table. It can be hung in a good location by ropes attached to nails at the four corners, and after the birds have learned to use it, will furnish joy to them and to observers.

A food tree in the depth of winter can easily be prepared for a centrepiece for a bird table, by pouring the suet



Oregon—Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth
Varied Thrush and Apple

cake material over the limbs of discarded Christmas trees or evergreen decorations; and bits of nuts and apples tied to the tree will give variety.

If birds are called by one signal, as one big man calls his flock of Oregon Towhees, and Oregon Juncos, they learn to come through their shrubby paths at the sound. When this man in Southern Oregon takes a piece of bread and calls "Gebe! Gebe!" sounds of wings and feet touching bare twigs can be heard, as birds come from all directions, until, at times, he has fed more than a hundred winter residents among which are many chestnut-backed chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches, hermit thrushes, and mountain quail.

These birds have become so used to him and his wife that several times when she has rushed out to shoot hawks that have learned where food to their liking may be had, a chickadee has lit upon the barrel of her gun between the sights, and she has had to lose her shot, although her presence saved her friends.

When boys and girls and men and women of many regions provide such Meccas for bird life, there will be increasing numbers of our present varieties, and possibly new species to adorn our vales and forests, to protect our fields and orchards, to enliven our solitudes, and to give pleasure to the cultivated ear and eye.

A bird student is often asked, "What is that little dark bird, about five or six inches long, which I see about my home?" and these same people are surprised to know that they might see a dozen kinds of birds which would answer to that description. Birds like to stay near people, because, often without knowing it, they provide conditions which make it easier for birds to make their living. If you really want to get acquainted with them, look a bit more carefully and you will soon begin to see small differences which will help you to decide who your neighbor is.

Weeds and insects are much more attractive to birds than to people, yet they are nearly always to be found along with man, and birds will follow these pests unless driven away by cats, dogs, or guns. Then some people believe that birds are as curious and sociable as boys, and that they enjoy people as we might enjoy them, if we were not too busy with matters that do not amount to very much; therefore, you should be introduced to a few of the commoner kinds, so that you may learn to know them well enough to recognize them and associate their peculiar ways with the proper bird.

Probably some one of the seven species of swallows, if the Purple Martins are counted as swallows, or one of the dozen varieties of the big family of sparrows, apt to be

found in any locality, will be the first bird you will meet when you try to make bird acquaintances; but, are you sure that you are able to tell a sparrow from a swallow?

If the birds are at rest, they may instantly be told apart by their bills, for each bird has in his bill a tool that fits him to get the kind of food he likes, almost as well as does our hand, which we use to satisfy our needs.

Swallows live on insect life, which they catch as they fly through the air, so that they need as large a trap, as they can conveniently carry, in which to capture their food.



Oregon—Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth

Western Chipping Sparrow and Her Youngling

The short, wide, flat bill, with several bristles at the outer edges of the jaw and the wet mouth, makes the whole front of a swallow a kind of a sticky net, which the powerful wings sweep back and forth, wide open, through a cloud of insects. The catch is swallowed when the net is full, when it is ready to be filled again.

The sparrow's bill has a different kind of work to do. It is used, to be sure, in the nesting season to capture large

numbers of insects, but its chief work is picking up and cracking small seeds and grains. This bill, therefore, has developed into an irregular cone-shaped tool, with a fine front point and sharp edges, which the strong jaws and nimble tongue use to work off the outer husks or shells of their chosen dainties.

Consequently, a bird student must always look at the size and shape of a bird's bill to help him determine the name of a new acquaintance, and keep a notebook record of all he has time to see in the fleeting glimpses he gets of a bird, for later identification through bird books.

Sparrows spend much of their time on the ground or among low shrubbery, while swallows use the air for a place in which they play or work most of their waking time, which means from early dawn until night falls, usually. This different habit of living has made a great change in the size and shape of their wings, for when a living organ is often used it is apt to excel one that is not. A sparrow has, generally, short, rounded wings, and a swallow has long wide ones which bear him through the sky in a way that children, dreamers, and aviators envy. The swallows sweep through the air, dipping up and down, soaring high or low, as they follow the whims of insect life, until the watcher with a pair of opera glasses, grows dizzy, as he tries to decide which particular species is whirling about him; while sparrows take short, more or less jerky, flights unless they are species having a period of migration, when they may travel great distances.

Both kinds of birds vary in size from the five inches of a willow goldfinch or a northern violet-green swallow, to the eight inches of a towhee or a martin; while in color the sparrows may be black, brown, gray, reddish, or yellow and the swallows are apt to have changeable blacks, blues, browns, greens, or purples. To add to the puzzle some birds, like the male western goldfinch, wear a brilliant yellow and black coat in the summer, which changes to a brownish-

olive drab, like that of the female, after the nesting season, but you will get to recognise in a short time the size and undulating flight of this species if you are a real student of birds.

A general rule concerning color cannot be given, but when, in the Northwest, one sees a small dark bird with power to float through the air, any time from February to September twentieth, or gets glimpses of a color that is partly shimmering metallic, one knows that one is looking at one of the swallows, and then must look for certain recognition marks, or listen to their twitterings to help him know which bird is near.

If the prevailing color seems black or brown, with a body appearing to end in a line, due to the long deeply cleft tail, decide that the bird is a Barn Swallow: but if you get glimpses of a white forehead and a short, slightly forked tail with these colors you may recognize the Cliff, or Eave Swallow. If the lower part of the body appears white, with eyes in this lighter color, that also seems to curl up in front of the tail on the back that shows shiny bronze-green or purple colors, the bird is the beautiful Northern Violet-green Swallow; but if the bird's back is a dark steel-blue, with eyes situated in this color and no white showing above, it is a Tree Swallow.

Sometimes, in Seattle you may hear the Western Martin's musical twitter as it flies across the hill tops. Learn to know this call and the bird as it whirls its deep purple-black body from the top of one tall building to another, or plays up and down the streets above the city's traffic. His duller, grayer mate sometimes makes her nest in niches under the cornices of the tallest buildings where she and her family can enjoy high life. Old residents will remember a box that was occupied for several seasons by a pair of these birds on Pioneer Square, before the Totem Pole appeared. They are usually seen only in the business

section of our cities, or darting out from under the wharves where they daily seek their insects.

If you happen to find a small grayish-brown swallow, whose back does not shimmer, you will have to decide whether it is a Rough-winged Swallow, or a Bank Swallow. If the bird has a brownish-gray breast-band across its white lower parts, it is the Bank Swallow, but if the lower part is similar to the back, it is the Rough-winged. The latter name was given to this bird because it has a number of queer, little hooks, whose use is unknown, on the front edges of the wings: but these may be seen only when a specimen is in your hand.

While swallows are away from the Northwest in the winter months, there are several varieties of the sparrow family that spend their entire time here. Among the commonest are the rusty song sparrow, the English or house sparrow, and the Oregon towhee.

Many people dislike the house sparrows because of the evil tales they have heard about them, but they could not have recognized these birds, and do not know that there are many valuable kinds of sparrows, without whose help the earth would be an unpleasant abiding place, overrun with weeds and insects.

The house sparrows did not leave their native land and come to America, however, of their own accord. They were trapped and carefully brought across the ocean, and their coming had the aid and approval of bird students, who could not bring with them the conditions which kept them in check in Europe. They were first landed in America in 1858 in Portland, Maine says Elliott Coues. Thirty were set free to fight the army worm in 1868 in Boston, and one thousand in Philadelphia in 1869 for the same purpose, while about this same time others were set free in New York.

With the cunning, strength, and vigor which had been developed through generations of struggle in Europe, they have learned to care for themselves almost anywhere and

to travel from one place to another until there are few cities in the East where they are not in possession of the parks. Even in the cities and in the country of the Northwest, they are slipping in, and unless the first pair is destroyed they soon are able to drive out other birds, as they multiply rapidly and thrive under almost any condition.

Mr. Samuel Rathbun, a most careful bird student, is authority for the statement that the first pair of these little pests appeared in Seattle in the vicinity of Third and James in 1897. The next year fourteen were seen, and the next, seventy. From this nucleus they have spread over the entire city. How they came is not known definitely. They probably came in on a freight train; having slipped into a car for food at some point along the railroad far east of Seattle, as it has been observed that House Sparrows have followed the shining steel rails westward from the big centres where they were introduced.

In an exhaustive report made to our government by Walter B. Barrows, it is stated that the young of one pair, if protected, would amount in ten years to 275,716,983,698 birds. Wherever they appear, they finally drive away the native song birds. While they are spreading somewhat into the farming regions, they are naturally lovers of the city and can be easily seen fighting over some morsel in the streets, or heard fussing over household matters in vine-draped or tree-shaded homes of cities. The sparrows which scarcely take the trouble to step out of the way of a foot passenger on the city docks or about stations are usually house sparrows.

The male bird may be distinguished from other helpful little brown sparrows by the black throat-streak reaching down on the breast, and the chestnut patch spreading from the eye to the shoulder, with some white on cheeks and wings. With the males will be seen the inconspicuous brownish-gray females with no particular marks of recognition. They have taken out no citizenship papers, but

they are thoroughly naturalized, while, like other city gamins, they take no thought of the morrow, but depend for supper upon what they find in the gutters and streets, and any food they find is eaten, for nothing comes amiss to them.

Their nest which is a bulky, globular affair, with its entrance usually at the side, is found in trees, bird boxes, electric light frames, recesses in building in fact they are everywhere, in almost any bird building locality. Many battles may be observed yearly between the house sparrows and martins, swallows, or bluebirds, often disastrously in favor of the sparrows, unless the other birds are aided by a friendly human hand. Next to the cat, the house sparrow ranks as an enemy of song birds. If the Northwest keeps them in check by wise laws, our song birds will multiply. Teachers, and parents should create a sentiment, working in harmony with the Humane and Audubon Societies, to provide ways and means for laws that will exterminate these sparrows and homeless cats.

These birds are wise in having made the best for themselves of conditions they found in the New World, and man must solve the problem which will balance the evil side of their presence here, so that we may yet enjoy their friendliness. In European cities, they learn to feed from man's hands. Tourists near the Louvre in Paris have often been amused by the antics of flocks of house sparrows, which seem to understand the French expressions of newsboys, for the birds flutter about their shoulders and heads, while they all talk to each other in French, as the birds snatch bits of bread.

They cannot be said to have a song, although they belong to the class of song birds, while swallows do not, but in the spring they do the best they can to warble. A House Sparrow in Cheney, Washington, was once observed sitting on a fencepost lost in a frenzy of noise, utterly unconscious of a big yellow cat which crouched in a hollow behind him.

Over and over he uttered his three little notes accompanied by twistings of his throat and shoulders until a passer-by gave him a new lease of life by making him fly away.

Of the migrant sparrows that return to the Northwest from the South, none are more attractive than the White-crowned Sparrows. They come winging their way in the last weeks of March or the first of April. We waken some morning and hear the plaintive little song which may be worded: "De-ar! De-ar." I'm glad to be he-re!" resounding in every neighborhood which provides a bush-pile, or a tangle which a bird can mount. As this bird is next to the house sparrow in abundance, it will be easily found and readily recognized by its brownish-gray coloring and the black and white stripes running longitudinally from bill to nape of neck.

These are two varieties of the eastern white-crowned sparrows in this region; the Gambel Sparrow is plentiful on the eastern side of the Cascades, where he is seen in large numbers during migration about Pullman College and other observation stations, while the Nuttall Sparrow is one of the commonest summer birds on the coast. Dawson and Bowles in *Birds of Washington* is authority for the statement that no skins of Gambel Sparrow had been taken west of the Cascades. These sparrows have sometimes been called the American Nightingale from their habit of singing at night. Those who know the clear plaintive little song may be thrilled at almost any hour of the night during the spring months by its song. Mr. Charles W. Scarff of Seattle, has written of the Nuttall Sparrow:

"Oft in the silent watches of the night,
When lights burn low,
I hear the pattering rain
Beat soft against the vine-draped window-pane;
And as I sit and doze, contented quite,
Before the open fire's mellow light,

A voice from outer darkness, clear and plain,
Proclaims the feathered songster's glad refrain
As cheerily he warbles while I write."

There are other neighborly birds not mentioned elsewhere in this book, that may be seen in the trees, on the parking strips, on the fence corners, or along the telephone wires or poles at times. Probably the commonest in migration are golden-crowned sparrows, heard in April or May. Then those lovers of the thistle seeds, the willow goldfinch and the western chipping sparrows, with their chestnut crowns may be often met, while the western night-hawk was seen playing tag with a dog in the twilight in a suburb of Yakima, Washington. The awkward body, short neck and big head of the western belted kingfisher does not always keep to the shores of fresh and salt water, for a rattling trill attracted attention to one, as he sat perched on a telephone wire not far from the capitol in Olympia, Washington, keeping tab, perhaps on the legislators during a session. His stay was short, but he gave a fine exhibition of his powerful flight; quick, jerky wings kept well below the level of his body, as he rushed away to the nest, probably dug in some sandy bank of the bay.

Often the northwestern flicker on the west and the red-shafted flicker on the east side of the Cascade range may remind the people, who once lived on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, of the yellowshafted flicker of an old home. Some there are, who will see his huge body, squatted awkwardly on its short legs in an unkept parking strip, or braced by the sharp, stiff tail feathers against a tree trunk, and will recognize a woodpecker, and some may watch a fond mother feeding her baby who is too young to flit. His liking for ordinary ants, and also for the termites which are so numerous in August, (this representative of the so-called white ants) is causing these birds to forsake the trees, but not the house tops and gables where he so

often taps out a message to his mate. He cares little for the groans and growls of those, whose beauty sleep is being disturbed by his signals, except to chuckle his "wick-er, wick-er" as his sharp ears get an answer from far away.



Yakima—Taken by Mrs. Granville Ross Pike
A Flicker Too Young to Flit

Then his trumpet call of "kee-yer" may announce that he is on his wings to meet her.

Once a woman risked a shaking ladder to climb twenty feet to a place where she could peer down into a hole in a

stump at a wriggling, pink mass of flicker infants, led to the adventure by the interest of a Seattle boy. She even succeeded in touching those naked babies, as they clung to the sides of their nest and had a good chance to observe the orange lined wings and tail and the red mustaches of the father bird as he almost brushed her hands. His long bill would have been a dangerous weapon if he had wished to use it, but he was not a fighter, and only by his manner showed how much he desired that he and his should be left in peace. A lover of peace herself as well as of birds, the observer could not find it in her heart to worry him long, but wishing him luck, gave him the quiet he desired.

WOOD MIDGETS

I listen to you all day long,
From highest tree there comes to me
A challenge bidding me be strong.

I hear you calling in your flight;
A clearer view is given you
When you look down from greater height.

Your daring gives you stronger wings,
I will not fear though days be drear
My thoughts shall soar to higher things.
—Nina Moore

The different layers of thick ferns, salal, or Oregon grape, of thimbleberry and huckleberry, of willow, spirea, and hazel under the overlapping branches of the forests which make so attractive the land that slopes from the top of the Cascade Range west to the Pacific, or east to the bench lands and valleys of the Inland Empire, hold many secrets in birdland for those who dare to penetrate their solitudes. If one has studied on the coast, and then wanders among the willow thickets which border so many lakes and lakelets, or under the white pines that sometimes fringe the ravines or streams, or on the bunchgrass plains on the other side of the mountains, he will be delighted by the ease with which he may continue his bird lessons.

Wherever the bird student takes his opera glass there is always a chance that he may run across a new winged animal, which, to those who do not care for the life that springs from branch to branch, or flies from leaf to leaf, are classed as "just birds". To those, however, who thrill at each and every flash of wings, these birds are known as friends and neighbors that have been met and loved in other

places. Many people have learned that the charm of a day in the big out-of-doors is greater when mere acquaintances are sharing the trees and the wide spaces. A few there are, with knowledge of wood midgets that can be found in such places by keen ears and eyes, who always have friends with them that answer to their names, or sing familiar strains. They know that hearts beat faster at such times, while all the common things of life will be forgotten. The land may be strange, the language unknown, but the birds are not; and to the delights of new scenes are added the enjoyment that comes from memories of home and other days.

It takes a little time to find out any secret, and people may not claim they are too busy to begin to know the little people about them when as busy a man as Roosevelt made himself an authority on the song and craft of his bird neighbors. A new interest will be added to life if above the din of the city's main street they catch the call of a martin, or hear and know the twitter of a Vaux swift when, a moment before, they had fancied themselves shut in by wood, or bricks and steel. The mind will call up visions of hidden streams, the odors of clean places, to help through the humdrum daily routine.

Boys and girls, or men and women, who take up this study and get a real interest and knowledge of the birds, have a game which they can play for the rest of life. Birds have so many fascinating ways that the enjoyment in them is never quite lost. Too many men and women lose touch with nature, and almost with joy, as the years slip by, because they have forgotten how to play. They no longer like "tag" or leap frog," and they have not yet learned this game of "hide and seek" which they can always play with the birds.

There are so many ways to get into this game of "hide and seek," but one of the best is to keep your eyes and ears alert. When you see or hear a bird, write out in a notebook as clear a description as you can, of what you have seen or

heard, and then find a book, a museum, or another bird student to help you out. You will find that you need to know the size, color, odd markings, song, and habits if you want to know the name of the creature that you saw. There are many books with pictures in the libraries, and almost every big city has a museum in either park, state college, or university, which you may visit when you are in doubt.

Not long ago, a boy was met in a museum in a big store in Spokane, Washington. He had been out upon the hills for a tramp and had seen a wood midget that he did not know, and had come to this collection for help. A long talk was held about the many gray or brown birds that he had noted, and he cleared up several mysteries. He said: "There are such a lot of birds of about the same size and color that I have been pretty well mixed in trying to get acquainted with them, but I am beginning to know some of the things that they do, and I find that helps."

Much interest was felt in a white robin they saw in one of the cases, and they were told that it had been shot on a lawn in the city by a man who wanted his wife, who was out of town, to see it. He had noticed it feeding with the other robins, its habits were as theirs, but it was a freak in its feather covering. The mounted bird was entirely white except for its pink glass eyes and a pinkish tinge on its breast; and its bill, legs, feet, and even toenails were ghost-like. They wondered how the other robins felt about this odd creature and if they were sorry when it was killed.

On that April trip to Spokane, down in a park beside the rushing river, which dashes madly over the falls in that beautiful city, a number of varieties of the birds that may be called wood midgets were seen. One flock was swinging in the tall pines calling out different versions of their own names "tsic-a-dee-dee" or "dee-dee-dee."

The visitor was anxious to see these chickadees of the Inland Empire, for Ridgway says that a separate colony of the type form inhabits the area between the Rocky

Mountains and the Cascade Range in eastern Washington, and he classifies them as such birds: plain chickadees. They looked very much like the gray-backed Oregon chickadees of the coast country except they were a bit smaller and darker, and even an expert could tell them apart only when he had specimens of both kinds dead in his hands.

Experts are necessary to decide for the average bird lover that a particular variety is in a certain locality; but after that has been decided, surely more specimens need not be collected. A Chickadee, wherever he happens to live, is a chickadee. While it may be boasted that the Northwest has four kinds of chickadees, why can't we be satisfied when we see a graybacked chickadee on the western slope of the mountains to write in our notes, Oregon chickadee? And if in the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades to write the type form chickadee? To be sure if a student should find a chickadee with a red-brown back on the eastern slope, it would be as astonishing as when a child in Seattle brought in one that he had found on the sidewalk, which had a white stripe about its eye, because the back and flanks of that color mark the chestnut-backed chickadee (Frontispiece) which belongs usually on the coast, while the whitestriped mountain chickadee is a bird of the high places of the country from the Rocky Mountains to the Coast Range.

The Spokane birds were reminders of two other bird walks in very different places: one on a winter day on a little island just above Niagara Falls, where clear and strong, mingling with the roar of those mighty waters, came the call of the chickadee. The ground was white with snow, the wind was stinging; but when the greeting was answered he came near enough to show that the river and the island were his especial property. Another time, during the days that followed the Great War, while the Americans were being brought home from France, a woman was climbing the lower slopes of Mt. Blanc. While cross-

ing a small snowfield she thought she heard a familiar American voice singing in one of the trees near the snow line. She imitated the notes, out came a chickadee, almost to a welcoming hand, and the long miles from home were bridged.

Two young Oregon chickadees, just as they were about ready to leave their nests, were able to give their own names much more plainly than many children can when old enough to cause trouble to fond parents by indulging the run-away spirit. These two babies were found by a boy in Seattle when workmen blew up a great stump in the process of cutting a street through a bit of the old forest that still covered that part of the city limits. He also found a deserted vireo nest and placed the youngsters in it so that he could take them to his teacher. They clung so tightly with their small toes to the new home that they were carried from room to room in the big school which the boy attended. Then they were sent across the city in the street-car to another school where, as more hundreds of children viewed them, they said over and over again "chicka-dee-dee," while the listeners squealed their delighted accompaniment to the calls.

With the Spokane pygmies were other wood midgets with dull olive-green backs and whiteish-gray breasts. They showed two white wing bars and a white eye-ring, and one male bird turned upside down long enough to give a glimpse of his scarlet crown telling that they were ruby-crowned kinglets. It was only April third, which meant that these migrants, nesting usually north of the United States, had made an early start for their annual northern trip. One male was singing a melody that was thrilling in its quality and quantity, and while the singer was quite a bit smaller than the chickadees, his voice was big enough to be heard long distances.

At Pullman, Washington, a few days later, several groups of these birds were seen and heard on the grounds

of the State College, at which place a girl said of his song: "He sings with the recklessness of a professional." His joyous trill ended with an "I know it! I know it!" which made the listeners glad that he could know and tell about it.

The Pullman birds were unusually kind, for one male sat still long enough to preen his feathers with his bill and toes until two others came into his particular bush. One of the newcomers was a male bird whose crown blazed, while he spread his scarlet spot until it seemed to cover his whole head as he dashed furiously at the other male and the uncrowned female watched the struggle for her company. The first bird was not much of a fighter, or not anxious for a mate, for, after springing from one branch to another several times and dodging a few blows, he left the pair to discuss his cowardice.

A man who knows birds (Dawson, in *The Birds of Washington*) has written that in the Pacific district, breeding from British Columbia to Alaska, we have a second kinglet all our own, bearing the name of Sitkan ruby-crowned kinglet. It is much darker than the other kinglets, due probably to the damp climate. A pair were seen several times one winter near Bremerton, Washington, in company with chestnut-backed chickadees and rusty song sparrows gleaning insect fare from a wild rose thicket. They were quite willing to get acquainted, for they came down at a whistled invitation, looking the observer over with the same sort of curiosity that she had in viewing them.

The whole of Western North America has still another member of the little king family which may be found at times breeding from Mt. Whitney, California, northward through eastern Oregon and Colorado to Kadiak Island, Alaska. Wherever there are cone-bearing trees, at any season of the year, you may run across the western golden-crowned kinglet, a brighter variety of the eastern bird. He may be known from his cousin, the ruby-crowns, by the difference in his head trimmings and lack of wing bars.

Both male and female of this species are adorned by white lines above the eye inclosing black stripes, which again inclose a yellow spot. The male is made still more charming by the intense orange of a central patch on his crown, which the female lacks. They are very sociable and love the company of their own family as well as that of wrens, nut-hatches, creepers and chickadees. Whenever a lisping, invisible conversation is heard in a woodsy country, the right kind of whistled notes may bring some of these birds down from the treetops to look at the whistler.

While walking in a pine forest of the Inland Empire a friend said, "Oh! see that little speckled toad of a bird squeezed into the bark of that tree!" pointing to a California creeper, the variety that lives in central Oregon and Washington. Her name for the bird was good enough, for he is toad-like in coloring and in the way he slowly creeps, always upward, along the rough bark which almost conceals him, so well do the brown, white, and russet scraps of color match in bark and bird; but the long curved bill and sharp pointed tail feathers would alone put him out of the toad class.

The Pacific coast district from northern California to Alaska has another variety all its own; the tawny creeper which is browner and more suffused with tawny, while the wing markings are more buffy. These birds may be found only if your eyes are in fine condition, for they love the shadowy side of the cone-bearing trees, where they spend their lives guarding the northwest timber. While sitting one summer on a crag in the Cascades, level with the tree-tops, a brown mite of a creeper was seen to sail from the tip of a fir down to the base of another tree and again begin to travel upward in a spiral fashion. It was so tiny and the tree so big, yet the life of these giants depends, partly, upon the help of just such birds.

The first knowledge of another group of wood midgets will probably come through the sense of hearing, as nut-hatches are oftener heard than seen, although the three

varieties of these birds that are resident, when they choose to be, of this section, should be better known. One of their calls, a nasal drawling "nyank, nyank" may often be heard in the suburbs of cities when they are edged with forests, but the sound may long remain a mystery even to a mountaineer. The Steller jay has an occasional call in the spring which resembles it, that he may have learned from these nimble climbers, but it has less carrying power.

If ever you happen to find a small bird with a black and slaty-blue back creeping along in any direction on the under surface of a limb, or other place on a tree where his long toes happen to light, get your glasses focused quickly. If the bird has a straight, long, sharp bill and white under parts, it is probably the slender-billed nuthatch, but if it is a bit smaller and is tawny-buff below it may be the red-breasted nuthatch, as both birds are residents of the Northwest.

Some day when wandering in the pine forests of the eastern slope of the Cascade Range you may see a flock of tiny lead-blue, chunky creatures which resemble other nuthatches, in habits and shape, but are smaller and with the dark crown showing a white spot on the top of the back of the neck. Then probably you have found a pygmy nuthatch.

An uncommon bird trait was shown one June by a flock of these midgets. While watching the waves of the ocean break upon the white beach near Pacific Grove, California a bird darted out of a hole about twenty feet up in a stump on the sand dunes. It was a Pygmy Nuthatch, although a late nester, for they are said to have but one yearly brood.

While the first bird was flying about, a second one appeared with insects in its bill, and then another, and another. As nearly as could be decided, there were seven birds scrambling, with mouthfuls of bugs, into and out of that one nest. The only explanation possible was that a first brood of this family had decided to help out their little

parents in the big job of hunting provisions for their five to nine young in this second family. Was it a big brotherly or sisterly feeling that inspired them? Several trips were made to the nest and each time the company of birds were seen carrying food into the hole in the stump, and the wonder came, was this trait the cause of the group habit of the nimble wood midgets? Perhaps other observers may also find the young sharing in the spring work.

THE GLEANERS

Busy little Gleamers, do you know how well
You teach the lesson of a world's great plan:
Happy, bright wings fluttering to and fro,
Give a song and service for the good of man?
—Nina Moore

Not only do the small birds of the preceding chapter give the most of their time to volunteer work upon the limbs and trunks of trees, but there are others that assist in this labor. Many tiny creatures help in hunting insects, their eggs, and larvae, searching for these pests on the leaves, flowers, and twigs of the forests, doing unpaid police duty on or about the outer parts of the trees.

Naturally many of these birds are summer residents, going south, often, even before plants begin to prepare for winter; and they do not come back until the leaf buds have cast off their brown coats, and their swollen contents are spread out to dance in spring breezes. Among these migrants are the wood warblers, the flycatchers, and most of the vireos.

The Anthony Vireo occasionally braves the winter storms of the Northwest on the west side. He is a rare resident, but makes a great amount of noise during the damp seasons in the places where he chooses to locate. A pair have lived in one yard near Puget Sound this past season and it was fortunate that the naked alders and maples gave good views of them, as, usually, when the leaves are on the trees, these dusky shadows are known only by their voices. They are high in the trees, and seem to know how to keep the sun at their backs, so as to dull the eyes of one who wishes sight of them, while giving them a chance for clear vision.

The first time they were heard in December, one

wondered if a western wood pewee had made a mistake and had stayed for the winter, instead of going south. When the operaglass actually found them, there were still doubts, for while they looked a bit like the pewee, they also resembled the kinglets. A watcher followed where the singer (?) chose to flit that morning for an hour and a half, getting glimpses of the dull olive upper parts, the dingy yellowish lower regions, the two prominent wing bars, and the incomplete, whitish, eye-ring. The loud calls were not those soft, high tones of the kinglets, "ze-i, ze-i," but were repeated for long periods at a time from the same spot, while a kinglet is away on the go. They could be only the rare **Anthony Vireo**:

The calls varied, but any one was repeated over and over until the bird seemed to feel that the notes given were as perfect as he could make them, when he would make a slight change. He usually began with a deliberate, grating "pe-eet" until one ached for the throat that needed oiling. When he was ready, he changed to "pe-weet", and later to "ye-eep"; but his favorite was "mu-zeerp", which call, when the bird was near, appeared to have double tones, the lighter one being almost the whine of a lonesome puppy. This call was lost when the bird was some distance away, and the first syllable faded when the listener was within walls.

As one writes, hear him calling "tiz sweet"; and wonder if he is thinking of the big green larva which he was seen banging yesterday on a limb, first on one side, then on the other, until it was in a state where it could not wriggle. 'Twas hard on the caterpillar, but probably it was put to sleep not realizing it was being swallowed.

Occasionally in February this bird gave a short song which was almost the same as that which a friend thinks the Western Warbling Vireo sings through the tree-tops when he returns in May: "I am just as sweet as I can be"; while his "tiz sweet" call is almost the same as that of the first strain of the Cassin Vireo. These birds are common

summer residents on both sides of the Cascade Range so that the Anthony Vireo has had chances to learn their motifs.

Some time ago a bird woman led the way at four o'clock in the morning to the haunts of a Red-eyed Vireo, which she had been the first to know was to be found in Kirkland, Washington. He had his regular route and they listened in delight to the various bits of melody which rolled out of his bill as they followed him about. Eastern nature lovers are usually familiar with this bird, but he had never been heard here before, nor has he since. Yet, as he has once been out to see this region, like other tourists, he will, probably, come back to stay.

The nests of the vireos belong to the hanging group, usually being swung like a tiny round basket between the branches of a forked limb. A nest in an orchard near Seattle was watched by an audience of five when a male Western Warbling Vireo changed places with his mate. As he settled upon the eggs his joy bubbled over, and he fearlessly sang his gurgling melody, for he sings anywhere he chooses during the courting and nesting seasons.

The Cassin Vireo, like the Anthony, is a bird of the treetops, although he is not afraid of a crowd. He felt himself safe enough to sing in the firs and cedars during a world fair held on the University of Washington grounds. How few in that crowd listened to him as he called to his mate above their heads!

Among the smallest of the birds that glean their food on the trees from the sunny slopes of California to the shores of Puget Sound are four varieties of bush-tits, all belonging to the same family as the chickadees and the nuthatches. The type form, Bush-tit, (now confined by Ridgway south of the Columbia River through the region where the Sacramento Bush-tit also lives in the southern valley) was described by Townsend as early as 1837, but the Puget Sound

Bush-tit is a new sub-species, and the Plumbeous Bush-tit is a resident of the interior.

These snuff-brown atoms are much alike in having tails longer than their bodies, and the bodies smaller than a thumb. They do not seem to mind city sights and sounds, for they were heard lisping their small song, "tss, tss," in a brushy tangle, which had been left where two car lines cross at right angles in Tacoma; and one summer a big birch tree bending over the entrance to Kinnear Park, Seattle, hid their long purse-like nest from the careless eyes of many visitors who had gone there to see the beauties of that place.

A pair of the Puget Sound Bush-tits started a nest, which was found in the early stages, in a madrone tree one March in a city of the Northwest. Both brown fluffs of feathers worked at the nest with overflowing bills filled with cobwebs, which they found about the trunks of the firs in shady places. This nest was fastened about, and hung from three branches, and was commenced in the attic region. The rafters of cobwebs were arranged in such a way that one branch formed a door step below the entrance, which is always on the side of the nest near the roof. Here each bird returned, after going into the nest with its mouthful and working it into the walls, to pick off the scraps of cobweb clinging to its neck and shoulders.

Their silken foundation was adorned later with bits of lichens, green fronds of moss, soft down from the willow, pieces of wood shavings, and, finally a few trimmings of paper, while many mouthfuls of feathers were carried in for mattresses.

Both of these Bush-tits worked from the inside of the nest, and, if one were busy there, the other waited, on the convenient doorstep, until the first came out through the tight-fitting door. It was a good thing that they worked together, for the amount of material they used was out of all proportion to their size. This nest was twelve inches long, and four inches in diameter near the lower end of the

pouch, where the walls and bottom were greatly thickened, to support the weight of the six or eight eggs, and, later, the small inmates scrambling about in the darkness.

The nest was finished in a week and the birds disappeared. One wondered at the waste of all the energy they had shown, but, in a few days found that they had only been taking a vacation, for back they came to start April house-keeping.

The average feeding time after the eggs were hatched was about once in eight minutes during the time they were watched. A worm or an insect was continually disappearing with one or the other parent through the open door down to the wriggling pocketful.

There seems to be a good reason for two broods and the large number of eggs of these small birds, for many such nests are robbed by enemies, such as Steller jay and the chipmunk. A bird's life usually ends in a sudden way. Nature seems to over-produce in order that she may keep a balance of life.

One of these long nests was found swinging from the lower branches of a red fir in the Washington State University grounds July 8th and for two weeks there were daily visits made by the members of a bird class. What a delight it was to see one of the parents light on the door-step and then plunge inside. By the twisting and swaying of the nest, they knew that there was something interesting going on there, but they had to guess at the gaping mouths.

July 17th, was a day of tragedy for the nestlings. They heard the pitiful notes of birds in distress as they approached and found the nest was gone. On searching the ground, they found it with a great hole on one side which told of the work of crow, jay, or chipmunk. A tiny dead bunch of feathers was drawn out of the nest, and then something moved. The nest was tied to a hazel bush and, quick as a thought, the parents went in at the front and out at the new back door. Gaining courage, they tried again, this time with

food, and within the hour had apparently forgotten their sorrows and settled down to feed the one wee chick that was left. While the parents were away for food the nest was opened and the way that baby bird turned tail up, burying its head in the nest lining reminded an observer of the habit which is told about the ostrich.

July 20th saw the youngster scrambling up the wall of his home to the doorway where he perched, blinking his round brown eyes. He seemed to enjoy having his throat and back scratched and did not resent attentions, but the parents apparently did, for the nest was deserted at sundown on July 22d, after a long visit from the class that afternoon. They found the tiny fledgling scarcely able to leap from twig to twig of the tangled undergrowth into which he disappeared. Two mornings later, they fancied they recognized the same family of three, by a peculiar white iris of one parent bird, as they fluttered about from branch to branch in an alder, forty feet above the ground.

If it were not that the warbler family is usually decorated with gay colors, one would have even more trouble than now in catching glimpses of them, for while their bright spots blend with the foliage when they stay among the leaves, the brilliant streaks can be more easily followed as they fly from one tree to another.

A beginner need not worry about knowing warblers in the summer when he sees bits of yellow feathers dashing madly about in housekeeping duties. He can wait until winter to get acquainted with the warbler that is often a resident of Western North America to the border of the Great Plain for, then he will have half a chance to see the Audubon Warbler. If you once see a small black-splashed, bluish-gray bird with yellow spots on the head, chin, rump and sides of breast, you have met this warbler. There is only one other, the Myrtle Warbler, that could be confused with the Audubon, and it is a spring and fall migrant and has a white throat. The female Audubon's throat is very

pale yellow, but the season will often help you to decide which bird you have found.

The Audubon Warbler is a most satisfactory acquaintance, for he loves the suburbs of cities and may often be found about parks and homes. He has an unexpected way of dropping down from above, and catching any kind of support with his toes, swinging upside down while he looks in cracks, under the eaves of porches, or on the lower surface of leaves for his choice dainties: spiders, all sorts of insects, and their eggs. His colors are much gayer in the spring and summer and he sings a little ripple of music which is much like the one that the Oregon Junco is singing at that time, before the latter goes to the mountains or the Northland, in early April.

On the Pacific slope the commonest warbler arrives in late March or the first of April, before the leaves are on the trees and starts South in October. Most bird students see its small yellowish-green body and hear the insistent whistled trill "ts-e-e-t" before they get his name, Lutescent Warbler. He gets his first name from his color, which is greened a bit on the back. If he lifts his crown feathers a little you may be surprised at the warm orange wash with which they are decorated.

Probably the third acquaintance one makes in this group of birds will be the Yellow, or Summer Warbler, as it is the next commonest form in this section, and is found, with summer, all over North America. They are small brilliant blossoms of yellow, with shrill voices that make a kind of music in many a fruit and shade tree. He comes in early May and may still occasionally be heard in September. If his head is wearing a black cap in place of being all yellow, and he is found on the west slope of the divide, the bird is the Golden Pileolated Warbler, but if on the east slope, he is the Pileolated Warbler. If the Yellow Warbler has lived until his third year his lower parts will show that he has grown-up by being splashed with orange streaks. There

are half a dozen more species of warblers in the Northwest, but by the time the student knows the common ones he can go to more scientific bird books for help. This book must choose the birds that a beginner will more easily see.

It would be unfair, however, not to tell you that several of the flycatcher group of birds also work as tree police in this section, for, while they do not search on leaf, twig or stem for their food, woe be to the insect that flits about if any member of this family gets an eye on it! There will be a jump, a flutter of wings, a click of snapping mandibles from a shadow on a lower branch, and one more tree enemy will have vanished to become flycatcher bone, muscle, or feather. They do not confine themselves to living in trees and shrubbery, for lonely is the treeless ranch of the Inland Empire if a kingbird or a phoebe has not taken a liking to its stable or henhouse.

Probably the first bird of this group that you will recognize is the Western Flycatcher, which so closely resembles the lights and shadows of places it best loves in its sombre, gray, brownish-olive body, brightened up a bit with its broad yellowish-white eye rings and two distinct grayish wing bands. An observer would be apt to pass by his five or six inches, except in nesting season, he blends so well with the shadows of the trees, if he were not so persistent in giving his slow, wiry whistle wherever he happens to be. At first glance he might seem to be a vireo, but he is too dark, his neck is too short, he seems to have a very small crest, and he has such a very different call: a combination of "p-s-t, t-s-p, t-s-i-p".

When the spring fever attacks the Western Flycatcher, he seems to lose his usual good judgment, for he often picks out some dangerous place near man for his nest. One was found in a stable just above the munching cows, another in plain sight under a porch, and this year the mass of twigs, grasses and green moss in the electric light meter box of the

country cottage of a next door neighbor was occupied by a family of five baby flycatchers and their parents.

The adult birds in this nest spent much time sitting on a wire clothesline that was shaded by tall cedars, where they had a funny fashion of clicking their bills if anyone passed. They and the growing young seemed to get used to the frequent trips made up the ladder to look into the nest; but the fear that usually takes possession of nestlings when about ready to leave the nest startled them at the sudden motion of a girl, who was watching them one day, and they fled in three directions. In spite, or because, of anxious parents and neighbors, they were lost in the underbrush, just before a heavy rainstorm, for which the youngsters were not well covered.

At least one other flycatcher will attract all bird students in the summer season by his cries almost anywhere in coniferous forests from southern Oregon to the northern boundary line. A boy returning from Alaska told about birds often seen there that sat on the tops of trees calling "Just three-days" and asked what they were. The Olive-sided Flycatcher says something that may be thus translated if he is near, but if he is half a mile away, the first syllable is lost.

His ringing shout once known may be heard from the suburbs of cities to near timber line on the mountain slopes. Although every treetop within the vision of opera glasses may seem to be vacant, if you are persistent in following the sound, a medium-sized bird will be found decorating the very tip of the tallest fir or pine in his neighborhood. See him constantly turn his head from one side to the other as he calls "Just watch me!" between flights into the dizzy space after ambitious upper-air insects. How boldly he launches out and turns a somersault two hundred fifty feet above the ground, catching his prey midway, when he flies again to the top of his solitary throne, and you rejoice with him in the high places. Notice how he hunches up his

shoulders and assumes a sleepy attitude until his shifting head gives him a glance at more food or his hunger is satisfied and he returns to lower regions. There he may tease you with another call "too-too-too" a long time before you find him, as, in the branches, he is hard to locate.

There are plenty of flycatchers in this corner of the country for ten varieties are said to be here. They are all dark in coloring, have the same squatty shape, and a fashion of sitting very perpendicular, while their thick short necks gives them a clumsy look. They have a habit of raising the crown feathers when a little excited, which makes them seem to have crests; and the two kingbirds of the family found in this region are really adorned with a hidden spot of orange as a topknot, which is shown when they defend their homes or are fearlessly attacking a hawk or human enemy.

Flycatchers are a fascinating study; but even bird specialists are not in a hurry to decide that a certain species is the one they have seen or heard. A beginner may well be satisfied when he can recognize any one of the group as a member of the family and not aspire to decide on the particular species.

THE TROLLS OF THE TREES

Dear little feathered friend of mine,
Into my very life you twine,
Your lesson of courage, your songs of cheer;
And anxiously wait I every year
For your sure return; and I know there will be
A nest and a song in a dear home tree.

—Nina Moore

Of all the winged animals in America will any other give an observer more satisfaction than that which will come from studying the bewildering ways and teasing half-understandings, of the different kinds of wrens which have made his locality their home? They are so provokingly attractive, so unexpectedly apparent, that a bird student never knows where he will hear the friendly call—in the city or country, in a valley or on a mountain side—which will mean that a wren is willing to make his acquaintance.

The greeting may come out of a tangled heap of branches, or the rafters of a shed in a city back yard; from a thicket of wild rose bushes beside a park path; or from a mossy bank, where a wren is taking a bath in a hidden spring that gurgles out from the bosom of the brown earth. A wren may hail you from the upturned roots of a forest monarch near the limit of trees on Mount Rainier, or from a hole in the attic of your nearest neighbor. Their song has been heard as a part of the music of a wedding march when a marriage ceremony was celebrated on a porch near a lake. Once it was a message of hope as it accompanied the dirge of the falling clods of earth which were covering up a loved being in a "God's Acre."

Usually, wrens seem to want to live near the localities where man makes his home, although they are not dependent upon him for their living. Even in the platted places



Yakima—Taken by Mrs. Granville Ross Pike
Western House Wren at His Door

of the largest city in the Northwest, four varieties of wrens may be found. One kind, the western, or Pacific house wren, will share man's house, if his inquisitive brown eyes can find a friendly knothole through which he can slip his slim little body; while the western winter wren and the Seattle wren may easily be found also within the limits of this city. At the same time a listening ear and a watchful eye may add to the pleasure of the rapid motion of an automobile by glimpses of the tule, or California marsh wren as the passengers whirl across the cattail swamp back of one city's great university, or along the lake boulevards which add charm to the advertisements of that region; and the western marsh wren may be found in suitable places east of the Cascades.

To the individual who stops in the mad rush of acquiring dollars and responds to the friendly advances of the Pacific house wren, when he returns after the season, which he, too, spends with his wealthy neighbors in avoiding the winds and rains of a possible blustering winter, he will afford an endless fund of conversational material, and often will comfort the weariness of otherwise useless hours of idleness. He will be found to have his moods and opinions, which will take long observation before the last one can be imagined.

One bird woman thinks that a "Sammy Wren" lived in her attic for three summers with his first wife; and spent his fourth season in the yard with a new bride after the disappearance of the little mate that had winged with him the thousands of miles of their last journey. His tiny warbler size, his upturned tail, and his finely-barred grayish-brown body were not distinguishing marks that would have passed in a court of law for identification, but his actions were convincing evidence to her that he was her old tenant.

He knew so well all the nooks and crannies of the clematis vine over the trellis, of the cedar hedge which shuts

out intruding cats and noisy neighbors, of the winding paths of the wilderness over the stile, behind the bird table, to be any other wren than Sammy, himself! His riotous joy at reaching familiar summer quarters, was always told to the whole neighborhood in such bubbling notes that no other bird could have produced them. He never seemed to mind the friendly humans gathered around the hospitable table spread in the yard, so that ears and eyes could also feast in many ways. Instead, he supplied for these frequent festivals, music, that was fit for the other lovers who sojourned there, and he showed that, like them, he found life running over with joy.

Even when the bird bride of the fourth summer refused his earnest requests to remain in his safe accustomed attic, he accepted her decision that the bird-house, which hung low in the maple tree near a tiny fern-circled pool, was an ideal place to spend a honeymoon.

How many times that summer did he spring out of his door to a neighboring branch, when he had been doing his part of the housekeeping, at the high call, which at first only his ears could catch, announcing the return of his little mate from her constitutional among the treetops! How eagerly he greeted her, with such a wonderful trill of cascaded notes, and welcoming wings, as he sang of the many things that had happened during her absence: of his dreams, his visitors, his thoughts of her! She took it all as a matter of course, and, after an inquiry or two, flitted inside and outside of the home a half-dozen times before she settled to her part of the task of keeping the four to eight speckled white eggs warm.

How he then announced from the heights of the maples that this nook was the most beautiful spot in the town, that life was a marvellous joy, and that he and his were monarchs in their world! When his emotion had been partly told, down he dropped to lower levels, and woe be to prowling cat or dog if Sammy caught them on his premises! He

had a temper all his own, and could say more unpleasant things in a second than any other atom ever heard of his size. The very quality of his voice changed on such occasions, and took on such a raucous tone that one feared for the lining of the small throat; but enemies fled before its grating and his fearless attacks. He knew his friends, however, for he paid no unpleasant attentions to the old dog that helped him guard the premises.

In spite of his chivalry and bravery, there came a day when Sammy and his last family disappeared. His home was found destroyed, and parts of their feathers strewn about hinted that the wrens had been victims of an unlicensed cat. Then the owner of the place was heard to say, "Now I am willing to sell this cottage, for it is not the same to me since Sammy's music can no longer be heard."

The Western Winter Wren will sometimes accept man's bounty in stormy seasons, although he likes to make his home in the depths of the heaviest forests, miles from any cat-infested region. There he will suddenly appear as a brown mite of a bird, clutching the bark of the greatest giant, whose ruddy spots give him a protective disappearance, except when he moves. Yet, in times of stress, he has been seen coming out in the morning, regularly, from the coil of a rolled awning, or from the shelter of an overturned window box, but he likes better the solitary regions from sea level to the limit of trees.

To those who love the hidden places, the Western Winter Wren might give perpetual pleasure. No other bird could be more often heard, or met in wildernesses as he threads the mazes of shadowy undergrowth. The lumber-jack with a keen ear, the surveyor with an eye that catches motion, the mountaineer with a discerning spirit, well know that he explores with them. They have seen him balancing his bit of a body like a very troll at the entrance of a dark cavity, which reaches into the heart of a massive tree, or watched him at his morning toilet in a babbling brook, which

chuckled merrily across their invisible paths. His musical melody has awakened echoes in the inner places of their souls, and made them forget that miles might still lie between them and the spot where they hoped to find food and rest.

Yet a hunter was heard to give a prosaic interpretation to this vibrating troll of the forest when he said, "That bird song makes me think of an ungreased wagon wheel, scraping around in its hub, when strongly braked." Well, there are people who would find Melba dull and who could not thrill to the trained fingers of Paderewski. Thank God for understanding bits of the music of the spheres. No matter how dark the day, nor how lonely the height, one can always exult when this pygmy fills a circular mile with his interpretation of life, for his voice is large beyond comparison with the size of the little brown dwarf. Long may his short barred tail wave us a friendly greeting as it follows the whims of a Western Winter Wren.

A boat pushed along the channels threading the waving rushes on the edge of some fresh or salt water bay may introduce you to a new world. In such places, many sounds will tickle your tympanum, but none will fill you so full of mirth as the tinkling refrain which seems to come from dozens of pairs of fairy cymbals. The sharp explosions will fill you with desire to unravel a mystery. Now on one side, now on another, the brassy ringing is varied by little runs of mocking, sputtering sounds, which are almost too muffled for mortal ears to catch.

Some spring dawn, if you carry a lucky stone and move warily, you may catch the maker of this mischief in the very act as he slides down a trembling reed to vanish into-well, where did he disappear? Keep cool and alert, for the fay is just as curious as you are, and will presently climb from nowhere up a slanting willow stem to look for you. Who is afraid on such a morning? Surely not the Tule Wren in his own home territory.

He was out of sight but a second, then up he scrambled, straddled between two slender branches, which swayed under his small toes. Satisfied with his inspection of the motionless boat, away he went toward the distant top of Mount Rainier so rapidly that eyes could scarcely follow his flight, which suddenly ended, a hundred feet away, in a bundle of yellow brown material.

Fix your eyes on that spot and pole your boat through, or over, the bending rushes until you arrive at the entrance of a curious nest: a fluffy, feathery, spherical cradle, made of the downy hair of the seed pods of the cat-tail rushes, swinging a few feet above the water. Examine it closely and notice the open door, although the anxious owner will be urging you on your way. The perfect structure will be amazing, for how could slender, needle-like bills mat such material so firmly, and how give the globular shape?

You may wish to penetrate the marsh a bit farther, perhaps, to solve the mystery of "pool-ka, pool-ka" that sounds so near at hand, and you may find, not the American Coot the maker of these calls, but a whole colony of nests constructed on the same plan as the one you had just found.

Books will be helpful later, for they will tell you that many species of wrens have a crazy habit of lengthening the nest building season by making extra dwelling places. Whether this is done from an over-supply of the home-wishing stimulus, for an excuse to remain near his mate, for a refuge in case of accident to his own nest, or from a desire to bewilder exploring enemies you may not decide. Now, however, instead of feeling wonder at this fact in books, you thrill over a new discovery, which you have made in the by-ways so near your city home.

There are people who can find no joy in the pale brown grasses and the rolling treeless pastures of the inland plateaus, while others rejoice in the open spaces and long sunny days in an atmosphere that rivals the famed sky of Italy. The latter will find kindred spirits in the Canyon and

the Rock Wren, birds that are to be found about the cliffs of the streams that cut their way far below the level of such land.

The nest of the Canyon Wren has not been listed in the northern part of this country, but he has been seen there in the summer, and his bugling notes have told that he is searching out new quarters. He will be found, sooner or later, by some patient observer, to have chosen a building site among the huge boulders of a high precipice, along with his relative, the Rock Wren. Lonely is the gorge whose steep sides do not re-echo the chatter of this latter bird, as he flits from one crevice to another in search of food for his two broods. Often he is overflowing with energy, and his loud, joyous tones fill his grim dwelling place from brim to brim.

As a bird lover becomes acquainted with one individual winged creature after another, he may discover that his affection will waver, and that he will find it difficult to decide just where his strongest feeling is placed among birds. In one big city of the Northwest, no "booster" should have any indecision. The tiny bird called by its name, the Seattle Wren, is so full of quaint traits and tricky manners that, of its own nature, it might be adored. Add to these lovable ways the fact that the city is its godmother, and every inhabitant should know the small gray sprite that bears a loved name.

What pressure was brought to bear upon the great namers of the American Ornithological Union to call this variety of the Northwest the Seattle Wren is another riddle of the universe to some people. Perhaps the learned Professor, of Washington, D. C. had visited this enchanting region where sea and tree meet. We can even appreciate its scientific name, *Thryomanes bewickii calaphonus* when we know that it means sweet bottled sounds. Never was a bit of birdland better christened.

He may be found in unexposed crannies of piled up

prunings, or in many a cave of tree or bush in his namesake city as well as in neighboring localities from Oregon to British Columbia. His voice will make brilliant the darkest, dreariest, grayest day by the melodious harmony of its



Seattle—Taken by Mr. Ronald Chapman

A Seattle Wren

notes. It may take an observer months to learn a tithe of his songs, but the music will pay for the effort.

Long ago, the author was introduced to him by a boy's question, as they stood with twitching ears listening to the sounds of twilight: "What is that bird which is saying, 'Peter! Peter!' and then gives a little trill?" It could be

thus translated. In response to a whisted imitation of his notes, up came the singer, nearer and nearer, until he was recognized from a museum specimen. They could hear his approach by the crackle of leaf and twig as he touched them with small feet or soft wings. Finally there he stood on a hazel branch, not one foot away from their faces. For a short time, brown eyes of bird gave a friendly glance into brown eyes of boy, each in fearless curiosity, and then away across the path went the wren still singing; but now it sounded like "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Come! Come! Come! Come!" as one-two-three-four, other Seattle Wrens followed his guiding call. Evidently the strollers had encountered a Seattle family out for an evening airing, and they had whiled away some idle moments by satisfying a desire to know who else was out for a saunter.

Once, while sitting on a porch, that like a nest hangs out in the branches of a forest which runs or lies by the Sound, was heard another new song, which seemed to come from right, no—left,—above,—below? What could it be? Even when the opera glasses found an olive-brown restless creature which was investigating a brush heap, one could only catch him saying: "Whist! Whist! Whist! Whist!" One could easily make out the white stripe above each eye, the white tips and black bars of his impudent tail, and the long curving dark-brown bill, which was being continually poked into likely spots for insects, but as to his being the author of the medley of bird notes, it was impossible. Could it be that a Rusty Song Sparrow—no—an Oregon Towhee, was in hiding near? Finally, this warbler-sized mite turned so that watching his bill and throat in profile, one was able to see the music tumbling out through the waving throat and trembling bill; and it was found that a Seattle Wren has apparently the power to place his voice wherever he happens to please.

When the mood suggests it, he may mount to a suitable spot in the spire of a young fir, and sing all the verses that

he knows. In that case a trained listener will notice that while he has many tunes that are all his own, he has not been too busy to learn the lessons of his companions, for parts of their songs are given with his own. Whether this is done as a winged joke or as an expression of his extra energy, who can say?

Anyway, there are few other residents in your neighborhood that can give you more free entertainment than can he. His nimble little body and tail perform the queerest, strangest antics. Every motion may be a curve or it may be an angle, but always there is motion. In his maddest frenzy of song, he will shake the melody out of his vibrating throat with motions of his wings and tail. Perhaps he has an internal spring that has been wound so tightly that it works him overtime, or perhaps he was born with so much of the famous Seattle spirit that he must do his part in keeping the old world alive and happy.

Whatever his motives, he is worth all the hours of attention the reader may wish to give him and his various tunes. Ever after he will repay you by a thrill when, by the imitation of his notes, he may answer, "iss-it? iss-it?" from some favored spot and come near. Perhaps you may catch the shadow of his flight as he swings from one leaf to another, or scrambles to a branch where he may look you over. With the right kind of a spirit you will even enjoy the jeer in his "Did it! Did it!" and will follow his song from tree to tree until his mocking echo vanishes although you caught no glimpse of this troll of the trees, this fay of the forest of the far Northwest.

WAX WINGS

'Tis said a prince of royal birth
Was sent to wander o'er the earth
In form of bird, yet still retain
His kingly place in bird domain.

In royal garb you see him dressed
With bars of gold and regal crest,
His gentle manners, courtly mien,
In all his charming traits are seen.

He whispers his court secrets low,
Meant only for his mate to know,
Yet for usurper naught of fear;
In all bird lore he has no peer.
—Nina Moore

A large nest was found one June spread out on the upper surface of a fir branch about five feet from the ground. It was even nearer a carline that wound around the top of a hill in a suburb of a town which was growing, as towns do in the Northwest, in mushroom fashion. There were no streets, nor pavements, except on maps of that region, to cause a shy bird to be wary, and the electric car passed so irregularly that owners of the nest were not much put out by its appearance. Yet the conductor could have touched the nest, if he had known it was there, as he jangled his bell; and the birds that had built it have such a reputation, in bird books, of shyness in their selection of a nesting site that their choice of this place seemed strange.

It took a second trip to the locality to flush the lady who had moved into the new home so that a Cedar Waxwing could be recognized. The word, lady, is used in its old English sense of gentle, for no other bird more strongly shows high breeding in her manner and dress than does this

beautiful creature, which is one of the few crested birds of the states in almost any corner of our country. This species is not confined to one region, nor is it always to be found where it is supposed to belong, for it is as uncertain in its movements as a wandering tramp, here today, gone tomorrow, to any part of North America that food and fancy make attractive.

A first glimpse of the Cedarbird may show his size to be about that of an Oregon towhee, but delight comes when the delicate saffrons and pinkish-brown plumage of the bird can be seen. The raised crest is marked off from the sooty bill by a velvety black space in which the eyes are hidden. This space is edged with white and resembles a fancy cap which covers the forehead and has a square bow tied under the chin. This darling of the birdbooks is easily recognized, because so many of its colored photographs are contained in them. There at least, you may feast your eyes on the peculiar scarlet, waxlike tips on the wings, and, possibly, on the tail, while the latter is always adorned with a sunny yellow border, and the lower part of the body is a turbid yellow. A field acquaintance, however, is the only thing that can give the daintiness, the featheriness of its beautiful covering, for no other creature on wings is so soft or so exquisite as this pinnacle in bird possibilities.

The nest on the hill gave opportunity for study, as four gray-blue eggs were placed there, and, in spite of the visits from a whole neighborhood of bird lovers, the young birds were hatched, and developed ugly pin feathers, and yellow bills, always open, begging for one more morsel. For two weeks they were visited and then they disappeared. It was hoped they were among the wanderers of that locality, but who can recognize the average bird after it has once left its nest? Often in later years, however, as flocks of cedar waxwings in that neighborhood fed in the treetops with the western robins, one wondered if descendants of that venturesome pair were returning to a loved home site.

Attention is usually attracted to a flock of these birds by the hissing high-pitched "sst-sse" of the birds, as they feed on insect pests, or the red berries of the mountain ash, and wherever canker worms or the small nuts in the cedar cones abound, there, also, will be found the waxwings. These notes are the only tones that they appear to give, and, it is said that like the squeak of a mouse, it is too thin and high for many mortal ears to catch.

Also in cherry season one does not need to have seen him to know that the waxwing has arrived, for he is as fond of cherries as the average city boy and his property sense is as little developed. Unlike the boy, he has already paid for what he takes, in the daytime, by the 10% of his food which he takes in insects. To be sure, when he gets so full of fruit that the weight of his body is beyond the power of his wings to move, the owner of a cherry tree feels as if he were not getting a square deal. He might console himself with the thought that if the gentlemanly waxwing did not get his fruit other robbers might, and besides, man is told to share his good things with his neighbors.

These birds have another kind of habit which the children of man might adopt, much to the comfort of their households. They are as courteous to one another as the members of a Japanese family, and seem to have been able to pick out the right sort of grandmother and grandfather to develop this trait. Many are the stories that are told of their politeness to one another. His good manners and beauty have convinced observers that the Cedar Waxwing, like many human beings, more than averages up, and must be forgiven his love of cherries, because, like the lilies, he adds so much to the beauty of the world.

The Northwestern states are favored not only by being a section visited by the Cedar Waxwing, but it sometimes happens that the rarer, larger Bohemian Waxwing descends upon a locality like a cloud of locusts. The amateur will need to look carefully before he announces that he has seen

this bird, because opera glasses confuse size and judgment, and a bird which at one moment seems as large as an eagle may the next be so small that it can scarcely be found. Yet, if you do find a waxwing a half inch or so larger than usual with no yellow on its stomach region, with wings having white bars and yellow tips on larger feathers, while the yellow-tipped tail has a rufous lining, you are pretty safe to enter Bohemian in your notebook, and go home to verify your decision.

Three different times have they invaded Puget Sound cities in large numbers, although they are often winter residents east of the Cascade Range. In the first week of 1917, residents of the various suburbs of Tacoma and Seattle began telephoning to the schools and newspapers inquiring about the vast numbers of strange birds which were being seen and many odd theories arose as to the cause of their visit. On the hills and the beaches, in the yards and the parks, on the ground and in the trees, the birds were there by hundreds, feeding on the berries of the madrone and the mountain ash. Who could tell whence they come or where they were going? They lit on dead trees, and winter vanished while autumn came again, clothing in softest colors the bare cold branches.

The flocks came and went about the cities for several weeks. January 21st a telephone call told a teacher that a large number of these beauties were about the pumping station on Lake Washington in Seattle. A helpful Ford rushed two enthusiastic women across the city. From the bridge where the road winds down to the lakeshore, was caught the first glimpse of this throng of birds.

Several ancient monarchs of primeval days still rear their heads there above the surrounding trees and on this day they wore a strange covering of feathers. A pair of glasses brought near the soft brownish bodies of the Bohemians, with their crests so daintily erect, and the striking white and sulphur yellow blotches on their wings. With them

were hundreds of Western Robins, and birds were so thick that foliage could scarcely be seen. On the topmost branches of one tree, 132 birds were counted, on another, 115, and on another, 84, and this count was only a beginning.

A sound startled the multitude and with a whirl of wings, they were away, circling around, dropping lower and lower until they settled far down on the hillside. The observers followed on foot into a low copse of alders and young firs where the branches of every tree quivered with the movements of its heavy burdens.

A deep wagon track of an old wood road was there filled with water, and it was serving as a drinking place, for dozens of waxwings and robins fluttered up and down, in and out, crowding gently into the lines which edged the narrow pool. The expressive crests of the waxwings had a knowing air showing that to them the place was not "dry" as they politely gave place one to another. An occasional robin displayed such big, white banner marks on the inner webs of his tail feathers, as he whisked about, indicating that an American Robin of the other side of the Rocky Mountains had strayed out of his range as he followed the whims of the waxwings.

But the Bohemian Waxwings and the Western Robins were there by the hundreds, possibly thousands, and there was also a number of the common Waxwings or Cedarbirds. The air thrilled with the harmony of their voices. The early spring "cherry" of the robins was much louder than the soft twitterings of the waxwings, whose undertones in the chorus gave hints that their melody was learned in a far Northland where one scarcely dared break the silence of eternal snows on vast stretches of tundras.

It was noticeable that the two families of birds were friendly with each other, but not familiar, for one tree usually held but one kind of birds, although the next might be overloaded with the other. Neither clan was timid and

the two humans wandered about feeling the kinship of spirit that nature sometimes gives to all restless creatures.

This mood was so satisfying that little attention was paid to the other birds in that locality, yet records were made of the graceful flights of the glaucous-winged gulls above the heads, and the hurried voices of the chickadees, the towhees, the coots, and once there was a thrill from the winter song of a rusty song sparrow. However, the feathery display of this enchanting spot was made by the Bohemian Waxwings, and their graceful gestures and fascinating feathers were enjoyed until a sudden freak moved the multitude and they vanished into the darkening sky.

WHERE LAND MEETS SEA

I wander by the sandy shore,
Surprises everywhere in store;
For not alone is he, who plays
With heart attuned to Nature's ways:
With sea gulls drift I on the tide
And learn the secrets they would hide;
Or, pause awhile to catch a gleam
Of feathered bathers in a stream;
Or listen to that tireless bill—
The woodpecker's metallic drill;
Like shadows at the close of day
Sandpipers flit across my way;
Then, black old crow, from leafless tree
Must call me from my reverie;
For, by the shore, where land meets sea
All Nature seems akin to me.

—Nina Moore

Why is it that some people have become so blind and deaf to motion, color, and sound that many of them have shut minds to the wild animals about them? How have they become so intense on the working out of the small tasks of life that their senses are dulled and they travel through life in a narrow grove? People in this sense has reference to the great mass of grown-up humanity, for children see and hear much more than they are given credit for. They try, often, to know about the insects, birds, trees, and other live creatures that live near them until the indifference and ignorance of their elders in answering questions blunt their desire to know.

This need not be, for the great out-of-doors provides a variety of sights and sounds which boys and girls can easily know for themselves if given a little encouragement. They do not need to be like a university graduate, who, while

walking on the shores of Puget Sound asked, as a pigeon flew above the waves, "What gull is that?" She was amazed to find that she should have recognized an old land acquaintance, very different from any of the big birds that float on wide-spread wings above our cities.

On finding her mistake she said, "Well, a bird is a bird; all birds I see about the water are gulls to me, and yet, I long to know these seaport residents. Is it not pitiful to think how much joy I have missed in not knowing such beautiful creatures as these that are my neighbors? I do not know my own surroundings, and I miss so many of the strange ways, new shapes, and colors that a few of my friends enjoy."

Her words might be repeated by many adults, for even the men of the sea, who are followed day after day by these gulls know little about the varieties of birds that may at one time or another be found about their vessels. Dawson delightfully tells in his *Birds of Washington* that even the man in the pilot houses of the steamers "who knows buoys, harbor lights, and all proper kinds of seamanship like a book" will say, if asked about the many kinds of gulls there are to be seen on the waters they continually travel: "Why, there isn't more than one kind, is there? Well, yes, mebbe they's two kinds the dark ones and the white ones; or mebbe they's big and little ones."

Yet a real student of gulls and their ways, whose eyes have learned to catch in a second the glimpses of beauty and inspiration that come from an acquaintance with birds, will pick out not only eight or nine varieties of gulls, but possibly, he may show you how to recognize them and their close relatives: the rare Pacific kittiwake, the terns, and perhaps the jaegers, that torment their kindred, as all get their living from the food cast upon the waters of the West.

This student could show you that nearly all the grown-up birds of these species, big and little, have a white and

blue-gray coloring; that a gull's tail, in all but one variety, the rare Sabine gull, is straight at the rear end; that a kittiwake's tail is slightly forked; while a tern's is deeply cleft; and that the jaeger's tail has the two central feathers prolonged three or four inches so that it ends in a long point. Then, he might also show you that a gull in flying usually has its bill in a straight line with the body, while the tern, like a giant crane fly, carries its bill point downward.

All the dark gulls, except the Heerman's gull, which in summer has a white head with its dark body, and which is seldom seen, as it only makes flying visits about the mouths of the Western inlets after its breeding season in the far south, are the youngsters of these strong-winged birds. If your guide were willing to let you into more secrets by which he knows the different sorts of gulls, he might point out that the commonest gull about the big cities of Oregon and Washington is the Glaucous-winged Gull.

If these birds have passed their third birthday, they are huge white creatures with a gray cape thrown over the back and the upper part of the wide-spread wings, which are white-tipped with no black trimming of any kind. They, and their dark youngsters, just as big and just as lazy, love to loaf on the tops of docks, or sit on piles, or railings, of the landing places of the summer homes about the shore of the great salt sound. There the mates and mottled young chuckle and scream to one another, seeming to discuss the oddities of the passengers on the passing mosquito fleet to while away time between meals.

Black and white on the wings, the size of the bird, the color of the feet, the bill, the body, and the mantle (the back and the upper surface of the wings) are marks that catch an observer's eyes as the bird floats upon the air, stands upon the dock signs, dashes after a scrap of food, or slowly folds together its wings as it drops upon the waves, if he wants to know gulls. He can learn through scientific books

where certain gulls may be expected and then look for peculiarities among them so that he can tell them apart.

For example, the commonest of the five kinds of gulls to be seen in Portland, Oregon, are the Glaucous-winged Gull, the Herring, and the California, and these same birds are spring and fall migrants as far as the Arctic regions. Then if a big gray and white gull drifts by west of the Cascades, that has no black on its wings, a watcher may decide it is a Glaucous-winged Gull, but if the black is there he must observe the color of feet and bill and the amount and place of white in the black wing-tips. The California Gull will have greenish-gray feet, a yellow bill adorned with one red and one black spot on each side, and a two-inch white wedge on the front border of the black near the outer end of the wing, with tips of the feathers all white. The Herring Gull's feet are rosy, its bill chrome color, and the tips of the wings are more black with the white spot not on the front edge of the wings but just back of it on the second feather.

Many of the cities of the Northwest, with their great harbors, margined by big docks, where huge masses of freight from all over the world are piled, long ago gave unwritten invitations to the winged creatures of the high seas to come and live upon their bounty. Often these cities are adding to their level territory by refuse-dumps where the city garbage provides free lunch counters to healthy travelers. As the tides come and go, thousands of fluttering wings lower their owners to the surface of the water, while sea birds snatch choice bits of food to satisfy their tremendous appetites. At the same time they do their part in keeping up the high health record of the region by acting as city scavengers. They are reminders of the rag pickers of Paris, swarming over the trains that carry away the city's waste, earning a fat living, like the gulls, with little effort.

People who love to wander near the salt water edges of the Northwest cities, can, in most seasons of the year,

find something to think about as they watch the big gulls, which seem to know that the law protects them, perched near by in secure places. How close they come, and yet how safe is the spot they choose on the tops of piles, the dock signs, the peaks of roofs, or the slippery surface of a floating box or keg! They are near enough to show their friendly interest in waterfront happenings, but their private quarters make man and boy show a decent regard for the rights of birds.



Alaska—Taken by Capt. Robert C. Wright

Stealing a Ride—
A Glaucous-winged Gull

From late April to the last of August few gulls are to be seen. They have gone to the coast regions of their states or to the Northland. In that season, they have hunted for a lonely island or a rocky cape, far from mankind, where they may hatch their eggs, and train their young in gull ways in safe seclusion. There they will stay until their downy babies have learned to fly and to swim, to feed themselves and to find their own food.

The old birds return in the late summer with the young that have escaped the dangers of babyhood. A

flock may be watched following a steamer, perhaps playfully pushing one another from the very tip of the flagpole, or stealing a ride on the long boom, of logs which hangs behind

a powerful tug. At an unusual noise or sudden motion from the boat, hundreds of pairs of wings will show a flash of silver in the sunlight, will beat the air for a moment with a soft sound that spreads to the shore, but gradually the birds will again settle upon the raft for a noisy talk or a nap.

An unusual group of gulls were being watched, because they had appeared as early as July seventh near Seattle, when the cook of a tug threw overboard the scraps of a dinner. Each one of the big flock suddenly became alive to the last wing-tip and was into the struggle for a share of that food. The lucky ones fled with full mouths unable to swallow in peace, followed by a shrieking multitude that appeared to get as much fun out of the chase as a crowd of boys or men in a football race to the goal. When at last the pace slackened enough to give time for stretched mouths and necks to bolt the morsels, the logs again became a loafing place where tales of summer struggles seemed to be told and retold in coaxing chuckles or hoarse cries in a language which only birds could entirely understand.

In March and April, or in late August or early September the Bonaparte Gulls which are the smallest gulls of the West, about the size of a flicker, may be seen going to or returning from the north, as they visit the cities. They may be wearing the almost black hood, which they put on in the spring to adorn their heads and necks during the breeding season, that is spent north of the United States, except on the cliffs of Alaska. Flocks collect on the tide flats under the bridges near the railroad stations in Seattle, or the dock at Bremerton seeming to gossip about their summer trip. They pay little attention to the whizzing automobiles, as they feed with the Brewer Blackbirds among the rushes. While some of the birds show a marked contrast between the dark hoods and the white bodies, many have changed in the fall to the white winter bonnet, which is trimmed with little dabs of dusky-gray in front of the eyes, back of the ears, and on the back of the head.

Often in Seattle the Short-billed Gull may be seen by passengers as they wait for an evening steamer in the fall and winter. These gulls are fishing in the shadows of the city docks, flying around the end of the wharves, and into the slips, again and again. They skim over the surface seeming to pick up a living from the tops of the waves. One bird was seen to dip down, as it flew, at the same spot at an unseen object six times before it came up with a wriggling fish in its bill. Then away it went out to the deeper water of the bay, for these gulls scorn garbage dumps and care not for wharf-tops. They are crow size and at low tide at first glance might be taken for crows, in spite of their gull colors, as they play with the small waves, running back and forth in the shallows, even in freezing weather, or treading the sand about their greenish toes and yellow webs in pools to stir up the food they seek there. The short greenish, yellow-tipped bill, the black-trimmed wings with large white spot on the front edge and small size will separate them from the big gray Glaucous- wings that are often found feeding with them.

Many gulls appear to have well established routes of travel to and from their sleeping quarters to the city feeding places, on which twice each day they appear as regularly as the commuters from the cottages hidden along the shores. While, in general, they move as if their goal must be reached on time, there are evenings when they stop to play, or dance, above the treetops on the points which reach out across their unmarked path. Sometimes at twilight a flock may be awakened by a boat as it steams along lonely waters, and then frightened calls fill the air.

Sometimes they seem to be engaged in a game where one dashes away as if life depended upon escape while all the others hustle after it. When the wind is high, they fight their way against it, and sometimes they float back, swinging high or low, fast or slow, touching one another with outstretched wings, while their white breasts now

reflect reds, blues, and lavenders of a setting sun, and now condense all colors into a pearl-white that makes them visible for miles. No minuet on marble floors was ever danced with more stately grace than the rhythmic movements of the gulls as they weave back and forth, across and around, or pause, motionless, to salute their partners.

Other gulls appear to select particular places as a home site, and they will sun themselves on a chosen stone pile, or railing, hours at a time. One such bird, a Glaucous-wing, is known to several people as Billy and has lived for a number of years about a small bay on Puget Sound which is left bare at low tide, except for the winding creek which then cuts a new channel, daily, through the sand. The coral-like roots of an old tree fastened upside down in the shadow of a huge cedar is Billy's "look-out," and usually, no other gull is permitted by him to place foot upon its smooth surface. When the tide is in a pair of Marbled Murrelets, a White-winged Scoter an American Scaup Duck, or a Pigeon Guillemot, may float near, as he stands on guard, but the white throne is his, alone. This April, however, he permits a gull, still trimmed with much gray, which shows she is a giddy young thing, to sit, humbly, at his feet on a lower root, and probably she has been chosen as a mate to go with him to an island that she knows in the Pacific.

Billy, as he takes a bath or makes his toilet, is worth seeing. His scow-like lower body, held level on his pink legs which seem to be wearing gay garters, is not so handsome as when he floats in air or water, but he is as dainty with it as a cat or a dandy. As he lifts a bunch of feathers on his breast, runs his long wing through the edges of his bill, or twists his neck and head over his back, his every pose is a picture, but his sharp eyes are always on the watch for friends or enemies, and to make that picture permanent in your camera takes skill.

When the tide is in, Billy feeds on the smelt or other small fish which the sea brings him, throwing back his

head and bugling "Police! Police!" to friends as they fly by, but at low tide he loves to wade in the mouth of the creeks, snatching, first on one side and then the other, at specks which the bubbling fresh water carries by him. If you stand upon the bridge across the stream and drop bits of bread, he will accept your bounty, but he insists that you and the dog keep your distance, for he has seen many guns fired at unwary creatures by hunters, who hide in near-by thickets, taking unfair advantage of their cover.

Billy has been watched when he thought himself swimming alone, as he lifted himself up and plunged beneath the surface of the waves. Gulls are so light that he had to make quite an effort to get down into the water, but he often succeeded. When he came up with a full mouth, he would swim and wade to shore, where he would drop his catch and take it up again in a careful fashion. Sometimes he would give it a vigorous shake or strike it upon the ground, breaking off bits which he hastily swallowed. On one such occasion, as he swam away, an observer walked down to the sand and found that he had left the outer joints of the legs of a crab, but all the rest of the animal had been swallowed. At other times he was found eating parts of starfish and pieces of dead shark, for all is grist that comes to his mill.

Billy and the other gulls in this bay near Bremerton, Washington, have learned a lesson from the Northwest Crows, which also feed there. Many times a gull, or a crow, hunts a crab, a mussel, or other small creature out of the sea-weed, or from the edge of the water, and flies a few strokes up into the air and drops the mouthful upon the stones. Then they return and swallow it, if in the right condition. At times they fly and drop the dainty several times before they eat it, and sometimes they have trouble in letting it drop. Then, by the vigorous motions of feet and head, the watcher fancies that the crab's big pinching

claws have grasped the feathers of the birds and they have to be shaken loose.

One day last April the Northwest Crows of the neighborhood seemed to be unusually excited, circling about a tall cedar tree, sometimes dashing into its thick branches, making so much uproar that a girl decided she would find out the cause of the noise. As she drew near she could hear an angry snarl mingled with the cawing of the crows, and hunting around, she saw a bundle of brown fur in a crotch of the branches from which two bright eyes kept watch of her and the noisy birds. She was sure that the bundle was a raccoon that had gone to sleep in the tree and been caught out of his regular hiding-place, and she ran to the house to call her brother, but, by the time she returned, the raccoon had succeeded in getting himself away from all his enemies.

At the very top of this tree sat two crows, chuckling over something that seemed most amusing to them. As the children watched, one bird threw himself out into the air, where, appearing to lose control of his flight, he dropped, legs dangling, head hanging, tail uppermost for fifty feet, before he spread his wings and did a dance in the air, as if he wanted to show his great skill and shining feathers to his audience. Over and over he went through this queer courting performance until his companion flew down to the beach where he followed her.

Crows are not popular with other birds, although gulls and they are often seen taking a meal together from the big table that the tide has left spread on the sand. The "Chack, chack, chack, chack," of a flock of Brewer Blackbirds in a scattered grove of the oldest firs in a little valley once gave a chance to see a battle royal. Three big crows were marooned in three separate trees, and around each, two to five blackbirds were trying to keep their particular crow unhappy.

If a crow were foolish enough to sit on a dead tree branch, where the blackbirds could surround him, they

fluttered about and below, making attacks on their big enemy, as he stood on guard, or wiped his thieving bill free from what looked like the remains of broken egg. If the rascal ventured into the air he was immediately surrounded by a scolding, attacking bunch of blackbirds, until he sought safety in the thickest branch of foliage that he could find, where he dared them to come near, and, as eagerly as a small boy, they took his dare. The fight was still on when the watchers left the battle-ground to wander down the winding road for other adventures.

On this same beach once lived a white crow, which often flew in the front of its particular group of crows and gathered its food with its companions and the gulls. It seemed to be an especial friend of all the birds, for they stopped their hunting many times a day to group themselves about it. These crows spent their nights in the branches of a fir tree near a small cottage and their morning greetings annoyed the owners, who finally shot the white crow. As an excuse for this murder they said, "Each crow in the whole flock seemed to think it necessary to talk over the day's plans with that white crow and to get any sleep after daylight we had to kill it."

While watching gulls on quiet shores flocks of birds may attract attention by their small size, large numbers, and active motions. They are about the size of an English sparrow but they have white lower parts streaked with v-shaped black spots, long slender, straight bills, and legs with partly webbed toes. There may be fifty to a hundred of these birds together, but when the notion strikes them, they fly as one creature, darting back and forth over the surface of the water, or down upon the sand, where their elfin calls of "Peet! Peet!" may tell an observer that he is watching the Western Sandpipers. They seem to play tag with the waves as they hunt for sand fleas and other food along the water's edge, and to mind getting wet feet no

more than the Indian child, which sometimes runs beside them.

Their very numbers is a danger to them. Even a white-haired old man was heard to say as he passed along a dock above a flock of these tiny birds feeding on the pebbles below, "Oh! if I only had a shotgun!" Such a man might shoot at butterflies with a cannon but this is not real sports-



Puget Sound—Taken by Author

The Sandpiper's Beach

manship! There is another way to hunt sandpipers which is much more enjoyable to all concerned.

The evening the above flock was seen, a friend was told about the birds and wished so much to see them that down she went to her small dory and pulled along the shores into the shadows, where she waited, hoping that they had not yet gone. The setting sun was painting the cloud masses

with all the beauty to be found on the inside of an abalone shell, and these colors reflected from a million wavelets made her feel that she was in a tropical garden.

Presently she heard soft tones and she almost prayed that the sandpipers would come near her. As they flew along, they gave a sudden turn, whirling about several times before they dropped down in complete silence, only a boat's length away from her hidden place. The watcher hoped she might see them find their sleeping quarters when their chattering cries around their supper table made the twilight air resound, but, with the first gleams of moonlight, the leaders lifted their pointed wings and the flock was off above the waves as one bird.

One sunny day in August, while strolling on the long sandy point on the east side of Vashon Island in Puget Sound, the Red-backed Sandpipers were seen feeding just back of the ulva, that green seaweed which separated the white wave tips from the granite and sandstone pebbles, which became smaller and smaller on the little slope until they merged into the yellowish-gray sand. These red-backed birds are larger and brighter chestnut than the Western Sandpipers and seem fond of this point and the lazy lagoon, which at high tide almost cuts an onlooker from the wooded shore.

An observer's attention was attracted, while watching them, by the loud cries of four crows on the crooked branches near the top of a dead tree, mingled with the cries of a smaller bird that flew about them. Friend binoculars showed a lustrous greenish-black bird with crimson breast and white collar and the Lewis Woodpecker was recognized. Near by, huddled close to the trunk of the tree was a gray bird which seemed the cause of the quarrel. Again and again the woodpecker flew as close as he dared at the crows, until the latter flew away.

Straight out from the tree, in regular flycatcher fashion, then flew the woodpecker after a large insect,

which was caught and fed to the gray bird that now sat with open mouth and quivering wings teasing for a meal. Then another young member of that family awkwardly flew up from a lower limb and lit with its feet across the branch in a most unwoodpecker fashion. Now was understood the cause of the attack upon the crows, for they were not welcome guests in the home tree of the Lewis family.

As this tree was in the yard of a friend, the student ventured to its base and came upon a bird bath made of a black baking-pan fastened to the stump of an alder. The fresh water and white sand placed in this protected spot gave a chance to see how differently a Russet-backed Thrush takes its bath from a Rusty Song Sparrow. Rusty flew from one rim to another, all around the pan before he ventured into the water, where he stood quietly soaking his feet. Then down he squatted, and made the drops fly for a moment before he jumped to the edge to look himself over. Not satisfied, in he plunged again, once more making a waterwheel of his wings. Five times he was in and out, as if he intended to spend his day in his tub, but the muffled "Bedelia, Amelia, Cordelia" song of the thrush was heard in the shrubbery end Rusty flew to the top of a gate to dry.

In the shadows the thrush whistled his liquid, pearl-like "quit" note several times before he ventured to an elder-berry bush near the bath, where he nibbled at the red fruit before flying directly into the water. Down went his head under the surface, then his tail, and he teetered front and rear with an occasional slow flutter of his wings. Flying to a sheltered branch he shook himself slightly, then back twice to dampen both ends again. His audience fancied he was scarcely wet until he took his stand upon the white surface of a secluded stump in the sunshine, and she saw that all his feathers stood awry, showing his moist pink skin through them. Each plume was then preened with beak and claws, and shaken out with graceful movements, until he stood, a dignified artist fit to sing at any court, as well as to his companions along the shore.

"THE PLACE WHERE YOU GO TO GET PETRELS"

'Tis the note of freedom our watchword cry,
As we dive in the sea or soar on high.
Far from the haunts of curious man
We rear our young, where few may scan.
'Tis freedom! freedom! the petrel's song,
To the land and the sea do we belong.

—Nina Moore

The soft silvery mist, which would have satisfied the inmost soul of every lover of Corot, hid itself in the warm air, and the blue ribbon of the Quillayute River again emerged from the dense chaparral that fringes its shores. Beastie (a little Ford), Mary, and a friend had arrived the evening before, after five days of living in primitive fashion on the edges of the Olympic Mountains. Now the call of a July sun had lured two women across the river, seated in a tippy little dory, which threatened every second to furnish them an undesired bath. They did not get much comfort from the story that the boatman insisted upon telling of some fishermen that had waded ashore from this same boat a few days before; and it was with thankful hearts that they sprang to the bank, which was covered with pillows of the tender fronds of that beautiful moss, the *Hypnum Splendens*.

An old skid road, which seemed to lose itself in the luxuriant forest of spruce, cedar, hemlock, and the "lovely fir", was bordered with patches of white or lavender fox-gloves of gigantic size and wonderful coloring, and its purple shadows invited them into its depths. They stepped inside and found a new world: long tangles of lichens swung across between the branches of giant elder berry shrubs; every broken stump and swaying stem bore tender green masses of various club mosses, which spread out in fringe edges with long, slender, sprangly fronds.

Russet-backed thrushes and rusty song sparrows were

filling all the spaces of the forest with their plaintive melodies, while the western golden-crowned kinglets and chestnut-backed chickadees peered curiously at them from huge fronds of the brake or the prickly stems of the wicked devils' club. The weird wild sounds of the lonely places and the many varieties of plant life had lost their usual charm, for they were bound to the island homes of the seabirds, who love the crash of resounding seas about their nesting sites.

With joy in their hearts they stood, about noon, on the long stretch of white sand which bordered the crescent sea-beach lying south of the Quillayute River. With their feet in its waves, they could see the Pacific rolling westward into infinity, miles and miles across to the quaint little people of Japan, with nothing to stop its tides except the tall rocky islets which seemed to bound the southern end of the bay. Luck was with them for they had found that the bird inspector of all the islands of the Olympiades was to be at the Indian village of La Push and they were awaiting his return.

A white woman, who taught the smaller children of this isolated Indian village while her husband worked with the older boys and girls, had pointed out a canoe on the horizon in which was the official they so desired to see. While they played on the shore with the waves, which came surging about them they kept their eyes on the bobbing black spot which was coming nearer and nearer. As it reached the landing-place, they were there, introduced themselves, explained who they were, and made their request to visit the bird preserves of the Quillayute Needles. After a few moments of hesitation and discussion the genial inspector granted the desired permission, arranged with two expert surf men to take them out, and finally even consented to go back with them to the magical islets, if they would wait until the men had a chance to get something to eat.

Delightedly they agreed to wait, and soon found themselves the centre of a constantly increasing group of Indian

children, dogs, and women, who eyed them curiously while they eyed dubiously, the while, the primitive vessel which was to take them out on the bounding deep. It was a typical Indian canoe, some twenty-odd feet long, such as the natives use when they make long trips upon the ocean after seals or whales, and was fashioned out of a monster fir, high in the prow, and spreading like a great gull at the sides. It seemed very small and it was with hearts that quaked a little, because they were not quite sure of stomachs, that they were stowed away on the floor of the boat by Mr. Howieattle, the Indian captain, who later gave directions to the birdman and two other men of the Quillayute tribe, as to the places they should occupy.

As the river merged into the sea, they passed a shallow sandbar covered with dozens of the small Bonaparte Gulls, which were so intent upon their "good hunting" that they scarcely lifted their heads for inspection as the canoe skimmed by them out upon the swells. The women keenly appreciated the phrase "bounding billows," for, at times the horizon was a pale green veil of moisture and the next instant they found they were poised on top of the world about to slide down again into a great abyss of swirling water. The strong arms and backs of the Indians, assisted by a tiny sail, swept them rapidly along toward their goal, which seemed to grow higher and higher as they approached its surf-swept sides.

The men explained that, as it was high tide, it would be necessary for the passengers to jump from the boat as the canoe dropped into the trough of the sea, and then, that they must run as rapidly as they could to a high place on the ledge, upon which they were to land, to escape the returning waves. The sail was furled and a quick turn of the paddles sent the boat into the froth between the islands. When the swirling water left the shelf of rock partly bare, the inspector and two Indians jumped, and one passenger followed with a flying leap for a higher position, thanking providence

for the rough footing of mussels and acorn barnacles that gave a lesser chance of slipping. To her great dismay when Mary landed she forgot directions and ran along the ledge, and, in an instant, the whole Pacific ocean seemed to wrap itself about her, almost waist deep. Gallantly she held herself against three big waves, and as the water receded, reached a safer place, without one touch of her dripping skirts.

As breath was caught Mary got rid of some of the water and then they began to climb the single side where the ascent was possible. With feet and hands clinging to the projections, pushed and pulled by the natives, panting, and almost sobbing, they finally managed to reach the sloping top of the islet, one hundred or more feet above the boat, which one of the men was holding in the smoother water some distance away.

They found the first baby gull, a young Glaucous-wing, on a shelf of granite, toddling along much as any human baby walks, not at all sure of its balance. At their approach it scuttled into a crevice, where it was almost unseen, because it was so splendidly protected by the grayish-white and sooty-black colors of the soft down that covered its body, which melted into the background except when it moved. The youngsters did not mind being picked up for they cuddled down into the hollow of the friendly arms, paying no attention to the protest of their parents that were flying about their heads. The women were afraid to put the first one down, after trying to take its picture, as it waddled about so much that they feared it might fall over the cliff and be drowned.

The top of the islet, on which they stood, was probably not more than an acre in extent, and was covered with a rather dense growth of sawgrass, salal, and dwarf salmon-berry, but wherever the black earth could be seen, it was pitted with small holes. The inspector, kneeling, put his hands into one of these holes and began to turn back the

flaky, peaty ground, following up a twisting, turning furrow. Presently he held up a pinky-white object, which he said



Olympiades—Taken by Author

“The Place Where You Go to Get Petrels”

was the egg of a Kaeding Petrel, and which was about the size of that laid by a bantam hen.

In another moment, he was heard to exclaim, “I have

it," as he pulled out a struggling, blackish-brown bird with an irregular white spot showing both on its upper and lower surface, near the base of its tail. This was the owner of the egg, a bird about eight inches long, resembling in wings and figure, our swallows but larger, but the Petrel has a very different kind of a nose, with the nostrils opening through horny tubes attached to the sides of the bill.

As they tried to get a photograph of this Petrel held on Mary's hand, with a long-legged infant gull also, it proceeded to show its unpleasant, special form of defense by ejecting an evil-smelling fluid from or about its nostrils, some of which, remaining on her skirt, reminded them of the picture she had made for several days.

Mr. Howieattle had, in the meantime, also been digging in the vegetable mould and now he brought out and put into Mary's other hand a chunky, downy, black, halfgrown Tufted Puffin, resembling a huge black powder puff, and a moment later he pulled out a protesting parent Puffin from his furrow. These birds are sometimes called "Sea Parrots," but they resemble the Southerner little except in the size of their huge beaks and in their villainous tempers, when annoyed. In spite of the heavy gloves loaned by the inspector, the vicious snap of the captive left its imprint on fingers, trying to pose it for a portrait, for several days.

When this bird has dashed by on the lower Columbia or on the waters of Puget Sound, the only impression left by its low, direct flight has been a narrow, black oblong with a white streak near the front end, but, in hand, what a queer, fantastic creature it became! It was almost the size, and about the color of a crow, but its odd, sawed-off tail was only one-half as long as that of that common acquaintance; its high, compressed beak, its scarlet eye ring, and its vermilion feet gave touches of the barbaric splendor of a tropical bird. Its white face was made ludicrous by a huge, scarlet bill, two-thirds as high as it was long, and a pair of soft, creamy-white plumes, like exaggerated eyebrows,

adorned the sides of its head. The gnome-like effect was made even more striking by the addition of several basal plates to the back of the sides of the bill, another decoration during this breeding season. When the bird was released the watchers laughed, in spite of sympathy for its fright, at the awkward speed of the brilliant feet touching the high crags of the cliff as it shot away from its unwelcome visitors.

The adventurers sat on the edge of this acre with their feet hanging over the precipice, watching the antics of the Baird, the Brandt, and the White-crested Cormorants, whose deserted nests could easily be seen through their glasses, in the niches of the inaccessible islet across from them. The Indians told them, "Long ago, there used to be many Shag's nests," giving these birds the common name, "upon both of these islets, but they were robbed so often that they have learned it is safer to move to a place where even Indian boys cannot climb."

A pair of Black Oyster-catchers, perched on a pointed crag complained ceaselessly in high-pitched, monotonous tones at the intrusion upon their solitude. Crow-like, these birds are in body, but imagine a chisel-shaped bill nearly twice as long as the crow's, and as brilliant as a red vine maple in autumn. Add yellow eyes surrounded by a drunkard's eye-lids, a pinkish pair of legs and feet trimmed with black toenails, and you can picture these birds as they saw them. Why named Oyster-catchers, they knew not, for these birds scorn to hunt their game in the tame waters of an oyster bed, and prefer to snatch a mouthful of chiton, limpet, mussel, or other creature of the surf from the very jaws of old Neptune as he splashes in the spray.

The Indians call the island on which the visitors landed, a name to which is given phonetic spelling, Do-si-aht-see-tah, meaning "the place where you go to get petrels," and well is it named, for the ground had been literally honeycombed by this bird, which flies only at night. Another member of

his family, the Stormy Petrel, received its name "Peter's bird," because, as he, it is said to walk upon the water, but on this trip, the Petrels made no flight and no sound, and if it had not been for the subterranean investigation, the women would have believed the tale that these birds inhabited this island a myth; yet they feared to step on the yielding earth, for every step might mean death to the bird or the destruction of its home. Mr. Dawson gives a thrilling description of a night spent here to see the nocturnal actions, in his "Birds of Washington."

About their heads circled many anxious birds all urging the strangers to be upon their way. Far below, Pigeon Guillemots and Marbled Murrelets, the latter with half-grown young, hatched, nobody knows where, drifted up and down on the long swells, while away in the distance they sighted a Peale Falcon, kin to the birds so popular in the days of chivalry. The magic of the place caught their souls and held them captive, but the chief surf man, who was watching the rocks beneath, gave an order which soon brought to a close this great adventure.

With clinging, lagging feet they slid and slipped down the bare gray cliffs to the shelf, where they shivered as they watched the boat draw near their rough landing place. The heavy sea made the Indian surf man cautious, yet when the boat dropped down into the depths, as a wave left the pink and green tentacles of the beautiful sea-anemones bare, the watchers feared that he would be crushed on the jagged edges. His skillful paddle, however, held him steadily in just the right spot as he rose, and hurriedly, but safely, they, one after the other, took the leap into the bobbing canoe.

COMMON THRUSHES OF THE DOORYARD

You have heard his merry call,
Summer, winter, spring and fall;
Every month throughout the year
May be heard his "Cheer up! Cheer!"
Whether days be short or long,
Still he sings his merry song;
Song of hope, though days be drear,
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer!"

—Nina Moore

Thrushes! Isn't there something in the sound of the word as it thrills through your brain cells, as well as in the way it looks on paper, that makes you think of the depths of a Northwestern forest, where the trees are singing a deep mother song, because the wind is playing in their branches with her children? People in cities, towns, and villages, as well as the fortunate owners of country homes should know that they have, or could have, the joys that come from an actual acquaintance with this fascinating family of thrushes.

Many of its members are living at their very doors, anxious to take the good things unconsciously given them. One brood of this common thrush group grew up in a hanging basket on a porch not fifty feet away from the clanging bells of cable cars, within nine blocks of the heart of the largest city in Washington. Often they build above the windows or in sheltered corners on the outside of houses. If people have space to have trees in their yards, the dwelling places of thrushes will be saddled across these branches and songs will be sung upon the peaks of the roofs. Some seasons these birds may be seen or heard every month of the year, even in January in this region, when gleams of winter sunshine fool them into thinking that spring has arrived.

Have you guessed that the two kinds of robins which may be seen in your neighborhood belong to the thrush family? Do you actually know the Western Robin and his cousin, or are you a little hazy about their appearance? Can you recall more than the tawny red breast, which so reminded our New England ancestors of the English Robin that they gave the familiar old country name to their commonest bird, the American Robin, of which these are a few that sometimes stray into the Pacific regions in the winter on the return trip from Alaska? Have you watched their black-tipped yellow bills dive into the earth and come up with, to them, a delicious mouthful? Have you noticed their white eyelids and the white spots near the front of their eyes, when they seem to wink at you over a good bird joke? Have you wondered at the spring birds with spotted lower parts that follow Mr. and Mrs. Robin about, teasing mother and father for something to eat, when they ought to be feeding themselves, if size decides such matters? Have you seen the long black tails when the birds flitted around corners to escape some over attentive cat or dog and noticed the white on the inner webs of the tail feathers of eastern birds which the others lack? If you cannot recall such glimpses, thaw out a little, and begin to notice your neighbors, for they will repay you for the time you spend on them.

There are many reasons why a robin should be one of the first bird acquaintances. His ten-inch length is a standard by which nature lovers measure rarer kinds of winged animals. After a beginner knows well the size of this nearly tame, wild bird, that will so accommodatingly wait to be looked over, it will be easier to judge dimensions, when glimpses are caught of other feathered creatures in parks or meadows, for most birds are maddening in the way they can hide.

A novice may become nearly distracted over the sights and sounds of a dense forest. Once in a bird class, two students told their instructor that she had nearly lost their

friendship, because "We are no longer at rest among the evergreen trees. There are so many things that catch our attention which we do not know and want so much to understand." These same students later showed a forgiving mood and said, "Once more we are at peace in the wild places, for we are not strangers now to the things that we see and hear and the forest means to us more than ever before, for we have learned to know its voices."

You have no such difficulty when you are getting acquainted with a robin, even if barking dogs and sneaking cats live about you. In his fight for a living, he has acquired a fearlessness, which sometimes, in his spring struggle with family cares, will cause him to attack these man-provided enemies with open beak and noisy cries. Brave is the creature that dares to face those whirling wings which have left the safety of the trees, and which follow a pampered pet as it tries to escape. The household animals lose but little time in such a crisis, but hurry to shelter followed by remarks, which if understood, might shock even a city wharf rat.

If a pair of robins decide to build their home near you, after their retired honeymoon in March or April, you may be furnished with hours of pleasure. How many times they look over the premises before they make a decision. Sometimes he, sometimes she, has found exactly the right place, and, as it is inspected, how they argue as to its proper support, privacy, and nearness to food supply. Often, too, they are as careless as apartment dwellers and flit from tree to tree to try out different situations until the coming of spring forces a choice and almost any beam or branch has to be selected.

What a rush begins when a decision has been made! A foundation for the nest is made of twigs, leaves, trash, anything that is handy, but it is laid down rather carefully and then is started a piece of dirty work that only generations of doing could have made tasty. Beakful after beak-

ul of soft wet earth has to be found and carried to the new nest. Imagine the strength of a feeling which will make these dainty feathered creatures undertake this task. Year after year these master-masons fill their tiny hods many times, and carry more than their own weight of moist soil to plaster their one room.

How bedrabbled and untidy their russet bibs become, or, after each trip this interlining has to be smoothed into the rounding bowl. The trowels used are Mrs. Robin's feet, helped a little by her soft breast. Is it any wonder that the white edgings of the early spring feathers are worn in both birds during the building season, and that after the work is done, and all traces removed, the birds appear to have new and brighter coats?

Before the work is finished, a mattress of the finest grass stems is necessary in the nest to give a safe bed for the three or four brittle blue eggs, and after it is placed, Mr. Robin spends most of his time in musical efforts. His dear soprano melody may be a bit monotonous, for his rather slow song is usually made up of several strains with two or three notes each, and its constant rising and falling inflection may not be as delightful to you as to him. If a listener tries to put words to its tones, he may get a part of its jolly meaning, while he will become so well acquainted with its motive, that it will never again be confused with the voice of the jay or the meadowlark.

The father bird has but a short holiday of about a fortnight for singing, as young robins have an appetite equal to growing girls and boys, and he does his share of trying to keep them full. A patient man, who tried the experiment of adopting a family of baby robins, found that he had to provide 68 earthworms daily for each infant, which was 41 per cent more than it weighed. If Mary or Tom ate in this fashion, parents would find the high cost of living even more puzzling than at present. Someone has estimated the child would have to swallow seventy pounds of meat and five or

six gallons of water daily if it swallowed in the same greedy fashion.

Under such conditions, is it any wonder that robins learn to eat almost any kind of food? Notice the long slender bill, and realize what a perfect tool it is. Hard or soft material: insects, bread crumbs, seeds, wild or cultivated fruit can be easily managed. To be sure, this fact makes enemies for them. For the 4% of his food that he takes in small fruits, which man wants for himself, the 42% of insects hunted all the year in gardens and lawns is forgotten. People could use their greater intelligence and outwit the bird if they will not let him have his part. The birds prefer wild fruit and would take it if placed near the cultivated varieties. They especially like the madrone and the mountain ash berries and yet these trees are rapidly vanishing before the ax, and therefore the robins take what they find in place of the wild fruit.

After you watch a robin get provisions for his family, you may be willing to share your strawberries or place a guard over them. His direct, clear-cut, rapid flight toward his goal plainly shows that he knows where he is going and what he is after. His poise on your lawn shows that he feels himself master of earth as well as of sky. His ears are as alert as his poise, for they appear to notice even the minute scratching made by the scraping of the earthworm's bristles in its movements underground, and his sudden rush forward and the dive downward into the grass is usually rewarded. You may catch glimpses of a mouth running over with a fringe of grubs or worms and of the yellow soles of his toes as he stands on his front end adding to his store, and you will realize he earns all that he takes from man.

One young robin was able to adapt itself to unusual conditions, for Mrs. C. E. Forsyth, a careful observer, wrote recently from southern Oregon a bit of bird knowledge that seems to be new.

"Today we were out watching an airplane when my

attention was attracted from heavenly things by the very pronounced squeaking of a mouse which was not far away. I took a quick look around and could hardly believe my eyes, for there, under the hermosa rose, was a young speckle-breasted robin, and in his beak was a tiny, struggling, gray mouse. The robin, just as I have seen a house wren beat a grasshopper to insensibility, was whacking the mouse on the ground with all his might. I called my husband and we both saw the end of the mouse."

Perhaps the robins will yet learn how to outwit the English sparrow who has an appetite for earthworms which his own short bill cannot supply. A pair of these city vagrants will sometimes do team work against a robin, when one is extracting his food from the ground. Back of him on each side will stand one of the little foreigners, and as robin pulls up his breakfast, it will rush forward after the wriggler; then, as the robin throws his head in the opposite direction, the partner standing there deftly takes the tidbit out of the very mouth of the pestered bird.

This same little feathered nuisance is sometimes too lazy to hunt for material to make his own careless nest and will steal the very foundation of a robin's house. A friend called my attention to a House Sparrow that showed by its sly actions that it knew it was a thief. It sneaked around the corner of a school building the instant the rightful owners left their collection and helped itself to all that it could carry, and slipped away before the robins returned with other carefully selected loads. He was able to work his trick several times before he was caught and soundly thrashed for his meanness.

The Northwestern United States has been especially favored in the number of kinds of the thrush family to be found in this section, for there are nine other varieties in these states. Ornithologists, the wise people who know all about the inside as well as the outside of birds, place the

group of thrushes as the highest form of feathered life, because of the fitness and fineness of structure.

Two kinds of this group are among the handsomest birds of America. Nature has been fair in her distribution of beautiful gifts, for while the Western or, as Ridgway names it, the California Bluebird, has been placed by Mother Nature west of the Cascade Range, she has shown that she has no favorites by developing on the eastern side the matchless brilliancy of the Mountain Bluebird, which is the number one creation of the bird world. Each of these kinds may occasionally be found out of its own territory yet it seems to like certain places better than others.

Pioneers must have felt throats tighten and hearts swell when they saw these first cousins of the bluebirds of the old home, which had journeyed before them to these solitudes. Poets have often found these small birds fitting themes for their rarest songs; and the sight of a bit of heaven's own color flying out of deep green leaves or returning with food to her young is enough to put a poet's soul into the most prosaic observer.

As there are so few birds that wear a blue uniform, a beginner will be apt to recognize the small bluebirds at first sight, while the student from the other side of the Rocky Mountains will know most of their habits; as a variety in one region changes but little in another in the way it earns a living in a different locality.

People who are able to recognize the song, or even the quality of voice, in a hidden songster say that the birds of the West are not the perfect musicians of the East. However, those who know only the contralto theme of the "Phe-ur" of the Western Bluebirds, or the plaintive thrush-like call notes of the Mountain Bluebirds take delight in them and are anxious to coax the owners of these voices to remain near when they return from their winter trip in February or March; and, in the favored localities where the

coast variety is a casual winter resident, will give it food and shelter.

It will be usually necessary to help them in their struggle for a nesting place against the English sparrows, which are so pugnacious that they drive away these gentle birds from boxes and holes in trees which they want to use. In eastern localities, bluebirds have been driven from many villages to the orchards and wild places, so that they may have peace. Perhaps by aiding them, they may be kept near homes, for they are splendid tenants in any orchard as they have never been accused of eating cultivated fruit, and it is known that 68% of their food is insects. Some wise orchard men say that every pair of bluebird tenants are worth five dollars to the lucky landlord by the number of cutworms they eat, and fruit lovers should help to increase their helpers.

One group of city school children raised a brood of bluebirds in a box they provided on their playground, because of an incident they saw. A boy had found a spotted bluebird youngster which had fallen out of its nest, and had carried it several blocks away to his teacher. She told the class that, when possible, such young birds should be placed in near-by shrubs or trees, as then the parents could find them, while, if taken away, they were likely to die as it is so difficult to feed them.

This baby bird was placed on the window ledge in a large box having a wire door, with food and water. For some time it cried piteously and then a child called the attention of all in the room to two bluebirds on a telephone pole. When the door of the cage was opened, the mother bird, which was known by her gray body with cobalt blue trimmings on her wings and tail, flew to the cage to feed her young, and then coaxed it out and away with her into the shrubbery. Later a pair took possession of the school box and raised a brood.

Would it not be a good plan to provide all school yards

with plants and make them sanctuaries for bird life? They would then provide material for nature study that might lead city people away to the peace and pleasures of a country life.

A home in West Seattle has recently had a sad, yet delightful, experience with a family of Western Bluebirds. Desiring bird neighbors the owners built and put in place a bird house to rent. It was soon inspected and liked by a lady bluebird, who had difficulty in getting her mate to take possession of the new residence. He coaxed her away after he looked it over, but she succeeded in getting him to return and to watch her carry in the furniture, such as it was, although he refused to help her settle in any way.

He was kind, however, during the weeks in which the eggs were laid and brooded, for he brought her many big mouthfuls of luckless insects, sometimes singing for her his feeble little song. Their nearest neighbors rejoiced when they heard the squeaks and chirps that told them that there were many mouths to be fed in the bird house.

These neighbors say that the little ones were about three days old when they saw a struggle between their bluebirds and a robber hand of English sparrows that finally drove the former away. As night settled down, after some hours of waiting for the return of the renters of the box, a ladder helped the man and woman to look into what had been a home. Now it contained only a destroyed nest and five almost naked baby birds thrown about on the floor of the box. The tiny bits of gray down on the heads of the younglings gave little warmth and they were nearly dead from cold and hunger.

A woman-made nest of soft cotton was quickly furnished, and the little family was being carried to the warming oven when the man whistled, and every head stretched up and every mouth flew open. This suggested a way to feed them, and a pair of steel tweezers was used to break off bits of egg yolk and cottage cheese which were dropped into the

yawning cavities, as they appeared when the right whistle was given. As soon as a head was full, it would drop drowsily back into the nest and sleep, but the process had to be repeated several times that first night, though not afterwards in the gloaming.

When the adult birds did not return and the adopted parents undertook to raise the unfeathered fledgelings, little they knew of all that this would mean. For the next few weeks their days were spent turning over roots, stones, and boards hunting for insects, or digging in their garden for angleworms. It was only a short time before the newcomers learned to know the tweezers and their other friends, and they would call sharply whenever a motion was made near them. The foster parents struggled to satisfy the ever-increasing appetites, yet the babies might have fared badly if a number of decaying logs containing quantities of white ants and their eggs had not been found near by.

Even then the young bluebirds did not thrive as well as if they had remained with their own parents. Usually, a brood will be strong enough to leave the nest in about three weeks, but, when a photograph was taken of these five little orphans when they were five weeks old, they were still unable to care for themselves.

They were entirely unafraid, though, at this time, climbing up the hand and arm of any human observer, snuggling down into the hollow of any friendly neck, as their environment had taught them that people meant to be kind to them. Heredity, however, showed its power also, for perhaps fifty per cent of the things they had learned to do came from that source.

For example, on this day just as four people had succeeded in getting all five babies posed on one of their food stricks held in the hand of the man of the house, one birdling gave a peculiar call and the home owner said, "That's their hawk, or warning, call," and on our looking up there was a desert sparrow hawk flying above our heads. Before

the picture was finally taken we heard this call again, and the hawk was found on a near-by telephone pole. How did these little ones learn this lesson?

As this book is going to press another visit has been made to West Seattle to see how the adopted family has fared. Chuck, as the last baby bird is now called, is the only one left of the brood of five, but he seems to be master of the whole house.



Seattle—Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth

An Adopted Family

We were told, when we asked about the rest of the family, that none of the birds had learned to fly until they were two months old, although they had practiced steadily each day for several weeks beforehand. They were given their freedom, but they kept coming back, as they preferred their old home. However, about that time one died, one was caught by a hawk, one was stepped on, and one was thought to have adopted another family, for a little girl told the bird lady about a bluebird that came into her home.

Chuck was flying around the room the day we called, from his own nest, or the top of the door, or his cage to the canary's cage (whose owner he hates), or down to the table, or to the mirror, where he scolded his image. The owners said that sometimes he sits by the window where he talks with the visiting bluebirds or robins, and sometimes he follows them away for a few hours, but he always comes back when he gets hungry. He can feed himself, but he prefers the egg yolk, bits of cottage cheese or liver from the end of the tweezers, and he especially likes cut-up grapes.

Chuck loves to cuddle down in his lady's hand, and he will scold and snap at the man of the house when he points his finger at him, or comes too near the lady. If this lady is sewing he will drop into her lap, fluttering his wings as he makes a kind of a nest of the sewing, in which he takes a nap.

Angle worms are kept in the sand of his cage and he sometimes amuses himself by pulling them out and laying them around the edge of his cage, but if one starts to crawl away he pulls it back. He will not sleep in his cage, liking better an imitation nest of woolen cloth, made like a big rose with one petal, which is fastened on the front of an old straw hat and hung on the wall. Each night when he gets sleepy he will fly to this nest, pulling its edges up about him and when he drops down to quiet dreams.

ROBIN'S RELATIVES

Daybreak—the first bright glow of Eastern sun,
Proclaims her daily journey scarce begun
When there resounds from every twig and tree
Songs of such wondrous melody
As touch the soul, and tune the lips to praise;
Enthralled are we by nature's mystic ways.
In quick response we catch the gladsome note
That bursts in praise from every tiny throat,
And join the happy warblers of the air,
For joy and gladness reigneth everywhere.

—Nina Moore

Among the thrushes of the Northwest is a species that shows the traits of two of its cousins, for at one time the birds will be as bold as a robin, at another as shy as a hermit thrush. Members of this group may decide any winter to visit city places where people may have a chance to get acquainted with them as Varied Thrushes, although they usually prefer the mountains, or lonely forests of this section.

When the season is stormier than usual, along with the robins, Oregon juncos, rusty song sparrows, and the Towhees, that come to the door or window asking for food, may be seen a bird closely resembling the robin in size, habits, and general color; but the tint on its more orange breast is also shown in streaks and stripes on its head and wings. Quite in the present fashion, they wear low down on the neck a handsome collar, which, in the female, is the same shade as her back, but in the male is a striking slaty-black. They are called, locally, a dozen different names, as the Oregon Robins, the Swamp Robins, or the Painted Robins, but they might be better enjoyed if known as Varied Thrushes.

Often before or during a snowstorm, these birds are seen in the residence sections of cities, chasing one another, and the robins, about the parking strips, but they prefer the privacy of trees in yards or parks. They can be coaxed to bird tables by placing there bits of apples, as they are very fond of this fruit, especially if it is in small pieces which they can handle. Occasionally, their trimmings will be so bright a color, in orchards where apples have been left upon



Seattle—Taken by Mr. Ronald Chapman

A Varied Thrush

the trees for them, that careful study has to be made to decide that they are not a new species of yellow birds strayed out of bounds. At such times, the cold weather, which they follow north or south, or up and down the mountain valleys, seems to have affected their manners. They show a quarrelsome spirit, selfishly attacking the other table boarders of the charitable, driving them away until their own appetite is satisfied.

They have a sweeter disposition when the water is coming down in the soft, misty way that the Northwest knows. Then their plaintive strain, carrying the mystery and wildness of high altitudes or of the solitudes of their summer homes in Alaska or on Mount Rainier, fascinates those who know its dual quality. The peculiar call may change in key in the same individual as well as in different singers. They have been heard in early morning trying their one note in different places on the scale until they found the tone that satisfied the mood of the hour. The carrying quality of this musical sound is great and to one who hears it for the first time, it is bewildering in its location.

In early spring, a Varied Thrush may mount to the top of the tallest tree he can find in the neighborhood and try his clarionet again and again, while you search for him in vain. Once a woman followed the lure in the melancholy theme for half a mile over the rough surface of a new clearing to be rewarded by a long look at the musician as he sat on the tip of a dead fir owning the world. He was most accommodating as he turned from one point of the compass to another, in showing the tawny buff stripes across the sides of his face, the two shoulder bars of the same color on each wing, while his black collar, from the distance, seemed to be made of real lace.

His ballads as described by those who have heard them in the forests of their summer homes are said to be the gems of their poet hearts. Mr. Dawson, in "The Birds of Washington" wrote: "There is no sound of the Western woods more subtle, more mysterious, more thrilling withal, than this passion song of the Varied Thrush. Sombre depths, dripping foliage, and the distant gurglings of dark brown waters are its fitting accompaniments; but it serves somehow to call up before the mind's eye the unscaled heights and the untried deeps of experience. It is suggestive, elusive, whimsically baffling—Moreover, this bird can fling his voice at you as well from the treetop as from the ground,

now right, now left, the while he sits motionless upon a small branch not fifteen feet above you."

A small group of Varied Thrushes were quite shy when they arrived in the yard of one country home in December, and fled to the shelter of the trees at any sound or movement; but, after a few days, one or more would venture into the thickest foliage of the young fir near the bird table. There they longingly watched the Oregon Juncos as, one after another, they took turns at eating a full meal, while twenty other Juncos, waiting for an opportunity to get a share, stood about on the branches, like bits of decorative china on a Christmas tree. A lifted hand or head sent the Varied Thrushes into retreat immediately, but the black-headed snowbird had learned there was no danger in such movements. They would stand their ground, nibbling daintily, turning seeds around and around in their pinkish bills to extract the goodies before dropping the chaff, their reddish-brown eyes on guard watching for signs of trouble.

It was a joyful day when at last Mr. Varied Thrush dared to mount the table and take his breakfast with just the separating glass of the window between two appetites. Food never seemed quite so good to the watcher until this traveller from the solitary places deigned to sit at apple only two feet away. He stood, head facing, crouched upon his toes, ready to spring if he were threatened, and picked up his bits of fruit, unwinkingly. When satisfied, or his courage failed, he flew behind a huckleberry screen, growing in a tall stump nearby. There he peered through the leaves as he scratched his head with a toe, stretching his foot high over his wing, or as he preened his plumage, smoothing each long feather by slipping it through his bill.

The mottled splashes of the young birds of the commoner species of the thrush family are carried, by the rarer members that visit the Northwest all their lives, as russet brown spots on their white or buffy breasts. Several kinds of Hermit Thrushes, as they flit through in migration, will

be seen by the ordinary bird lover; and their travelling call may be heard by the initiated, even in hospital beds in cities, as it drops down from the sky paths known only to birds following the urge for summer homes, or obeying some sixth sense which drives them southward in the fall.

If you are a lover of mountains, and know that feeling which sends you out into the high places for a renewal of life and vigor, you may hope some day in the Cascades or Olympics to run across a pale brown thrush about the size of the western bluebird. This little creature which fades away in the shadows of brake or shrub is much like the image that "merry brown thrush" calls to the mind of those who love birds in literature, but who have never expanded their horizon by getting their knowledge from original sources.

If, however, you have strapped your food and blankets on your back and climbed until your muscles felt as if all power had left them, and you had to lean forward on the mountain's breast until your breath and strength returned, so that you could go higher to the mottled snow that lies under the firs and cedars even in June, you may have seen this shadow of a bird named the Sierra Hermit Thrush. If it stopped to survey you, so that you could get a mental picture, ever after have you not been able, at times, to recall the elusive feeling which made you part and parcel of the stillness of your vast surroundings?

Only an artist could have mixed the transparent wash of gray-brown that covered most of its head, back, and flanks, brightening to rich cinnamon below in front of its tail. The dark brown eyes, due to the white rings about them, seemed to be looking at you through a pair of tiny spectacles in the regular dignified thrush fashion. That white breast, trimmed with russet arrowshaped spots, incloses a heart that has not learned fear.

His song, but who could describe the song of any hermit thrush? Their throat has been called God's violin and the

high, clear melody they sing fits the sacred strains of vespers or benediction in great cathedrals. Its quality and measure could only come from knowledge of a world that is hidden from mankind.

Tired feet, aching back, mosquitoes, and other worries were at once forgotten when the first Sierra Hermit Thrush was heard at the Mountaineer's Lodge in the Cascade Range in Washington. To add to the joy of all the party, that day was made a red-letter one by a trio, which was sung by a Sierra Hermit, a Varied, and a Russet-backed Thrush. The birds were not afraid and came about the porch where the party rested, so that birds and melodies were easily identified. The three varieties mounted the lower branches of the surrounding trees and satisfied the longings of the listeners by their liquid evening hymns, seeming to rejoice in human companions for a never-to-beforgotten hour.

A lover of bird song need not go so far from home to hear one of these songsters, which is perhaps the commonest summer resident in the western part of our country. Many a brush heap, many a hedge, many a thicket even in cities will give shelter in this favored section to the Russet-backed Thrush from about the first of May until late September. If the observer wants to know whether he has returned in the spring, from his long journey south (even as far as Guatemala) a soft whistled "hu-whit" will sometimes get him to respond by the same sound from the tangles of near-by shrubbery. The boys of the Northwest have often named him the "whistlebird" from the sweet call note.

He will follow this imitation of his call until he satisfies his desire to know whether another thrush has arrived and may express his disgust or impatience, for who can be sure of the thought of a bird, by a sharp cry of "qu-wit" when he finds the source of the sounds. He often does not sing until later in May, but has responded to an imitation of his song as early as the middle of this month about Puget Sound.

The description given of the Sierra Hermit Thrush

would do for the Russet-backed, except that the latter is slightly larger and has the color of its back continued in its rump and tail, while his eye rings and general colorings are a bit more tawny.

He is so well protected by his soft covering and becomes so much a part of his surroundings that unless he moves, he is often hidden from an observer, although but a few feet away in the lower branches of the trees. There he will often sit quietly watching a beginner search for him everywhere that he is not.

He is the earliest singer in the spring mornings and has, at times, seemed to play school, where, as teacher, he called the roll and other birds responded by their own tunes. Rusty Song Sparrow was usually the first to answer and then came the Oregon Towhee, the Nuttall Sparrow, and the Western Meadowlark to listen to the choir of thrushes which welcomed daybreak.

A Russet-backed Thrush was once led to visit a swinging bird table for bits of bread and seeds after weeks of coaxing. He had been seen many times behind a leafy curtain, watching the other birds as they ate, or bathing in the pool provided under the big log. His shy majesty was long true to his love of shadows, but one morning his appetite led him to make the attempt to get an easy breakfast. He poised in air, upheld by fluttering wings a few feet from the table, several times before he dared to venture to place his brown feet on what might prove to be a trap. Then, his dignity forgotten, he bolted his food in regular Steller Jay fashion while the heart of a watcher thrilled with happiness.

A delightful experience was experienced once in July on a trip to the Quillayute River in Washington. A constitutional weakness concerning early rising had made it necessary to persuade a room-mate, Lady Mary, as friends went slipping off into "by-low land," soothed by the melody the Old Pacific was crooning on its shores a mile and a half

away, to awaken one of the sleepers at dawn. In about five minutes, it seemed the whisper, "It is three o'clock," was heard. Previous trials had taught a bird lover to move instantly, and also to use cold water to do away with that yawny morning feeling.

A twittering call or two out-of-doors made fingers fly through the necessary twistings and buttonings, as every minute here might mean something missed out there. Squeaking along the cold dark hall, feeling remorseful, as muttered growls came through thin partitions, it took but a second after reaching the door to leave the raw newness of the grounds of a country hotel, and to be lost in the lights and shadows of that fine forest road, which had been found the night before, to lead to nowhere.

Why, oh why, has mankind, yes, and womankind, lost the desire to get up on summer mornings with other creatures at the dawn of day? The majestic columns of the giant fires, cedars, and spruces, were reminders of San Paulo Cathedral in the suburbs of Rome. There, however, every pillar was crowned by the mosaic image of a church official, while here all the arches were filled with delicate interlacing sprays and fronds which gave glimpses of splashes of blue sky, which had hardly time to attract the eye, before all other senses were lost in the joy that came through hearing.

A call, a whistle, a thrill, a twitter, a single song, first on this side, then on that, bewildering and teasing because of the inability to see hidden neighbors, and then every leaf, every twig, every frond seemed alive and swaying in waves of tone. An unseen orchestra, composed of mysterious musicians was playing a forest symphony whose perfect harmony made a throat throb in sympathy. The air trembled with vibrations which went swinging and swelling through the mighty temple in a melody that Nature has written for each summer morn, to be played while dullards sleep.

It told in sweetest phrases of the lives of the vines, the shrubs, the flowers, and the trees; and of all the joys and burdens of the little forest folks. It rambled on about the babbling brooks, and rivers, and whispered of the splashing falls, where the maidenhair fern bathed in spray and "trembled at the reflection of her own loveliness" in the pool below. It hinted of hidden homes near by, which had been brimming with insistent life, demanding food and training. It promised future joys in sunny Southland, after moonlit nights of airy travel over blissful paths through starry space.

The spirit of song was leader of the throbbing orchestra, which was so well attuned that but one magical instrument could be heard. Gradually came the realization that here were no wind or stringed contrivances but instead that the tiny vocal chords of ten thousand Russet-backed Thrushes were pealing in unison the dominant melody in this madrigal of dawn.

For a time no other birds were heard, then "Hear me! Hear me! Oh! What a wondrous day! Sweet!" fluted the Rusty Song Sparrow of the Olympics, and the reedy carol of the Western Winter Wren brought memories of other places. The Western Robin occasionally blew his treble horn, the Steller Jay sprinkled in a few harsh notes, the Oregon Towhee sounded his melancholy cello, while the Western Belted Kingfisher played a few notes on his devil's fiddle; but the listener knew in her thrilled soul that this symphony was given by the shy olive-brown citizens of the forest, and that the other birds were an audience, except when their emotions bubbled over into an instant's song.

For half an hour the forest heard. All at once, as suddenly as it began, the concert was a memory to the woman who wandered down to the magical river hoping to discover other mysteries. The Indian canoe with the three old squaws that were glimpsed under arching branches starts a different story, and this chapter on Robin's relatives

must end with thoughts of the dewy chimes that rang from
the mottled throats of the Russet-backed Thrushes.

Blessed be the man who draws apart
Far from the throng and busy mart,
Remote from paths that man hath trod
And there communes with Nature's God;
No chimes to bid him bow in prayer
No choir save warblers of the air,
With heart attuned to nature's call
He feels his oneness with it all,

—Nina Moore

STELLER JAY

There is an adage old but true
I fear Blue Jay applies to you
This is the truth that I recall
"Speak well of friend or not at all."
So there is little I can say
Until, bold knave, you mend your way.
—Nina Moore

If you find a black-crested, big, blue bird anywhere, that seems to be master of all he surveys, be sure you have met a member of the Jay family, although there are Jays that are not crested nor blue. In the West, the smaller, paler variety of the coast in Oregon and California, which has a top-knot, is called Grinnell's Jay; the group with a long gray spot above the eye, of the Inland Empire is the Black-headed Jay; while the noisy birds found west of the Cascade Range from middle California through Washington are known as Steller Jay; but his ways are the same, in any place he is a resident. Run across him wherever you may in valley or plain, he so often shows you by the flirt of his wings, the twist of his tail, the stretch of his blue body, or the flattening of his handsome crest, that you are in the wrong place and that he is owner of the world.

There are times, however, when he no longer shows a haughty spirit. Catch him in mischief, or meet him in May during the strenuous nest-building or brood-feeding period and a jay seems to have changed his disposition. His struggles have affected his manners, for he is as shy as a thrush, and as vicious as a head-hunter in his attacks on the eggs or young of other birds. He slips almost unseen through the shadows when near his hidden nest, which is often placed in the most secret depths of an evergreen tangle, usually above your head, although one foolish pair

built their nest beside the steps of the Girls' Parental School in a big city. If you chance to find the nest, what beggars they seem to be. How they tease you not to touch their treasures, and not to do to them as they do to other birds!

The little pleading cry then is very different from the harsh "Qu-ay, qu-ay, qu-ay!" that the jay uses at other times when he informs the whole bird world that a mere human has straggled, or struggled, into a wing-haunted region. You may be ever so quiet, walk ever so softly on firry needles or feathery moss, hide in the shadows of big tree trunks, but his black eyes are sure to discover you, as he drifts about his parade grounds, and he will follow you, accusing you of every sin that he, himself, has committed until every other bird in the locality has had a chance to look you over and decide against you.

Still, if you ever succeed in getting jays to come to your bird table, their bad manners will often be excused because they are so human. When other birds are not around he will appear and disappear quickly after gobbling everything in sight, for all is grist that comes to his mill, be it provided by friend or foe. If a towhee, junco, or song sparrow should presume, however, to ask for a share of the food that kind providence has spread, war is at once declared.

Such a table was provided by nailing a wooden box just on the level of three kitchen windows near Bremerton, Washington, one mild winter. The house was at the top of a bluff, above a salt water inlet, surrounded by firs, alders, and madrones, and one fir branch reached invitingly out from the grove toward the food. For almost a month not a single bird had appeared to notice the crumbs and bird seed placed so temptingly between man and nature. Bits of suet and fat pork nailed or tied to the near-by trees disappeared at night or in the early morning before lazy people were up, yet there were no visitors at the window.

But the morning of January 11 "thump" sounded the table, as a handsome Steller Jay leaped down, standing there

on the toes of his big, black feet; and "qu-ay" he shouted in surprise, as he saw a woman writing at another table not three feet from where he stood. He waited not on orders for his going, but fled to the big tree, where hidden, as he supposed, among the branches, he looked over and studied the situation.

As no movement was made in the house, tempted by the food, and urged by the emptiness of his inner self, he again landed noisily, grabbed one crumb and scrambled to shelter. That taste was too much for his sense of caution. Once more he sprang into view, but this time he did not stop to swallow, but picked up one piece of food after another until his bill was running over, when he retired once more to the safe quarters of a tree farther away in the grove.

It was several minutes before he returned, but, when he did, he brought a companion with him that waited, hiding in the tree, until the watcher moved out of sight. This bird's shy ways, generally well-groomed feathers, and slightly smaller size made the lady, almost holding her breath back in a shadowy corner, believe that it was the female, although the colors of the two birds were the same, except that the bars on wings and tail of the first comer were more distinct. The bolder visitor flew from tree to table several times before the other could be coaxed to satisfy her appetite, and his evident desire to share the goods the gods had provided. Within the hour, however, both would come while the inside table was being used, and they were so near that the gray chins and the narrow sky-blue stripes on the front crest between the eyes were easily seen.

When nearly every scrap of food had disappeared, one visitor discovered that the box had an inside lower surface which was also well covered with bird dainties. He bent over, stretching his neck as if it were rubber and, when he found he must, dropped to the lower level, where he poised a second before he ventured into what might be a trap. Presently his mate landed on the upper side of the box with

another "thump" which must have sounded like a bomb to him from the rush he made to get away. The joke on each other was understood, for, after a chat in the treetops, they returned several times until both tables were empty; which they, too, evidently had been, or hollow, for while the bulk of what they had swallowed seemed to equal the weight of the two birds their size remained the same.

As we became better acquainted, they showed they had quite different dispositions. The first visitor, which could be easily told by his ragged, worn tail feathers, as well as by his bold ways, soon showed a wish to know what was going on in the room behind the windows. He would stand among the scraps and flatten his crest and body-feathers, twisting his head from one side to another as he peered through the glass trying to see all the dark corners. Quiet movements, unless close to him, did not disturb him nor did conversation in which he seemed interested.

He was very greedy, seldom satisfied with small bits of food, but would often pick out the biggest pieces, which he would take to the tree and hold under his foot to pull apart. Sometimes he gobbled everything in sight into his mouth, until the food made a fringe about the edges, while his swollen throat caused the watcher to tremble for his breathing power. His companion never gulped her food and seldom carried any away from the table, always seeming to remember her good manners.

To watch a jay eating a piece of suet fastened to a tree, so that it can not be jerked up and carried away, is as good as a game. The food must be placed where he can get a foothold; and when, in his morning saunter about his route, he finds the treasure, the fun will begin. He will look it over, try it here and there and then, getting interested, will attack it with fury, throwing up his head and driving it down again and again with hammerlike blows until his bill gets caught in the fat. Often he will twist and pry with such energy that he will lose his footing when a bit of food

breaks off and every feather will show how indignant he is. Sometimes he angrily attacks the string or the nail; and if a scrap falls to the ground, down he tumbles to get it.

He is very fond of hazel nuts, and races with the squirrels each fall to see which can harvest the largest amount of this crop. The child who wants a share of western wild nuts must be spry and out early. He may wonder how this small fruit, so well protected by a prickly sheath and hard shell, can be picked out and cracked by a bird only about a foot long, bill and tail included.

Watch him in August as he alights on a hazel stem which sways with his heavy body. How he searches every twig, and when his big bold eyes finds a pair of these nuts how he pounces on them with his strong beak, and jerks back and forth until he gets them and flies to a steadier support, on anything that happens to be near! See him strike the case first to the right and then to the left on his perch until he loosens the nut, pries it out and swallows it whole. Watch the swelling in his throat twisting about, as it slips down his neck, much as it does in an ostrich when fed an orange in California. For an instant after it is down the jay will seem to be thinking of his sins, then off he will fly with a harsh shriek as he hunts for another dainty.

While jays that are boarding at a bird table will slip through the shrubbery along with other jays, juncos, and towhees, they do not make friends with any winged creature other than their own kind. They have a bad reputation with birds and man, especially in the spring when they are said to be cannibals, and to love to finish off a day's harvest with an egg or small fledgeling. They are accused of wrecking many a nest, and the long slit often found in the quaint hanging pocket of the bush-tit is charged to their accounts.

They probably are guilty of these wicked deeds, but those who have ever watched them as they slide gracefully down the air, or jauntily climb the spiral staircase of the tallest tree in the neighborhood, will not entirely banish them.

A few jays to brighten and keep lively the dim aisles and far-flung branches of the forests are wanted. Still, his tribe must be kept small in any locality where other birds are desired, and he should be driven to distant places during the nesting season for the sake of other birds.

The former paragraphs were written in January and laid aside. On February ninth a great uproar among the birds in the backyard attracted attention and a bird lover hurried out, rushing down the hill, as she knew by their cries that they were calling for help.

Climbing over clumps of Oregon grape, pushing through tangles of hazel and salmonberry, she came to an open space where a single tree held, apparently, all the birds in the neighborhood. Even in her excitement, she saw juncos, chickadees, kinglets, song sparrows, towhees as well as jays in the tree, and felt that all were terrified. They showed their alarm by frightened cries as they flew from limb to limb, or peered down into a clear space in the masses of salal and ferns, which held something that they could see that was hidden from the woman who wanted to help.

Drawing closer, what was her dismay to see a death struggle going on between a tiny Coast Pygmy Owl and a Steller Jay. The owl, which was only about half as long as the jay, had seized the latter at the bend of its left wing on the inner side, and they were fighting face to face. As she appeared, the owl gave a strong leap into the air carrying his struggling, shrieking victim with him. Decaying bits of wood were her only weapons, and they were thrown without any effect on the bird tragedy.

The vision of the whirling brown and white wings, of a tan-spotted, chunky body, with glaring yellow eyes and fierce claws holding fast to the stretched-out blue wing of the jay as it was dragged from the ground, was so fleeting that if it had not been for the piercing shrieks she might have fancied she was having a horrible nightmare. The other birds had become silent as she appeared, and, as she

followed the cries over boggy ground and through the underbrush, she feared they thought that she, too, was an enemy.

It did not seem possible that the struggling birds could pass through the branches of the dense wildwood, but they were out of sight in a moment, though she could hear the screams and followed them at her best speed. They finally seemed to be located in one of two trees, which stood on each side of a big, white stump. As the woman peered up into one tree, shaking the lower branches, the cries seemed to come from the other, but, when she moved, they appeared to come from the one she had just left. She could see no hole in the stump although she searched its white surface as the sounds became fainter and fainter. When they stopped and she had to return to the house she was sick at heart with her helplessness; still she went back with a ladder to see if relief could yet be given. Then she found a hole under a mass of salal in the top of the stump, into which she thrust several sticks with no result and had to give up the search.

Eleven days later she went again to this place and found a cast of the owl's food, which was largely made up of faded bluish-gray feathers; and she felt that this was evidence that one Steller Jay had paid for the mischief and misdeeds of his whole tribe.

For nearly two weeks the calls of this little goblin among the owls could be heard in the early evening; and when she heard his "glook, glook, look, look," she shivered with the hidden birds of that neighborhood at his ghoulish cries.



Seattle—Taken by Mr. Ronald Chapman

Does He Make You Shiver?

A JANUARY BIRD TABLE

Oh, near of kin are you and we;
The self-same traits in both I see
That make us loved, or feared, or hated;
Sure man and bird must be related:
'Tis when around the feeding table
All unobserved, that I am able
To note your virtue and your sin
And feel convinced that we are kin.

—Nina Moore

Who could have dreamed, walking last evening along the beach in the shimmering of the new moon, which held so lightly the burden of the old one in its slender, uptilted arms, that the morning would bring Whittier's changed world to this Pacific region? To be sure during the night a few shivers had caused more covers to be pulled up about one's ears, but, when the brightening day won out against the comfort of an eiderdown, so as to get a lazy sleeper to open her eyes, the snapping air caused conditions in that room to change rapidly. The owner felt that she was missing something new and strange: a something, which was always offering high adventures.

All alone in a house on the hill-top near the Sound she felt herself a primeval woman, with all the comforts of a modern world. After she started a roaring fire in the big fireplace she wandered from window to window, shivering as she dressed, for "we looked upon a world unknown. On nothing we could call our own."

The long branches of the green fir trees bent piteously under a heavy, moist, white burden, showing by their attitude that they, too, had been caught unawares. The clothesline, the big, spoonlike madrone leaves, the drooping Scotch broom, the bedraggled brown ferns, the Oregon

grape fronds, the syringa's yellow stems were all in new garments, which clung as closely as does the prevailing dress of this decade. Even the naked alder trees, whose rose madder tips had promised spring, changed to huge ghosts that had not followed night into dreamland. The edges of Washington Inlet had vanished; she saw no longer a sheltered bay, but a boundless sea: for salt water and falling flakes were merged in the distance and formed a wall, which shut away the rugged farms of the opposite hillside.

Under the low arches of the cedars, dim familiar paths, which were yet bare of snow, stretched away into a strange forest. An old sentinel of the "foreworld" stood like a Gothic spire, its top lost in mistiness, but its lower branches seemed occasionally to shiver with delightful memories.

As the door leading from the living room into the kitchen was opened, an astonished "che-ay" announced that his mightiness, the Steller Jay had been disturbed at one of his regular meals at the bird table, just outside of the wide window. With a spring of the strong, black legs and a flap of the blue wings, he rushed into the shadows of the nearest tree, where hidden, as he supposed, from human sight, he peered through the white and green masses to see if danger were near. Seemingly satisfied, he waited but a moment and then returned to his interrupted meal.

The watching woman stood still so as to see the bits of hash, mush and pieces of bread get tucked in rapidly at each tap of the black beak upon the table. Wider and wider grew the distance between the mandibles, larger and larger the pelican-like pouch of his gray throat, yet he kept forcing food in at the end of the yawning cavity, while it dribbled out at the edges.

Fearing disaster, the woman moved, and away went the bird with his mouthful, but his place was taken almost at once by an Oregon Towhee. Keeping its face toward the observer, it looked over the "bill of fare" and attacked the seed spread in this protected spot by a friendly hand the

day before. Squatting a little, as if to keep his black toes warm in his feathers, he twisted the seeds about from one side of his mouth to the other as he dug out their contents with his tongue. His white chest, throbbing continually with his rapid heart beats, and his wing spots rivalled the snow.

The brilliant black head was thrown high and its color and position showed it was the male bird that was dining, even if the duller colored female had not been crouching on the nearest branch, humbly awaiting the time when her lord should indicate that he had finished and that she might eat. The usual red color of his eyes seemed to be a warm brown as he gazed unblinkingly through the window. One could count the fourteen white spots of the insignia on his right shoulder and behind that were five more dots that formed almost a straight line. A sudden sound caused his departure, he and his mate vanishing in the darkness of the firs, but she was back again in a moment, more courageous this time, or hungrier, than her spouse.

While she ate, with feet straddled far apart, a mite of a bird dropped down beside her, and the Towhee left excitedly. The mite proved to be a Chestnut-backed Chickadee, that, almost as soon as it arrived, disappeared unfed. Finding he had escaped alive he tried fate again, and this time succeeded in snatching a piece of bread almost as large as himself, and retired with it to a visible branch, where he placed the food under his atom of a foot, and tore off bits, which he devoured. Then down he plunged to a piece of fat pork fastened to a nearby tree to add the filling of an internal sandwich.

He tried to hang to a cut-off branch just above his dainty with his hind toes, while he braced with the front ones in order to reach his prize. He seemed as much at home upside down as upside up. His ruddy back and sides were ruffled out to keep warm air about him, so that it gave him an awkward, portly figure, with entirely too much flesh-

iness, but his black bib and cap, his high, white collar were immaculately arranged and preserved his dignity. Finding the stretching inconvenient, down he dropped upon his delicacy and pegged off pieces until driven away by larger birds. Even then he several times grabbed as large a piece as he could reach on the bird table, regardless of the solitary eating custom of the others, but he always went off in a rush to eat by himself in the tree.



Yakima—Taken by Mrs. Granville Ross Pike
A Feast for Birds

Jays and towhees took turns at eating, but each dined in lonely majesty as if two were a crowd on a bird table, except when disturbed by the saucy Chickadees. One of the latter was eating when a flock of about twenty Oregon Juncos discovered the feast and lit upon convenient high places, in their soft grays and pinks, looking like huge Japanese

love birds. There is such a strongly marked even line where the black feathers of this snowbird are edged over the white breast and pinky sides and back, which turns, as if on an automatic object, so that the head appears to have been put on after the rest of him was finished. His pinkish bill, where the under mandible was almost hidden by the upper, looked as if his lower jaw was toothless, while, in fact, both jaws are. As fast as they could, the birds flashed the two white feathers or "banner marks" on the sides of the tail, as each took his turn at the table. They, too, were always careful to keep "head on" toward the window while each epicure selected small crumbs, or seeds, as his favorite with an occasional peck at scraps of apple or bread. If one were too slow and deliberate another sometimes flew out, poisoning, fluttering about the first in a pleading way, uttering a fine little musical trill until the diner moved.

While the juncos were in possession, a scratching and slipping noise was heard, and, joy of joys, a Seattle Wren sidled along the window sill to have a hand, or rather an eye, on what the other birds were doing. The tilt of his impudent, long, Roman bill, the slant of the white stripes above his eyes, the flirt of his upturned tail, the poise of his small olive-brown body, whitish below, all indicated that nothing but curiosity brought him there, for not a particle did he eat. He is not a vegetarian and prefers a pure insect diet.

After a discriminating glance over the table, with an impertinent grating call that sounded almost like a naughty word, he was up under the eaves, scrambling about like a mouse as he peered under each rafter and shingle. He was dependent on no one but himself for his daily needs, and cared little for wind or snow. He was not seen or heard again until a light was carried that evening to the porch when he was heard to complain that he was being disturbed in his quarters in the attic of the porch.

When the table was empty of birds, the observer turned to her housekeeping and when she looked again, there sat

the bird of her inmost heart, a demure little brown creature with feathers all puffed out, and having, could she believe her eyes, almost a disconsolate air. The bird was not to be blamed, however, for even a braver spirit than his might have been annoyed at his bedraggled condition. Feathers, temper, and tail, all mussy with creeping through the ivy—what had he to be happy about? He had nearly worn himself out this snowy day as he hunted for weed seeds, which were all covered up. Could a Rusty Song Sparrow with its sunny disposition be forgiven for feeling blue inside, even-though he had a brown outside?

As he settled down to dry and warm his toes under his body, he reached out for any goody near, and, from appearances, this was his breakfast. He liked bird seed best, but now he took all in sight, and the observer could see him chirk up, and watch his feathers smooth themselves out closer to his body as he filled himself. Alas for bird expectations, what could a poor creature do but move on, when a lady towhee with a manner quite unlike that with which she waited on her mate's pleasure, urged his going with open bill and vibrating wings! Justice still reigns, however, for she, too, stopped not to consider, when the bright body of her mate dropped down beside her.

A flock of Pine Siskins, resembling a hive of bees in number and flight settled down on the outflung arms of an alder tree, which suddenly seemed clothed in autumn foliage, so many were the leaf-like birds that clung in every attitude to the alder twigs and cones. How incessantly they fluttered up and down, in and out! Unaffected, seemingly by laws of gravitation, the brown ellipsoids with flecks of yellow trimmings, bobbed back and forth as if at the end of an elastic cord. Darting hither and thither, now their beaks, now their forked tails, now white breasts uppermost, what cared they for a free lunch counter? Never a glance did they turn toward the place where other winged creatures satisfied inner cravings, but kept up a continual chattering,

musical twitter, seeming to wish each other "good hunting."

As the outside door was opened to give the observer a better view, with one movement, which had the shrill sound of a vibrating wire, or the whirl of a breaking spring, they were off, leaving the watcher to wonder at their ways. How were they led and what guided them in their headlong, erratic flight from treetop to treetop without accident or the apparent loss of a single individual out of the host of birds?

Occasionally during the day the peculiar mournful note of a Varied Thrush came fluting out through the falling snow from some of the hidden places of the grove, but not once did he come to the table, during this snow, although the day before a flock of eight of these lovers of dampness had been seen in a favorite spot of theirs beneath the kitchen windows.

With what interest had these cousins of the robins been watched, as each selected a bit of ground and threw to right or left the dead leaves, which were scattered about in the sparse high, green grass. At each effort of the swinging bill, the bright eyes inspected the upturned leaf and its former quarters, with frequent rushes to gather invisible delicacies that rewarded their efforts. Not once did they step inside another's territory. Why, this day they preferred their own quarters remains a mystery, but their distant notes recalled memories of days and places when they had been more friendly, and had dined on one side of a window while the observer dined on the other.

A decaying cedar stump in the yard attracted the attention of a Northwestern Flicker that methodically investigated every square inch of its front surface, thrusting his long, forked tongue into all holes and crevices in search of unwary termite or luscious grub that might be there. When spoils were scarce he braced himself by his stiff tail feathers, and struck the black chisel which he carried on the front of his head down into the wood with a hammering

blow. Then he pried off the cover of a village of unknown inhabitants, upon which he feasted, like the barbarian he seemed.

Leisurely he climbed and gorged until he reached the salal bonnet which crowned the top of the stump. "There he preened his striped wings with their brilliant orange lining, wiped his red mustaches on the leaves, scratched his ear with one long toe, stretching his short leg around and in front of his wing with a satisfied masculine air which plainly said that weather conditions affected not the disposition of a free lance such as he.

This seemed his mental attitude, but who can know the psychological outlook of a bird? In the long generations since man left his former home in the treetops he has lost touch with his old neighbors, and how little of their inner life he remembers. Some few have atavistic longings to resume the old life, and with opera glasses or camera haunt their former habitat, perhaps recalling primeval days and deeds. They sometimes assign certain motives to particular acts, but who can know what is in the brain that guides the actions of the birds, who dares to feel that he knows in certainty the contents of the mind that is certainly there? Their lovers watch their actions, study and record their movements, but there is a wall which separates them and prevents communion. Yet a friendly eye often sees glimpses of curiosity, powers of communication, love of young and home, evidences of memory that indicate degrees of mentality. How much these creatures of the air may bring to the dwellers in stone or wood!

BIRDS OF "THE MOUNTAIN"

Dwellers in the places high.

Teach me thy song that I may know
The language that the mountains cry,
As on my path I upward go.

—Nina Moore

As the long summer days approach there are lovers of nature in the far Northwest that appear to be listening to thin sounds that are too slender and elusive for the ordinary ear to catch. There is a far-off look in their eyes as if they were recalling visions unknown to their companions. They become uneasy, dissatisfied with their ordinary lives, and finally announce that the mountain is calling. They must away to find a nook where they may wander and find rest upon the mountain's breast.

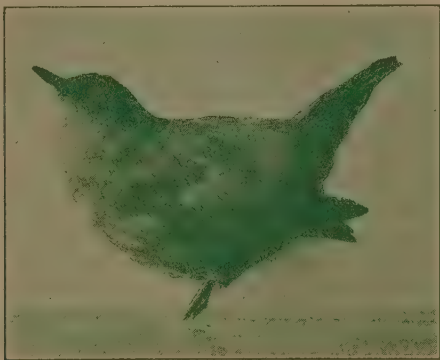
Rainier has many such places, but not even Paradise Valley, or Paradise itself, is more desirable than Summer Land, which lies just below the eternal snows on the eastern slope of "the Mountain that was God." Fortunate is the man or woman who listens to the voices and is able to follow them into this wonderland.

A long-ago eruption must have thrown out a mighty stream of molten lava to form a huge spur upon the topmost slope of the mountain. Ages have slightly hollowed this mass in places, and covered it with the fine soil that the melting snows deposit. Nature has used her winds and her animals to carry seeds of hemlock, alpine fir, and Alaska cedar with which she has fringed the edges of the spur.

A good fairy must have helped to plant the flower seeds, for every inch of surface of the hollowed places is spread with a brilliant carpet of such pleasing shades and hues that it would give patterns to the most inventive Oriental

weaver. Nowhere else in America can there be found more beautiful flower meadows. Lupines, asters, monkey flowers, gentians, heather vie with one another to find space to spread their blossoms; no bit of ground is unused. Avalanche lilies, Indian paint brush, buttercups, anemones, squaw grass, all have their favorite places where they may form part of the wreath that almost encircles the mountain. They care not that for many years they may blossom unseen by any eyes except those of the wild creatures that also love this region.

To the thoughtful tourist this region might seem uninhabited, but a bird lover with a good pair of glasses



Seattle—Taken by Mr. Ronald Chapman
A Bobbing Water Ouzel

will find here many friends and will make, perhaps, a few acquaintances on any of the flower meadows of Rainier. One such person resting wearied feet in a stream below the shelf of that aged snowfield, known locally as Broadway, had her expectations realized.

There above the flowery meadows of Summer Land she saw, again, another bobbing water ouzel, and, for the first time, a Hepburn Leucosticte, or Rosy Finch, and its young.

The ouzel seemed to enjoy with the traveller the feel of the icy water about its toes as it splashed through its special pool, stopping long enough to investigate a hob-nailed boot upon the bank.

Wherever the wild fresh waters play west of the Rocky Mountains, north of Mexico, such an observer may catch glimpses of a leaden-gray feathered creature about the size of an Oregon towhee, but with a short tipped-up tail and a very chunky body. If the bird is alone and has a habit of dipping its body, somewhat in the fashion of a winter wren, while it winks its white third eyelid at you, enter Water Ouzel, or American Dipper, in your notebook. This hermit may appear through the spray of the falls at Lake Whatcom, or slip away from a mossy dome-shaped nest near the dripping outlet of a glacier; yet, in either case, its fascinating ways will lure the watcher on, until he may even hear the tinkling, chuckling, warbling song it has been taught by the dashing torrents.

Yosemite knows this bird, as does the turbulent Skagit River, and many other dashing, foaming, struggling streams of the Olympics or the Cascades. Still, it has been seen picking its way up over the waterfalls within the city limits of Spokane prying its living of caddice fly larvae from the slippery rocks of a surging river. Nowhere, however, does it seem to be more at home than on the slopes of Mt. Rainier.

There this bird lover recalled that on one never-to-be-forgotten day a bird was seen near a summer hotel on Lake Crescent in the Olympics, bobbing up and down on a small boulder splashed with bubbles in a rushing, shallow brook. She remembered that when a second bird flew by knocking the first one into the water, the hidden watcher gasped, for she thought she was beholding another bird tragedy, but—no. In an instant the long toenails and strong legs of the victim helped it to clamber back to its first position, from which it was pushed again and again by the flying bird. Each time it climbed out of the water

it flirted wings and tail, and the compact coat of feathers settled back into place, giving no hint of dampness. She had decided then that it was a young water ouzel being given a lesson by one of its parents, so that it might become acquainted with the element from which it must earn its food.

This bird recitation had been watched for half an hour, and then the young bird had decided not to climb again to the rock, but, instead, to struggle half-wading, half-flying through the swift stream to the shore where it was greeted and led out of sight by its parent teacher.

The Rosy Finch, on Mount Rainier, was watched as it overhauled the emerald-green moss beside a snow-crowned pool finding luckless long-winged flying ants and small white butterflies which the winds and storms had carried to this region. The one wee youngster stood on the very rock against which the observer leaned and it was teasing with outstretched wings and squeaky tones for "just one more butterfly, please."

The parent bird, although a male, wore a gray bonnet with black crown trimmed just in front with a few soft white feathers. The heart of the observer glowed as she enjoyed the bright bit of color that the sparrow-sized creature gave to the picture. The pink, or nearly carmine, edges of the plumage almost kindled a reflection on the snowy background. Flocks of these birds may be met by most tourists on the glaciers 7000 feet or more above the sea seeking, in apparent happiness, their food from the bleak ice-sheet itself.

On a bare island among the rocks of this same Broadway one student met a number of White-tailed Ptarmigan stalking solemnly along eying her unafraid. They knew that the mountain belonged to them and that visitors would soon be driven away by storms that made this region a safe solitary home for them so many months of the year.

Once a White-tailed Ptarmigan was seen to step into the shadows of a matted, stunted hemlock. Clucking notes told that young birds were there. The careful use of an alpenstock persuaded the mother and two babies, the latter still showing bits of grayish-brown down, to walk sedately over to a bed of red heather. The toenails of the mother were almost covered by her soft white boots, and the mottled tawny and white plumage showed that she was wearing her between-season suit. How would she have looked as a bride of the winter when she had put on her white garments, or as apparently a different bird in the tawny feathers of her summer dress?

A little grove of hemlock and alpine fir in Summer Land gave shelter to a family of Shufeldt Juncos. These birds clicked their bills and scolded an intruder as she followed their white "banner marks" into its gloom. She was rewarded, not by a nest, but by catching sight of the gay Louisiana Tanager with its crimson head, yellow body, and black back, wings, and tail.

As she pursued its lure along a lateral moraine she ran across the haunts of a male Rufous Hummingbird. He courageously tried to drive her away, coming so close that the atom seemed almost dangerous as his loud piercing warcry exploded so near her eyes. His tiny crimson gorget fairly blazed with indignation as he tried to scare this intruder into private quarters out of his sight.

To quiet him she wandered on to a group of "ghosts" of an old forest which was the lounging place of a number of birds. A Red-shafted Flicker, a Steller Jay, a pair of Clarke Nutcrackers, and also a family of Oregon Jays were seen sunning themselves there at one time or another. Nearly all travellers will recognize a flicker with its spotted woodpecker style of dressing. The blue feathers of the crested Steller Jay is also well known, but not many people are acquainted with the Clarke Nutcracker. Yet the latter is not at all bashful and will introduce himself by a raucous

shout almost as quickly as will either one of Rainier's jays.

The Nutcrackers are fond of the seed of cone-bearing trees, but they sometimes forget gentlemanly ways and pick up anything that they can in their thieving bills or claws. This crow-like bird, a little larger than a robin can be easily identified by a tourist to the mountains. Its gray body trimmed with black wings and tail, which are all bordered with white edges, is very much in evidence in many of the meadows at any height below 6000 feet. He will sometimes investigate an open tent, in no way seeming to think himself unwelcome.

An Oregon Jay is even worse for he will eat anything he can steal from an unlucky camper. Such a bad habit gives this bird another name: the Camp Robber. Wherever its gray body (about the size of a robin) with its dark cap is seen, mischief lurks inside it. He will struggle with a pound of butter or a side of bacon, and his frantic efforts to carry his prize away from its rightful owner may amuse even his victim. Then his friendly air as he flies about a table may give him a chance to snatch a bit of hash or mush from the very plate of the cook himself. For ways that are wily and deceptive he easily takes first place in birdland.

His habits were not at all like those of the pair of Varied Thrushes which had hidden their nest in the twisted old hemlock that stood as sentinel above the men's tent. If a nature student had not caught the elusive mysterious call as she stood knee-deep in the bells of heather and lupine blossoms she might have missed these fitting spirits of the mountain.

As it was, after several hours of searching for the owner of the high-pitched, whimsical, one-toned whistle, her glasses helped her to locate the male bird as he slipped into his own tree. Knowing the shy nature of this bird, and the ease with which it will desert a bothered nest, she kept the secret of her discovery from the other campers. She was rewarded by frequent glimpses of the pair which so closely resemble the robin, and yet can so easily be

distinguished by the black band across the breast, the reddish yellow stripe above the eye, and the two bands of the same color on the wing.

On most of the trails of Summer Land a tourist may run across a very small deep-brown bird which will scold or sing according to its mood. Its curiosity to know all that happens near its home will probably bring this Western



Mt. Rainier—Taken by Miss May Copeland
Knee Deep in Heather Bells

Winter Wren close enough so that it may be identified, and its tiny tinkling song may be enjoyed. Its restless energy, however, will soon send it on to search for insects through every square inch of shadowy undergrowth, while the visitor seeks other acquaintances.

Some travellers on the mountain have heard the cry of "killee, killee, killee" of a Desert Sparrow Hawk, and watched it as it poised, fluttering, above a victim, that might even have been a Clarke nutcracker. The latter's inch-and-a-half greater length might have put a handicap on most eleven inch bird creatures, so that they would have fought

shy of such a possible adventure and minded other affairs, but not so this fearless falcon.

A more suitable bit of prey, from the standpoint of size, might seemingly have been one of the streaked Pine Siskins that move in such large flocks of two or three hundred, seen there wheeling almost anywhere above the heather banks or snowfields. Even one of the teetering American Pipits might more appropriately have been picked up by the ordinary bird of this hawk's size. However, one more mere man would not then have been glad this bird of Rainier's highest altitude had escaped. He would, though, surely have rejoiced, as its sputtering notes came dripping down while he watched its erratic flight toward the towering summit, that the "Mountain" has this queer sprite, the American Pipit, to keep him company.

THE WATCHMAN

Like knight of old in silhouette bold
Against a moonlit sky
He stands, the one lone sentinel
Upon his watchtower high;
With naught to break the stillness
Save his own shrill warning cry.

Majestic bird, thy voice is heard
Proclaiming from thy height:
"In all the world there's naught to fear,
Though day be hid from sight
Love stands on guard as sentinel,
The watchman of the night."

—Nina Moore

One April when alone, and quite conscious of that fact, in the strange town of Delft in Holland, a tourist wandered into one of the porcelain shops, and found the first English speaking person she had met in several days. The delight, that came from hearing a language she could understand, was added to by the quaint native costume that the owner of the shop wore, of the same style that had been worn by the women of that town for many generations. Her tight dark bodice made her wide hips seem wider and she said that effect was produced by the number of petticoats she wore. Each full, long skirt was gathered on a belt and it gave the appearance of a little shelf running around her body. Unlike what is said of most Dutch women, she was quite willing to talk about her clothes, and was willing to sell one of the seven lace caps she wore, one above the other, on her head.

As the tourist looked at the beautiful cobalt-blue Delft ware, while she tried to find small pieces that could be brought home and yet would not bankrupt her, the proprietor

said with an air of giving a pleasant bit of news: "Our storks are back again from their long winter trip to Africa. Have you seen them yet? I saw one this morning on a chimney, as I came to the shop."

The Northwest merchants might not give this particular morning greeting, but they have two kinds of birds that may be seen that add as much to the landscape, as does any stork to the country in which it lives. Yet these birds, the Great Blue Heron and the Northwest Coast Heron are often shot by thoughtless hunters, because they, also, like a small fish along with frogs, crabs, or other water delicacies, for a meal. Then, there is a belief that these birds act as sentinels to warn other animals that man and danger is near and the harmless creatures pay for this belief.

Often, at night, in a locality which the heron uses as his fishing district, he may be heard by those who are wakeful, giving a hoarse croak as his quiet is disturbed. Other fishermen, also, prefer to wander alone and the heron should not sacrifice his life because of love for lonely places.

This instinct and their great size when matched against man's cunning and gun, get these birds into an unfair, unequal struggle. Unless they are protected by law and thoughtfulness, they will follow the Passenger Pigeon and the Eskimo Curlew into "No Man's Land."

If the hunter has an artist's eye, or a memory which recalls his own efforts to satisfy his appetite, so that he holds his trigger finger long enough really to see a heron, as it patrols the shore of an inland waterway, or stands on a half-submerged log or boulder, the bird will be safe. The hunter will save his ammunition, and give others a chance to share in the thrill which comes to almost any person when he realizes, as his boat winds its way along the margins of the water, that the queer, crooked object on the branch of a fir tree, or the bit of motion on the twisted mound of driftwood, is a mass of feathers on a 42 to 50 inch heron.

It may be that your first glimpse of this wader will be as he stands motionless on the bank of a slough where billowy, white clouds and reflected barns make a picture which rivals the land of canals; you may stumble on a pair as they wade knee, or rather ankle-deep on a shallow, submerged tideflat, a half mile from shore; or you may pass one, as it bobs up and down from the waves of a steamer, balanced on a mass of giant kelp, far out on the salt waters. Wherever found, these giants add beauty to the picture, that even a Japanese artist could scarcely reproduce; although storks, ducks, herons, and other birds have been used by them in their artistic prints for ages.

The odd combination of majesty and awkwardness of the heron is always charming. The general impression is that of a short-tailed, long-billed, long-necked, long-legged creature with blue-gray and black wings. With the dignity of an uncrowned king, he may stand motionless, while his level head is turned so that his keen eyes look you over, before he lifts his huge wings and shows you that he is master of the air, as well as of water and land. If you are able to see rapidly you will have noticed his white throat and forehead, his black and white streaked breast, and a so-called crest projecting backward from the top of his head. If it is the breeding season the crest of the male will also contain two long dangling plumes, which are lost, as they moult, in the late summer.

Their size, shape, and occupation mark these birds off from all other Northwestern species except the big swamp-hunting cranes. Herons can be told from cranes because they wear feathers on their heads and cranes are bare-headed as far down as their eyes and ears. The dull red, warty skin of the crane also has short black hair scattered upon it, as if to partly cover its ugliness.

If some day, while on an outing, you see a huge pair of wings slowly flapping their way through the sky, followed by a pair of long legs projecting backward into space, and

your opera glasses show that the neck curves so as to bring the large bill parallel with, but just above, the body, you should enter heron in your notebook. His heavy, sluggish flight, if you have become skillful in hunting with glasses, will give you time to study his movement, and fancy what you could do, if you too, had a spread of seventy inches of feathers to carry you through the air.

If you are north of Olympia, Washington, in the coast region, your entry can be more exact and be written Fannin, or Northwest Coast Heron; anywhere else in the Northwest, your entry should be Great Blue Heron. The chief differences between these varieties is that the first bird is a little smaller and darker, but their habits are the same.

There are fortunate people, who live along some bit of our many leagues of water in the Northwest, who know this bird as a nextdoor resident. One said: "My first glimpse of a Northwest Coast Heron, as he sat on a horizontal, dead branch of a hemlock at the gate of the bird farm of a friend, almost took my breath. Gasping, I forgot this bird's love of quiet and shouted in joy for my friend to come and share my pleasure."

Disturbed by the noise, he indolently unfolded his huge wings and, with a mighty thrush of his spindling, black legs, stepped out into the air, which held him as faithfully as did the foothold he left; leaving behind him harsh complaints which seemed to fill the atmosphere.

The friend said that he had been a tenant of hers for many years, and often has she disturbed him in his meditations, or his fishing. There is a huge boulder near her bulkhead, covered at high tide, which is often occupied by this solitary creature. There he will stand for long periods, as quietly as an Indian perched on the red branch of a Madrone watching for a run of smelt. The heron, seemingly, has no other desire than to look at the reflections in the smooth water, but let a heedless crab or fish move, and he throws himself head first under the surface and comes out

with a prepared meal. One forgets the feelings of his catch in the interest that arises in watching the deftness in which it is started down the yellowish bill and long, slender throat.

On moonlit nights near Lemolo, Washington, a heron has often been seen to take its stand on a point projecting into the narrows, where the tide rushes through, and if any prowler on the sea or land approached, the lonely watchman announced that fact to the whole neighborhood. It was as comforting a noise as the bark of a watchdog, and a listener could settle back into sleep without alarm, knowing that the sentry was on guard.

In their nesting habits, these birds forget the lonely life they seem to prefer at other times, and collect in flocks, which makes them easy prey to cruel butchers, who hunt them for the purpose of getting the plumes for women to use on their hats. They have learned to place their "heronries," as such roosts are called, usually in hidden places. Mr. Dawson in "Birds of Washington" says that these birds nest in forest trees, where their haunts are hard to find, on Puget Sound and possibly upon the ground in the Palouse and Big Bend country, and that a heronry, in which there were about sixty pairs of herons, formerly existed near Tacoma in a grove of cedars. Mr. Bowles, an expert birdman, once counted there thirty-nine nests, as many as five in a single tree, anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred fifty feet from the ground. A few people, however, who have been initiated; know where to stand on the waterfront in Seattle, and look out to a "heronry" within that city's limits.

A traveler having never seen a "roost" of these birds in America, had once, instructed by her guide book, dropped off the train at a great city in Holland to see two famous pictures and the "heronry" which the canny Dutch care for in one of the city's great parks. The photographs, which illustrate Dawson and Bowles' book of these birds, and their queer ungainly nests might have been taken of the herons

across the seas.

It was early April and nests were in all stages of construction, when she found these strange town dwellers. There was no difficulty in finding them, for even amid the city noises, the confusion, which attended the erection of their towers of Babel, could be heard. There was reason for the torrent of bird language which filled the air, for a watchman had to stand beside each chosen site to protect the big sticks, which were laid carelessly about, from being stolen by other herons.

It was comical to see one of the huge creatures sidle cautiously along a smooth branch, if the watchman was off guard, and snatch what his bill would hold, hurriedly placing it on his own platform. Then it posed as innocently as any mischievous boy might do, only, a heron "frozen" is a beautiful picture for all who may see him in his act. No bronze stork in a curio store was ever more lifeless or artistic: the level bill and perpendicular legs brought out the beautiful curves of the big body, which stood out in bold relief on the bare branches of the tree. When the mate returned, weighted down by its load of clubs, all pose was forgotten and the wicked bird fairly chuckled with glee, dancing a skirt dance on his high perch, as he told in strident tones of his own unmoral act.

The mate had troubles of its own, however, as landing on a slippery limb in midair, with dangling legs bothered by a loaded bill, was a delicate matter. When the process was made more difficult by the temper of self and other loaded birds, remarks were apt to be made that were not sweet and mannerly, and the watching woman, for once, did not long to add to her vocabulary. Toe-nails helped in the struggle when, after circling the grove, picking out its own tree and its particular nest, the bird dropped its extended legs and attempted to anchor its feet upon a smooth, leafless branch. Tilting forward and then backward the big heron doubled up like a jackknife, balancing with a few flaps of the spread

wings, which were then folded, one fold after another, in a leisurely manner and laid upon the broad back.

The conversation that was necessary before the new sticks could be placed in the most artistic position in heron nest fashion, was more intelligible than the Dutch remarks of the other observers, and only the demands made by a train schedule could have induced that traveller to leave this fascinating heron village of the treetops.

OREGON TOWHEE

When Mr. Rufous Breast is found,
With habitation near the ground,
Who seems to court my favor,
I listen for the Towhee's call;
For early spring or late in fall
He is my faithful neighbor.
When garden-making time comes round,
This constant friend is ever found
To dignify that labor;
His proffered service is the best,
He toils for me with friendly zest,
A most resourceful neighbor.
We love him for his sterling worth,
He boasts in pride his humble birth
And scorns not menial labor.
He builds his home in lowly place,
Nor seeks the lofty heights to grace,
This most delightful neighbor.

An attractive bird of striking pattern is often to be seen about many country homes, and met in rambles through parks or quiet streets of residence districts of the Northwest Pacific Coast cities and towns. He may be a neighbor of a loving observer wherever there are vacant lots which are heaped with branches, or covered with tangles of hazel, willows, or other efforts of nature to cover the soil, which man has made bare. Such places give shelter sufficient for the wild creatures that once were the sole inhabitants of this region and they seem to love the old locality well enough to take chances under new conditions.

These birds may be oftener heard than seen, for while they are one of the friendliest species, they prefer to choose their acquaintances themselves. The rustle of kicked-over

leaves, the movement of trembling branches, the sound of his metallic voice will tell one, who knows, that an Oregon Towhee is near, many times before he introduces himself. Sometimes, if he has an abiding place near yours, he will call a friendly greeting to you from his shelter across the street, as you open your door in the morning, and stand making those last adjustments before starting out for the day's adventures.

Some day, if you are not in too much of a rush, he will show himself long enough to give you an impression of black, reddish, or rufous-brown, and white that gradually, by frequent glimpses, will make a definite picture of the Oregon Towhee on your mind. You will find that he is larger than the English Sparrow, but smaller than the Western Robin, whose cinnamon tints he wears on his flanks and which sometimes causes him to be called the "Ground Robin." In the east, a variety closely resembling this species is called the "Chewink," or Towhee, without a descriptive adjective, while the summer resident of the Inland Empire is the Spurred Towhee, which is also quite common in California, but all have about the same habits.

The prevailing color of the Oregon Towhee is a brilliant or a sooty black, according to the sex, for beak, head, back, wings and tail are jetblack in the male. You may wonder how he manages to keep his chest and the white trimming on the wings and tail so clean in the midst of his surroundings, while to be as immaculate, yourself, would bring big laundry bills. When you really have become a friend of these wild birds you will be able to see that their white wing pattern varies in different individuals, and sometimes on the two wings of the same individual, and that their eyes are unusual in the bird world for they are a warm brownish-red.

If you are the fortunate possessor of a vine clad home, the Oregon Towhee may deign to become a resident in your Virginia creeper or English ivy. Then you will have an

opportunity to study his moods and desires and find out how much they are like your own. If you put seeds, cooked cracked wheat, or other food scraps on his table, where you can conveniently observe him, while, at the same time there is enough privacy for the peace of a self-respecting towhee, you will see that he has problems similar to yours.

Nature has satisfied one primeval need in providing his clothes for him, he is satisfied with simpler food and shelter, he has instincts, which you have forgotten, to help him; but even a bird has to adapt himself to his surroundings as much as you. In doing this any creature develops particular individual ways to assist him in its life struggle. If you help birds to satisfy their appetite they will show you that they also do not live to eat alone.

In the beginning of your acquaintance with your new tenant you may not see much more than the flirt of the white, "banner marks" on his tail, as he vanishes among friendly leaves, but as time goes on he may place such confidence in you that he will come when he hears your call. A lover of these birds has so accustomed them and their young to her that when she calls, "Come, birdies, come! Come, get your dinner!" the thicket of brakes, spirea and syringa near her side door on Puget Sound will suddenly seem alive with moving wings and shadowy forms. On every side the invisible bird paths and winding lanes have occupants which approach too softly for an untrained ear to hear.

While watching once at her signal, the table spread with bird delicacies it was first occupied by a brave masculine soul who stood belligerently watching his approaching mate until she stood still, before he gobbled the dainties which pleased his cultivated taste. She seemed as well trained as any member of an Oriental family, for she waited patiently while her lordly consort satisfied his appetite. As she waited, an Oregon Junco approached and on him she vented her displeasure, for she drove him from the neighborhood.

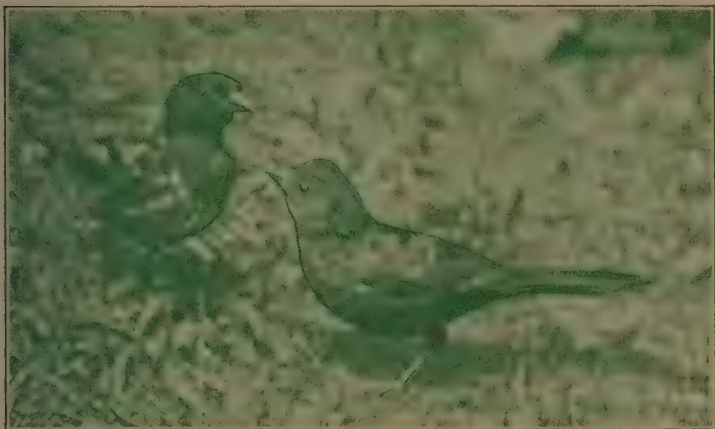
When her mate decided to move to another bird table, spread beneath the kitchen window, she took his former place and demurely watched the flock of other expectant towhees perched about in impatient attitudes among the branches, in no haste to give them a chance at the food which had been provided by friendly hands for all.

At this table, as at many others, a remnant of another eating custom of avian life was shown, for not only did the female bird take second place at her meal, but no other bird tried to dine in company with her. The observer might wonder at the cause of this solitary habit, and think, perhaps, that a mate might remain on sentry duty, but why should the others stand aloof when by voice and anxious motion they were urging the eater to "hurry up?" They reminded the visitor of an old-time group of children waiting impatiently for a second table, while the "grown-ups" leisurely discussed all sorts of unnecessary subjects as they sat unconscious that others were hungry.

Such habits change, however, in the springtime when the yawning cavities of the usual two broods of the Oregon Towhee have to be filled with food many, many times a day. When the nest, made rather carelessly on a bit of dry ground in any convenient hiding place, is running over with four or five members of the first brood, both parents will grab as much food as their bills will carry from any available source, hurrying back and forth ten or twelve times an hour; but there comes a time when the father takes up the feeding duty for this first brood alone.

One May morning this spring he appeared as a boarder at the bird table with two mottled brown fledglings so unlike himself that one might imagine he had adopted orphans of another species. His anxious carefulness as they stood on the table, teasing him with quivering wings and open mouths, which showed the yellow edges of babyhood, told a different tale. Food lay all about them but they had not learned yet how to pick it up. Over and over father picked

up tempting bits of pancake, showed it to them, and laid it down in front of them, but there they stood, helpless, trembling in their desire. Finally he snatched up pieces and thrust them down in a hurry to finish the filling process. All that day and for two following weeks he returned with his youngsters out of the near-by thicket of salal and ever-green huckleberry every time the table was reset, but in about a week, the mottled birds had learned awkwardly to



Oregon -Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth
Father and Young Towhee

feed themselves although they much preferred to have their father do it.

Their croaking call was very different from the "me-yay" strain or the mewing tone, which the grown birds use as a means of keeping in touch with one another, and which has caused boys to call them Catbirds, although the real Catbird is a very different species, and is quite a rare visitor in the Northwest. Even with the young birds, their landlady soon recognized their different voices. One bird's

husky demand, which was very much more insistent than the clear call of his nest-mate, would often be heard from the roof of the house or from one of the ropes supporting the bird table. After he learned to feed himself his head would sometimes be seen peering over the edge of the shingles to see if there was food in sight before he thumped down upon the table. Then would come a more timid cry and the second youngster would join him, for they had not yet learned the solitary eating habit.

By this time the parent birds had a second nest full, and instead of taking a dainty bite with which they would retire to their leafy shelter, once more the bills would be loaded with as much as could be carried, and a straight flight was taken over the low shrubbery into the "tall timber" of the next acre. Now the first brood of two which were all that had escaped the infant mortality of birds in that first family, were made to shift entirely for themselves, as the anxious parents took up again the spring bird burden.

In about two weeks a new group of three young birds were brought to the free lunch table and both parents took part in the feeding process and in the education of their long-tailed progeny. These young birds were continually reminding the observer of human youngsters as they received their daily lessons in bird behavior. Their table etiquette had to be learned by much repetition, in about the same fashion as that of the two-year old of our own sort, and the patience of bird parents could well be imitated by men and women.

Once more the observer saw that the streaked brown birdlings were shown over and over again the food at their feet, before they learned that all they had to do was to stoop and pick it up for themselves. They often stood with drooping wings and gaping mouths, from which issued the whistling, teasing call of hunger until one parent or the other yielded, although sometimes the parents kept up a "help

yourself" attitude until a baby picked up his own morsel.

There came a day, finally, when the adults decided that their spring duties were ended. In spite of continual begging, they paid no attention to the youngsters but flew from one tree to another, followed by the duncolored trio, which were now as large as their parents, although the roughness of their plumage and an occasional bit of down showed that they were young birds. Finally the flight



Oregon—Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth

Young Towhee

ended at the table where, overcome by hunger, the young awkwardly fed themselves.

Did that pair of Oregon Towhees sigh with relief because their yearly burden of providing for others was finished? Be that as it may, when the retirement of the moulting August was over, the father bird appeared once in the very early morning at an open window, hopped down

upon an occupied bed, jumped in short movements across it and down to the floor, then out the open door, apparently making remarks about the laziness of someone who had failed to set the bird table.

His whole appearance was changed, no longer anxious and weary, he strutted along with the abandon of a young swain. With shining feathers and a wink of one red eye he seemed to be saying, "Life is once more care-free." The complaining "me-yay" of his underbrush cry seemed forgotten. Mounting to the top whorl of the spire of a young evergreen tree he recalled his spring love song, which is somewhat like the trill made by a grasshopper's wings, but it has a wheezy, buzzing character that is quite its own. Thereafter, during the shortening days of September and October he spent long hours repeating his monotonous theme, until advancing winter quieted his ardor and caused him to seek the shelter of the heavy undergrowth for most of his time.

His boarding place was not forgotten, however. Many a meal did he and his mate eat in the following months, one at a time at the table outside of the window, while his landlady enjoyed company with her food, looking at them through the sheltering glass as the pattering rain tapped on the roof or feathery flakes of snow whitened the trees.

A CHILD'S QUESTIONS

Spots of brightness in the air
Lending beauty everywhere,
Did you from my garden choose
Colorings of richest hues,
Gather from my choicest bed
Rarest rose to make you red?
Hyacinths and gentians blue
Must have loaned their colors, too;
While the tulips in the spring
Give the yellow on your wing.
As you gather colors bright
Will my garden all take flight,
For it may be wings are given
To bear souls of flowers to Heaven,
And are loaned a voice to sing
Of a resurrected spring?

—Nina Moore

When old Mother Nature arranged her palette of pigments she showed a great affection for the yellow color that man, too, loves so much that he uses it everywhere in his gardens, and dares any danger to acquire the golden hued metal for his coins and adornment. Every spring she spreads great masses of broom, buttercups, poppies, and dandelions over the surface of the earth, until fields, gardens, meadows and hill-slopes are all aglow; and she hides monkey-flowers, skunk cabbages and brass buttons away in moist shaded places to blaze the path of hidden waters. She also packs piles of yellow pollen in the tree tassels of the hazel, willow and alder and adorns hundreds of common weedy plants with showy, gilded blossoms.

She uses the same extravagance in the use of the hues and tints of this color in the sky world of tropical countries.

Even in the temperate zones, where sober colors are the usual fashion, she will at times dress an entire bird in gay disregard of the dark climate, while often, amidst brown, black, or gray plumage will be seen sun-scorched feathers.

Among such birds is one species, which may be found in cold winter seasons in any part of the Northwestern section, that they choose to visit, from the tops of the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, when conditions have suited them. At such times a nature lover can scarcely overlook them, for they keep up a noisy conversation in the treetops of city parks, telling a whole neighborhood that the Western Evening Grosbeak is there. To ears that know the sounds of the country, the calls will resemble the cries of frightened little chickens that have lost the old hen which helps them scratch for a living, while others will hear only wild, short, shrill whistles, mingled with the clicking of big bills over the hard seed food that they like best.

These birds are about the length of an Oregon Towhee, but they have a much shorter tail, a more chunky body, and a beak that will astonish a beholder from its large size and yellowish green color. They usually travel in flocks, varying in number from a dozen to two or three dozen, and when once they have lit upon a tree, the branches sway with their moving, chattering burden. The flock may be investigating the cones of the pine trees of Spokane, or the firs of Bellingham, in Washington, or they may be cracking the winged seeds of the maples in Portland, Oregon, for they, too, are fond of city life; but, wherever seen, they are so much in evidence that tales about them are even put in the daily papers.

A bird student tells the story that once, when she had gone to a mountain village in the Cascade Range to interest more people in birds, she told her audience about this olive-green creature, which is so brilliantly trimmed with yellow, old gold, black, and white as to make it conspicuous in the



Seattle—Taken by Mr. Ronald Chapman

A Western Evening Grosbeak

evergreen trees which it frequents. A man, who was present, interrupted her by saying, "Why, that bird is outside of the window in a fir tree now, and they are the first I have ever seen in this neighborhood."

Sure enough, there was a flock feeding near, and the canary-yellow forehead, the black wings with a big splash of white, and the slightly forked tails of the males showed so well that they could easily be told from the plainer buffy, smoke-gray females of the group. All people who were present said the birds had never been in the neighborhood before, but the speaker wondered if it was another case of blind eyes.

Little is known of the nesting habits of these Western Evening Grosbeaks, but Mrs. Bailey wrote in her *Handbook of Birds of the Western United States*: "The breeding range of the grosbeak is largely coincident with the range of the lichen, of the forests of the Sierra Nevada, Cascades and Northern Rockies." As they show very little of the usual fear of man when they visit cities and can be easily coaxed to make friends, observers think that they have been living in solitudes and have had little experience of the dangers that are hidden in stones, cats, guns, or slingshots.

Children, in making reports of their observations, often tell strange tales of the large numbers of parrots they have seen, and are told that parrots are residents only of tropical countries. These boys and girls have recognized a resemblance between grosbeaks and parrots which is close enough to have given the former in some places the popular name of "Japanese Parrots," although the absence of the hook of the parrot on the beak of the grosbeak would be instantly noticed by a bird student.

Other species of grosbeaks visit the Northwest when the whims of travel incline their hearts. The Black-headed Grosbeak is occasionally seen as far north as British Columbia in the low growth of trees near water. Rarely their nests have been found in Seattle, but in the hill regions

of southern Oregon they are regular summer visitors, delighting their hosts, where they have accepted offerings on bird tables, by their slow-going ways and varied, artistic concerts.

Pictures, or museum specimens give but suggestions of the beauty of the black heads with the big, bluish-slate beak, golden brown breast and head trimmings. Not until they move into your neighborhood can you appreciate their clumsy charm, and then they become sources of endless pleasure as day after day they give you glimpses of their gentle natures.

Still another kind of these cone bills was met near Paulsbo, Washington during the period of spring migration. The call notes, resembling those of blackbirds, had led a group of women, wandering along a country road, to the balsam fir tree where two grosbeaks with rosy-pink plumage were feeding on seeds. While most bird books say that the Alaska Pine Grosbeak is found in the Northwest "except on the Pacific Coast," the decision was made that we had been fortunate enough to meet a wandering pair of these lovely birds. They were not at all shy and we had plenty of time to compare them with our memories of stuffed specimens.

A gorgeous creature that flits about, usually in the upper layers of evergreen branches, is scarcely known to bird classes of the west, let alone ordinary people. They have never caught the brilliant flashes of scarlet, black, or gold of the Louisiana Tanager, although they may have heard his voice on the edges of cities in the bits of primeval forest that man has not yet had time to destroy.

If his calls were noticed the listener has probably thought "Another robin". If he had listened carefully to the metallic "air-ic," where the "r" was rolled with a real Scotch burr, repeated rather rapidly, sometimes once, oftener twice or three times, followed by silence, he might have hunted for the singer. A robin is apt to keep his carol ringing longer, and he varies the repetitions,

while his tones are much more liquid and thrush-like. The songs of these tanagers may have quite different translations, as so much depends upon the mood of the listener. Words used by one person will sound as queer to another as the crooning sounds made by human mothers to their babies are to many people, but they help the memory to store away bird themes.

If you fancy that you hear a Louisiana Tanager hidden in the edges of the forest, try to get the thrill of delight that will come with the first glimpse of his bright body. When



Oregon—Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth

A Young Louisiana Tanager

your glass finds him poised on the outer end of a far-flung branch of an old giant tree, you may wonder how he has escaped the unlawful desire of hunters, as nothing gayer could be found, for those who want that sort of thing, to place on my lady's hat. Fortunately, the very brilliancy of these colors saves him from the average eye, so well does

he blend in with his dazzling sky parlor, and thus he escapes many dangers.

A tanager's theme last summer tormented a group of people in southern Oregon by its continual repetition, but they were unable to find the nest he seemed to be bragging about, until the first week of July. Over and over the lure in his notes had enticed someone to follow him into the redwoods near the house; but he always was lost in their heights, until this lucky day, when he was heard coming on his zigzag path, while a watcher lay hidden under the trees.

Around and around he circled above, telling all the world he was hunting insects, and then suddenly he was silent. After a few minutes an outer branch which projected over another on a neighboring tree was seen to quiver and there the brilliant beauty stood. He came to the very end of the bough and dropped down to a lower one, where he was received with squeaky calls. Opera glasses showed him feeding the young, which were still in the nest. He was watched, as he repeated his trip several times, before others were called to enjoy the trophy, and, much to the surprise of all, the nest was then seen to be in plain sight from the very door at which he had been watched as he disappeared so many times.

While resting in a city yard, kept as near to nature as possible, and yet have paths to explore its secret places, a leaf-green creature about seven inches long flew by so near an observer that its moving wing almost grazed her head. It flew to the lower part of a hemlock tree where the leaves on the small twigs had fallen, because they had starved from lack of sunshine.

Choosing one of these naked branchlets, the bird, which proved to be a female Louisiana Tanager, fluttered about until she had pulled and twisted it off, when she hurried to the upper whorl of a young white fir near by. When she moved, another pair of wings were noticed as the male tanager followed from higher in the tree, and lit near his

busy mate. Having placed her twig in a beginning nest, back she went to the hemlock tree, and back he followed her to his upper perch. Again she struggled with a twig, jerking and flapping, this way and that, until she succeeded in getting another addition to the nest to which she quickly returned. Once more her brilliant adorer flew to his point of observation, where he watched her settle this scrap in place.

Seven times she broke off branchlets and seven times her work was inspected by her lazy, handsome partner, but not once did he try his bill on a twig.

As this section is being written on the last day of May, his "air-ic, pret-ty, pret-ty" mingled with the shrill whistle of the flycatcher and the soft calls of the thrush can be heard, and the wonder arises if once more he is coaxing some lady bird to build a nest for him. He is a better husband than a lover, though, for while she broods the eggs, he will fly from one high place to another until he finds a bite she might like, then he will stealthily give it to her, standing near, making soft remarks as she eats.

In San Diego an orange, black, and white beauty sometimes made a beholder catch her breath at the brilliancy of plumage when this bird has been seen dancing about after insects in the fig trees, or swaying on the fan of a palm. This same gay vision, the Bullock Oriole may be found in valley orchards, or in the groves that fringe the streams as far as the Columbia River on both sides of the divide, and beyond the river as far north as British Columbia on the eastern slopes of the Cascades. Wherever he cares to display his charms the sight of them, in most persons, will send the blood a little faster on its course, although this has not yet happened in western Washington, for he visits not that section.

Like the eastern Baltimore Oriole, or Hang Bird, which is so much beloved, this species makes an open-topped basket for its nest. The first attempt of young birds, which

seems to be instinctive, is usually a loose structure of fibres which they gather from surrounding plants, but the older birds have learned to take man-provided material: for they use strings, ravellings, bits of wool, and horse hair in their better built hanging nests. A gem of a nest was found in one yard in California, which had been made of soft, white, human hair, that had been placed near by a woman, for the orioles. To the man who found it, the nest was a precious treasure, for he knew it was made of his mother's hair.

Yellow is not the only rainbow color that Nature uses on her northern birds. Warblers, blackbirds, jays, woodpeckers, red-winged blackbirds, hummingbirds, and California purple finches all are trimmed brilliantly, but she has made no pair of birds more attractive than the Lazuli Buntings. Whether the first glimpse of this sky-blue and red-buff sparrow-like male creature is caught in the top of an evergreen in Yosemite National Park, or on a hilltop in Seattle, the thought will come that sky, cloud, and earth have given their choicest tints to adorn him. Perhaps, however, for once a jewel may have been a bird model: no turquoise mounted in rusty gold with platinum splashes was ever more beautiful.

His ruddy-brown mate shows but a hint of the dangerous blue on her back, and unless you see his attentions to her she would never be taken as a number of his family. They are not so common on the coast as inland, yet lucky observers have seen them in spots they have chosen to brighten from Kansas to the Pacific and from British Columbia to Lower California, and Mr. Rathbun says: "More common than formerly" in Seattle.

Perhaps no other "spots of brightness in the air" will so quickly attract attention as when placed on the head of the sooty-black Western Pileated Woodpecker. The brilliant poppy-red crest and red and white cheeks of this huge creature, the largest of the western woodpeckers are so uncouth that once seen always remembered. A skin that

was found on a dead bird on the sidewalk of a Seattle hill is in the library collection. From that skin a second bird was recognized as he wrenched off bark from a dead tree in a Victoria Park.

While he usually is found in heavy forest, he was watched as he sounded his peculiar, bugling cry of "chuck, chuck, chuck" around an old stump in a chicken yard in Southern Oregon. His long, strong toes, two pointing forward, two toward his strongly braced tail, hitched him around into plain sight as his big wedge was used to poke into crevices and pry off pieces of wood. Occasionally glimpses were caught as he extended it to explore the holes which he had exposed, of his curious tongue, until he felt that he was not alone and bounded away, showing the white patches on his wings as he flew.

Of all the birds in North America, is there any better known or more loved than the sweet songster of the meadows? The friendliness he shows (except in the crafty way he hides his nest), the charm and variety of his themes, its quality and quantity, all make friends for him in every part of the land. On this side of our country is found the variety called the Western Meadowlark, and he is thought to be a better singer than the type form on the other side of the Mississippi River.

A man, who had been an Alaska miner, a southern contractor, a western business man and farmer, said recently of these birds: "Of all the birds I have ever heard, I like especially this Western Meadowlark. It sings with such joy and freedom; it has such a soul-awakening voice, wherever you are, north, south, east, west, that you feel happier for having heard it," and he spoke words that so many have felt. When the notes come ringing across the water, or falling softly from the highest tree, they carry with their melody a feeling that makes the troubles of the day vanish.

His yellow breast, with its big, black crescent trimming,

is not so well known as his voice and meadow-marked back. The latter is usually turned toward sight-seeing visitors, so that his bright color cannot be seen, and he is unnoticed until he starts to fly. Then his white outer tail feathers call attention to him as he springs into the air and sails down some distance away into the grass.

Although he has but few notes he has a great way of arranging them in many melodies. He tries out a theme, varies it a little, goes back to the first form, adds a note, drops another, combines his themes and tries it all over again, but always keeps his own peculiar vibrant quality.

It tempts many a listener to put words to his music, sometimes in a most prosaic fashion. A lady in Seattle asked, "What is the bird that sings 'Say, girls, where did you get the milk?'" Never had the lecturer heard a bird make such a remark, but a few days later, a Western Meadowlark sang that same question over and over while she waited for a streetcar, and they often seem to sing, "do, sol, me, do," beginning with high do.

One evening in Cheney, Washington, just as the last rays of sunlight were gilding the windows of the Normal School building and most of the birds were settling themselves in their sleeping quarter, out beyond the railroad tracks a meadowlark, seated on a telephone pole, called many times, "Peter! Peter! Dear, have you had company?" Another meadowlark answered, so far away that the words were lost, but not the quality of the song. As the darkness rose and the shadows grew, bird song began to be sleepily sung. The last notes heard were from the bird on the pole, given in a most wide awake manner "Peter! Peter! Come here to me!" We had a feeling that, perhaps, Peter's company had led him into trouble, and that a settlement came to him in tones that were too low for mortal ears to catch.

A BLACK AND WHITE COMRADE

Mag, a saucy fellow are you,
A bully and scold
And robber bold,
With vices not a few.

—Nina Moore

The brilliant sunshine had invited a young teacher out early to the brink of the Columbia River where it rushes around the big bend in an old town in Oregon. She had pulled a rowboat along near the bank to the lower ground up beyond the city limits, as the swift current made it necessary to go almost into some rapids in order to get across to the landing place on the opposite side of the river. The white sand-dunes showed purple shadows under the silvery clumps of greasewood, and the yellow-gray hills sparkled with April sunbeams. The new leaves among the brown stems of the thickly strewn bunch-grass gave a tender green hue to the long slopes and a spring tinge to the world.

A man and a team of horses, which were dragging a plough along the edge of a hill, stood out boldly against a blue sky that rivalled the heavens above the Bay of Naples. Below them a tawny rock slide of tan and pink stone had the shape of an arrow, which pointed toward a ravine where the basaltic cliffs formed a dark background for the bare cottonwoods and deeply shadowed white pines which grew there. Shaggy-coated cattle fed about the orange-tipped willows, outlining the small stream, and the spirit of youth and new life seemed to hover over all earth.

Two small boys loitered along near the edge of the ravine and, unlike most of their kind, time seemed to be hanging heavily on their hands. Suddenly their changed actions caught the girl's attention: they scrambled about over the dunes, down, at times, on hands and knees and then

racing along until she thought they were after the jack rabbit which had bounded over the sage brush several moments before. They presently, however, took up again their leisurely journey and came nearer.

As she was fond of boys and knew how interesting an acquaintance with them could be, she pulled her boat in their direction, soon seeing that they were swinging a long stick between them. On it were perched three awkward bunches of black and white feathers, which the boys said they had just found on the sand. They added that the fledgelings were young magpies. What queer looking objects they were and how they clung to the stick! With the generosity of the average American boy, the new acquaintances gave the teacher one of the downy creatures, and shut it up for her in a basket so as to avoid a bird tragedy in those rushing waters.

At home her trouble began when she found that "Mag" as the newcomer was quickly named from his own harsh squawk, had not yet learned how to eat by himself. At first he would not open his beak to be fed, and she had to pry it apart until she discovered that a quick movement toward him made the parts of his bill yawn far apart, so that food could be thrown into the cavity. He did not seem to want anything except bugs or angle worms, although he would eat a little raw meat. For a time the young lady was kept so busy digging in the ground, or hunting under boards, that she realized how strenuously his parents had worked and would have been glad to return him to them. He was so helpless, however, so full of mischief, his demands were made with such noisy confidence, that she was soon willing to slave for him, if necessary.

One of his ways showed that he was able to learn how to fit himself into his new home and yet in some things how slow he was to change! When she was new at the work of caring for him, she often took the little tuft of feathers that grew on his chin and pulled it gently down so as to

give him a drink of water, and later milk, out of a teaspoon; and he soon learned to open his mouth and tease when he saw the glass and spoon. It took him months to know that water could be had unless he used the spoon. He would dip his head down and grasp the spoon between the parts of his bill and suck until his mouth was full, then throw his head high and let the water run down his throat, very much as a chicken does.

He found out that either the Chinese cook or his young mistress would always feed him if he made enough noise in asking for something to eat, and, after a few days he would take food from no one else. His sleeping box was kept in a woodshed, but he was allowed to wander about the large yard as he wished, and he soon learned to come when his name was called, or when anyone whistled for him.

His appearance was quite different from that of grown-up magpies at this time: for his bill had not lost all of the yellowish edges belonging to babyhood, and seemed too big for his head; his tail was short, and he still carried patches of dusky down, instead of being clothed with shining, black and white feathers. The handling he received did not improve his appearance, but his big appetite made him grow so rapidly that he soon lost his baby ways and showed that he thought he was the owner of the yard.

A number of young people played croquet in the grounds and Mag seemed to think that he must always take part in the game. He would stand watching, his black eyes snapping, his big head twisting, as he jumped up and down, and chattered his opinion about the good and bad strokes. Sometimes he ran after the ball and appeared to make remarks about its position. Often he had to be made to stand aside at a critical shot, for fear of his dashing under the mallet.

One of the men of the party wore long pointed shoes, with toes that turned up, and several times when Mag had been called to eat during the game, the bird would come back

with his mouth full of food which he would hide under the point of one of these shoes, while he went back for more.

The gentleman though it was a very good joke to move his foot a few inches while the bird was gone, and it always created a bit of fun, because Mag would stand and look at the exposed food and at the shoe in such a puzzled way when he returned. After a few seconds he would put his new mouthful under the shoe, pick up the other morsels, place them also there, and go back to his dish for another load.

Usually the third trip gave Mag time to decide that he must find a place where his extras would stay covered and, then, he regularly chose a knot hole in the fence that separated the croquet ground from an alley into which he never entered. The complete loss of the food or the size of the alley he was trying to fill, never seemed to enter his head, although he often placed one eye close to the hole as the eatable vanished and made strange sounds to express his thoughts, which it was probably just as well were not understood by his audience. Yet by the next evening Mag would have forgotten his former troubles and would go through the same performance.

During that summer his teacher friend was away for a few days and Mag showed that he cared for her and missed her by making his first uninvited visit into the house. He flew through an open window, went from room to room, calling in an unusual way, then flew out into the street and down into the business section. There a friend found him and took him back to the yard, but he had to be locked in his shed to prevent his flying away again.

The evening his owner returned someone thought of Mag and brought him in, placing him on the floor where she talked to him. He showed his delight in new cries and chuckles, but if she gave attention to anything that others said, he pulled her dress or tried to get up into her lap. Finally he had to be sent to bed, but in the morning he came into the house to visit with her once more.

That same year Mag went with the family on a long wagon trip to a farm near Heppner, in Oregon. Each day as they rested, he was taken out of his box for exercise, but he was afraid to go far away. On their arrival at the new home, one of his wings was clipped, so that he could be given the freedom of the whole ranch.

By this time he was a beautiful bird, as his long central tail feathers were almost the length of his body, and his black plumage showed shiny green, bronze, violet, and purple tints that were a brilliant trimming to the white lower parts and to the long patch of the same color on the wings. He showed that he did not wish to have his plumage touched, and would strike out vigorously at anyone who tried to pick him up; although of his own free will he would scramble to the knee or shoulder of his chosen friends.

His first glimpse of other magpies startled him. Hearing his cry which meant, "I am scared! Help! Help!" his owner ran into the yard, when he jumped to her shoulder, making all sorts of queer little throaty sounds. As he came to her, a flock of magpies circled around them, and then flew to the fence, where they danced up and down in surprise at seeing a bird of their kind prefer a girl to them, while Mag trembled at their talk about his actions.

Once more she wished that she had the power to understand what other animals were saying, for she felt that Mag and she were the subject of their conversation. In spite of the fact that he might have been expected to have forgotten the language his parents had taught him as a nestling, he seemed to understand much that was being said, and was not happy until they flew away. It was not long, however, after this meeting, before he welcomed the visits of this wild flock, and followed them about the yard whenever they came until they migrated across the Cascades Range late that fall.

He was a perfect imp of mischief, never idle. Anything that was small enough for him to carry off in his bill was not

safe if left where his brown eyes could see it. By putting all the family wits against his, they found that he had certain places where he would hide his stolen treasures. When Uncle's spectacles, or Auntie's thimble were missing the family learned to look in a hole in the woodpile, or on top of the stable for them. To see Mag climb a ladder with a screwdriver, or other small tool, was a comical sight, for they made him top-heavy. When dried corn or berries were on the roof of the house, it was often found in heaps over his stolen goods. One such pile was covering a hen's egg, which he must have carried there in his bill without breaking.

His liking for eggs led him into trouble in his second spring, when he learned, like other sinners, that the way of a lawbreaker is hard. He disappeared one day, and did not answer, although calls and whistles were made for him all about the ranch. It was the third day before a sorrowful "ma-a-g" was heard in reply, and it took some time to locate him under the house. He could not be coaxed out of the hole in the wall, where he must have entered. When we found a setting hen on a nest near the entrance, we guessed at the cause of Mag's fear.

A board from the floor had to be taken up and Mag lifted out of his hiding place to save his life. He was so weak that he could scarcely stand and had to be fed small morsels of food until his strength began to return. His feathers were rough and tangled and one eye was closed forever as the result of a fight with a furious hen, that had probably caught him in the act of robbing her nest. He had been "boss" of the chicken yard up to this time, but his long fast made him fearful, and he used that one eye with great skill when about the hens afterward.

The family were often made to believe that company had arrived by hearing sounds, that appeared to be conversation, in the yard. If they were on Mag's blind side when they went out to meet people, they could see that he seemed

to be saying words, but they were not the English kind that could be understood. People said that magpies could be taught to speak, and many of Mag's sounds were like those which a little child uses when it begins to imitate its parents but one could never feel positive that Mag used the English language. Still it was felt that he understood many of the things that were said, while his friend knew some of his thoughts, when he made particular cries.

After Mag was a year old, he spent more and more time with the other Magpies, but would come to his owner out in the fields or the deep ravines at her whistle when she saw his flock, or would visit the house when he was hungry. She had not clipped his wing feathers after the spring moult, and he would sail about her head like a living kite with his long tail streaming behind him before he lit on her hand or shoulder.

He still seemed to care more for her than for any other member of the family at such times and seemed to try to tell her about his new free life in the trees with his friends. She could not understand his tones, but she knew his feelings; and that fall when the magpies flew south, or across the mountains, and he went with them, she could not want him to stay, although she often since has missed her small black and white comrade.

PYGMIES OF THE SKY

Dainty little elfin thing!
Are you fairy on the wing,
Come to us from rosy bower,
Slipping nectar from each flower;
Or a sunbeam earthward sent
On some happy mission bent?
You, so earnest in your quest
That you dare not pause to rest;
Touched with rainbow colors bright
Radiant in the noonday light;
Did you drop from out the skies
A rare gem from paradise?
Little songster of the air,
I bow before such courage rare,
Ashamed that I a coward be
To meet the task laid out for me;
And could there be a sweeter song
Than just that hum of courage strong?

—Nina Moore

From Mexico to Alaska is a voyage that man may take, when he has plenty of money, in as comfortable a fashion as his inventions can provide. Huge walls surrounding mighty engines are necessary for his safety and pleasure. The world has been searched for materials for his motive power, his food, and his covering. Hundreds of people have had to unite to make his journey possible; but there are many travellers that take these thousands of miles on a pair of wings and they earn their living as they travel. Size does not appear to be really needful for the journey, neither does coin, nor vessel, nor chart, nor road, for even the pygmies of the sky are not daunted by the long leagues.

Fancy, for yourselves, the tiny bodies, not so large as

your smallest finger, the minute group of muscles, covering less space than a baby's fingernail, that are in the wing of a Rufous Hummingbird. You can then realize the courageous heart that dares attempt to fly across the valleys, the plateaus, the mountains, the seas, separating these two



Yakima—Taken by Mrs. Granville Ross Pike

"Touched with Rainbow Colors Bright"

regions. Think of the dangers: the heat, the cold, the hunger, the thirst, the rains, the snows; and you will bend your head to honor the strength of instinct which makes the long trip possible, not only to one, but to hundreds of hummingbirds.

Not every pair of these small travellers that starts from as far south as Costa Rica will reach Sitka, for, even when all perils have been successfully evaded, they seem to have no fixed destination that they must reach. Almost any place from the mountains of Arizona to Mount St. Elias, from the suburbs of Denver or Portland to the snow rims on Mt. Rainier may be the chosen summer home of these red or green backed beauties; any Inland Empire thicket, any Pacific coast forest may be the site selected for their lichen-trimmed nest.

The flare of their flight has been enjoyed on the banks of the Columbia, and again at 8,000 feet above sea level on Mount Rainier. The workmanship of their nests has satisfied the love of perfection in many seekers of the beautiful, who have found them poised on tendrils of the ivy or upheld by the branches of the fir or the apple tree; for desolate and forbidding must be the region which will not prove attractive when the desire to build inflames the little mother breast.

A poplar tree in a schoolyard in Seattle was once chosen in early April as the favored spot where the spring should see again this miracle of nests. This tree shaded the windows of the room where forty school babies were happily studying their lessons away from the shelter of home.

A child, as usual, was the first to see that an atom of a nest had been started. He whispered this fact to the principal, for he had already learned that there is danger in too much publicity of such things. It seemed wise to arrange a guard of honor for the new home, as other bright eyes would be sure to follow the flight of wings. Three hundred boys were asked, "Do you think you **could** keep a secret?" Like many of their sex, they were sure they could do it, and the discovery of one of their number was told to all.

It was arranged that, daily, there would be periods when they might stand behind the drawn wooden shutter

of the nearest window, which shielded them enough so that the fears of the little builder were lessened, in order that they might see what was happening. Most of those boys, and as many girls, visited that window again and again, where they might look into the small nest and wonder at its contents. Infinite was the patience of the primary teacher who had to oversee this invasion of the wriggling groups of children mornings, noons, and afternoons, and to answer the whys and whats of all.

The watching pupils were surprised when they saw but one little white-breasted, green-backed bird at work carrying in scraps of cobweb to arrange for the circular foundation. They were astonished when they were told that it was the mother bird, and they found that the father bird never appeared to help in nest building or caring for the young, because that was not the custom they knew.

They learned that a half inch, slender bill could be used as a needle to weave in bits of down, collected from the tiny seed parasols of the willow or thistle, and that this same tool was skillfully managed in sewing on ornaments of moss and gray-green lichens which had been found on the stems of hazel and alder, or were parts of the long, pendant streamers of old fir trees. As the bird worked, they caught glimpses of a fiery red shining feather or two, that she wore as a breastpin, and they also saw in front of and under her tail the same color as that on robin's breast.

When the news flashed over the school that a white egg, showing a pink flush, was in the nest, other teachers asked that all of their children might be allowed to visit the favored room to get a glimpse of the rarity. The excitement grew when the second egg with its greatest length only one-half inch was there beside the first one. Almost a dozen of such beauties might have been held in the teacher's hand, and yet, how could so small a bird care for two of them? Discussions about them spread around the

neighborhood, and parents were brought from many homes to see the treasures.

The courageous soul of the small mother must have been much exercised at the sounds of joy behind the wooden shutter during the time, (nearly three weeks), that she sat brooding her treasures, usually, with dark brown eyes and long slender bill facing the window. Her trips away from the nest for food or exercise lasted generally but a few minutes. Her direct, yet undulating flight, and the way she poised above the eggs as she looked them over, or turned them around, on her return, suggested that she had been filled with anxious thoughts.

The hour when it was found that one egg had disappeared and a tiny thing like a soft, black bug had taken its place was as good as a holiday, and when the next buggish-looking creature lay naked beside its egg, there was but one subject for lessons and conversation that seemed to be worth while. Scarcely a trace of eyes could be found in these infants, and not much more than yellow streaks on the mites of heads to show where the bills were to grow, but the tiny mother knew how to care for them.

Only a few children were fortunate enough to see the feeding process, which is a peculiar and not very attractive sight. The baby stomach of a hummer is so made that it requires food which has been partly digested; and the mother bird not only has to collect insects and sweets for herself and young, but she also has to have it soft and warm before it is swallowed by her darling. You can make your own picture of the narrow needle of a bill of the parent placed in the wide mouth of the youngster. It would need to be a moving picture if you showed the shrugging of shoulders and body as the infant appetite was satisfied. How it escapes being killed each feeding time is one of Nature's puzzles. She is indeed queer and strange, and has so many odd ways working out her problems that one who tries to understand them has always a new secret to solve.

The bodies of the newcomers acquired their feathery covering in the usual bird fashion, but that way gave one lesson that was not hard to get by those who studied it through the window. Tiny dark horns appeared in many spots, which formed a kind of pattern, with bare places, and these horns grew into pin feathers, which gradually opened out into plumes with brilliant hues.

Before the plumage was complete there came a sad Saturday when a heavy rainstorm brought sorrow with it, for on Monday there was but one beautiful baby in the nest. He grew so rapidly and his feathers were so shining that all interest centred in him, for this youngling proved to be a male bird. He had a brilliant cinnamon-red back, and a scarlet, ruby gorget, or breast-plate, which shimmered and glistened or turned to gold or emerald at his every movement.

In a little over two weeks he was as large as his mother, and the two of them filled the nest even when it was stretched. He would sometimes mount to the worn edge of his residence, and cling there while he exercised his long pointed wings. Thus he was getting them ready for the rapid vibrations that the eye cannot separate into strokes which they make when he flies. Scientists have tried to measure their rate of motion and have said that it is six hundred vibrations per minute, and we saw their rapidity made a fan-shaped halo on each side of the dancing sprite.

To anyone who admires small feet, this bird would have been a delight, for the tiny black toes seemed but threads as they clung to the home wall, but the threads were strong as heavy wire and gave the strength that was needed to hold the owner down until ready for flight. Very few people can boast that they have really seen the feet of hummingbirds. Have you, my reader, or do you need to call upon your fancy to see these frail extremities which perch so well but cannot walk on flat ground?

At the end of three weeks a few children were fortunate

enough to see the young Rufous launch himself into the big sky world. They told that he stood on the edge of his safe refuge with his wings moving so rapidly that they, with watching eyes, could see but a hazy gleam and then, as his mother streaked away, he followed her in strong undulating flight into the sunshine and magic of a May day.

In all these weeks of watching, not once had the brilliant red-brown father bird been seen. The children thought him a lazy husband until they read that he, usually, after courtship goes to other places to spend his honeymoon alone, and that his termagent of a bride will drive him away if he attempts to remain near her. Does this mean that his gay colors have proved in past ages a danger to her and their young if he stayed about the nest, and that only the wandering bridegrooms have left descendants to follow in their wingsteps? You may answer this question for yourself, for an author prefers not to decide in such a matter.

The roving husband makes up for his lack of helpfulness in nesting time by his warmth of affection in the courting season. Then he shows that he knows many of the arts of an eager lover. A piercing, squeaking sound once caused a student to see an aerial creature that swung back and forth in front of a snowberry shrub in the sunshine of an April day on an island in Puget Sound. No pendulum ever moved more regularly nor with such lightning speed as did this tiny Rufous. His dizzy dance from side to side suggested insanity, but that is usually a human affliction, and the observer looked about for the cause of all this frenzy and found his small mate cowering upon a twig, following with turning green body the motions of her brilliant adorer. He tried all the dips and slides and curves of a skilled aeronaut in order that he might better display his iridescent colors and impress his lady love.

His eagerness appeared to have blinded him, for, in one of his swings, he knocked part of his audience from perch into the tangle of the thicket. At an exclamation, away

whizzed the beautiful gem in headlong flight, while the lady bird picked herself up and smoothed her ruffled feelings and feathers until she saw she had an audience, and then she shot straight up into the air out of sight.

His temper shows no relation to his size, for, not only in wooing is one of these pygmies furious. His tantrums suggest that his emotions have been compressed in many ways, for he explodes at the least annoyance. No czar ever held his possessions with more stubbornness than does a hummingbird when once he has chosen his feeding quarters. He appears always to be attracted by scarlet colors, a red eiderdown jacket has brought him within a foot of an observer's face, as he flew by a hammock where she lounged, and he is especially fond of the flowering currant and the fireweed. If another bird of any kind or size dares to invade his territory it is immediately attacked with the fury of a cyclone. Even large hawks have yielded to the attacks of this tempestuous termagant and have left his location, urged to be in a rush by the darts and thrusts of this mite of a hummer.

Hummingbirds are interesting neighbors, and will accept the right kind of an invitation to come to shrubs and even porches, to feed or to build a nest. A scarlet geranium with a sunny exposure has attracted many calls in one entrance way, while the owner sat reading or working there. The birds circled about the plant poking their tube-like tongues into blooms, paying no attention to anything except the satisfaction of their own wants.

Another lady attracted them by filling her window boxes with bright nasturtiums. Daily they poised on invisible wings in front of each cup of nectar to take the drops that cheered. They were finding solid as well as liquid refreshment, for an examination of many blossoms, before the regular meals, showed that the tubes often contained plant lice or other insects that also love sweets. This hostess enjoyed her callers so much that she regularly

filled the flowers with sweetened water by means of a medicine dropper, and the visitors attacked the new food as eagerly as the usual offering of the blossoms.

Not until the visit of Columbus to the Western World did white men know about these sparkling creatures. Europe may well boast of her skylarks and nightingales but she misses some joy in not having even one species of America's five hundred kinds of hummingbirds. To be sure, most of the kinds of these gems of bird-land live south of the United States, and the country east of the one hundred and eightieth meridian can show but the Ruby-throated Hummingbird, but the western lands of North America have eighteen varieties.

Four of these kinds pass over the sunny valleys and the golden poppy fields of California to the Northwest, although the Rufous Hummingbird is the only common summer resident. The Black-chinned Hummingbird, which may be recognized by his velvety black front ruff, belongs to the same species as the Eastern bird, and wanders sometimes into the Inland Empire anywhere from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, where he indulges in the regular fashions of his sort, except that he makes a nest which looks more like a sponge than an ordinary egg basket.

An ambitious mountaineer on a summer trip to the white country, while within the limit of trees, may see the smallest male of one of these birds which loves the same regions as the climber. The radiating rose-purple color of his throat is the mark of a Calliope Hummingbird, and Dawson says it is common on the Cascade Divide.

A fourth variety, the Allen Hummingbird, looks so much like the female Rufous, except that he has a blazing breastplate, that even an expert measures the toes and tail feathers before he is absolutely sure which bird he holds in his hand, and lays away in a collection of dried, dead skins. In several of the tragedies, which usually ends the life of these birds, the Allen Hummer has been identified,

but on the wing the puzzle is one a bird lover will prefer not to solve by taking a life, which could not be restored.

Although they are the midgets of the sky, the hummingbirds have little fear of man and many stories are told of their bravery. A man once found a partly built nest while the owner was away, and placed his hand about it as he awaited the bird's return. When she came, she paid no attention to him but stretched her tiny feet about his finger and wove her load of down into the foundation, while he stood still, quietly enjoying a new experience.

Another time this same careful student walked slowly across a yard to a swaying clothesline on which a hummingbird was sunning herself and placed his hand upon her back before she moved. A sudden motion would have made her dart away, but his gentle ways did not frighten her.

An odd experience was had in a city suburb when a lady was startled as she walked toward the car by a sudden loud buzz near her head. She recognized a Rufous Hummingbird circling rapidly about her, making quick dashes at her hat, which was trimmed with a wreath of red columbines. Not finding the sweets he expected, away went the sprite with an explosive sound that could easily be understood as an expression of his utter disgust at having been fooled by artificial flowers.

What would he have done if he had found on her head the monstrous creation once seen in a milliner's window: a hat with the twisted, distorted skins of twenty-four hummingbirds placed, not trimmed, about its crown! We may rejoice that such a sight cannot be seen on women today. The bird lovers have succeeded in passing laws which curb the selfish vanity that once caused the murder of many of these courageous midgets of the sky.

GOLDEN DAYS IN OREGON

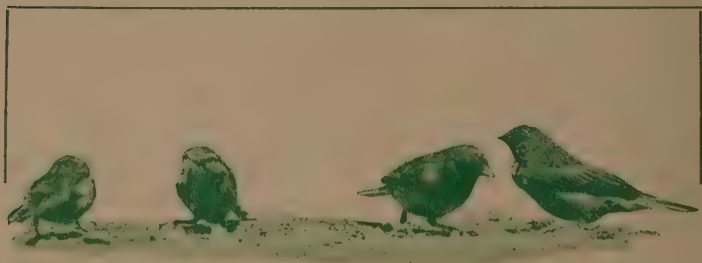
June, the rarest month of all the year;
Then Nature, clad in richest garb, bursts forth in songs of
cheer,
And every joyous song-bird gives voice to grateful praise,—
No other month in all the year could so fit Golden days.
—Nina Moore

What greater pleasure could come to a nature lover then to combine birds, June, and Golden? All that poets have written of birds, all that Lowell thought when "the high tide of the year" was his theme, is fitting for birds and June. Golden, thy charms remain untold. If one could find his fingers writing a tithe of the feelings you inspire, your haunting, lonely loveliness would vanish, for the patter of feet, the babbling of voices, the honk of automobiles would drive away present owners and the birds. Fortunately, although your name is still on railroad maps, you are now but a maddening region where it is almost impossible during the warm spring days to put down opera glasses long enough to make notes of the calls and songs of birds that seem to be heard everywhere.

Amid the solitudes of the mountains of southern Oregon lies a narrow valley, which once was visited daily by the grocer, the butcher, and the mail carriers, as they made their regular round about the mining village, Golden. Now, as all but two of the mines are closed, and they are worked by neighboring farmers, the many people who lived there are gone; and Esma and Edward, the present owners of the mines, spend their leisure hours in coaxing the wild birds and the gray squirrels to be their friends and tenants. Vacant dwellings remind the traveller of other times, but the peace and joy of an ideal country home is found in the house in which the proprietors have lived in happy companionship for many years.

This house is surrounded by an old-fashioned garden containing roses, poppies, and the wild flowers transplanted from the regions where they were found on mountain hikes, such as the azaleas and the Mount Hood lilies. It faces the old "Main Street" which has now become the county road; and the madrones, oaks, giant firs, and redwoods edge the forest, which stands guard all about it. The hills are so near that they could almost touch tops, while Mount Peter and Mount Paul fill up the eastern end of the valley. There, almost every evening, sunset colors tint the masses of clouds that get tangled in the forests on the slopes that tower peak about peak into the heavens.

Lovers of many wild animals are these owners of



Oregon—Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth

Young and Careless Mothers: Chipping Sparrow and Junco

Golden: choice foods are spread in protected places; clean water is arranged for private baths; and bird houses are fastened on dwellings, church, schoolhouse, telephone poles and trees, so that all kinds of tenants may find their heart's desires as to location, satisfied. In handy places about the house are guns to be snatched at the bird cry which tells that a hawk or an owl threatens, and the new population of the village has grown so large that one has to be careful not to step upon a young and careless creature in the paths

about the door, while the intimate glimpses of family life of these woodsy neighbors show the kinship of all.

Yesterday, a father Western House Wren was watched as he stood guard on the peak of the roof, just above the box from which the first brood was coaxed several days ago. The mother bird has safely hidden the youngsters of the family in the California lilac jungle, back of the house, from which she occasionally brings one of her darlings near to the mulberry tree below the old home.

Sometimes, she gives this favored youngling a fine fat mouthful, and slips into the grass under the tree. If she finds a particularly good twig, she may rush with it to the old nest in the box, while baby teases and the father nearly bursts with song.

If she takes too long a time to weave in her treasure, he will lean over the edge of the roof, or even drop down to the doorstep. There he will edge in a stealthy fashion, to a place where, by twisting his head, he can look slantwise, with one of his brown eyes, into the nest to see what she is doing. Woe falls upon him if he is too close when she decides that she will return to their little one! The remarks she makes, in wren syllables, as she pushes him out of her way, seem fairly to daze him, for her temper has been raised to a white heat by her efforts to provide, alone, food and hiding places for their chattering brood.

He takes revenge on a flock of Tree Swallows that are trying to steal a home. Esma called as she went to the garden this morning; and there, at each of the three boxes in the gable, sat a male Tree Swallow with his metallic, blue-green back shining in the sunlight and his white breast puffed out with the pride of proprietorship. Above them the former owner of the gable stood on the very tips of his toes, his lifted wings almost touching as they fluttered above his back, while he said things in a language that must not be translated.

They paid not the slightest attention to him, but when

Esma stamped her foot and threw her basket at them, saying, "They shall not take his house away from him if he wants it for his second brood," away they skimmed over the orchard trees. As she started again on her errand, back they came with open mouths, on wings that dipped and turned about the wren, until he fled for safety to his own mulberry tree, from which he hurled maledictions and defiance at them.

Arming herself with two sheets of the Oregonian Esma stood guard, striking them together, until some one relieved her. For several hours, turns had to be taken to prevent that vagrant band of swallows from taking possession of the wren boxes.

Nothing that was done disturbed the wren, as he seemed to realize that he had friends to help him in his fight for his home; and he kept pealing forth his "Dear! Dear! How dare you do a thing like this!" until the valley echoed. He scarcely takes time to snatch at an insect in his staunch defense of his rights. If his little wife does not soon finish feeding her band of fledgelings, he will wear out his strength, as well as his voice. Even now his song ends with a sharp squeak that was not there when, with drooping tail and weary wings, he spent almost his full time in assisting her to find insects enough to feed their big family of six.

However, when Betty and Becky stopped over this afternoon on their auto trip from Seattle to San Diego, he found time to oversee a picture which was taken on Edward's fingers. All day had been heard the voice of baby Black-Headed Grosbeaks calling "We-You," like young kittens that had not yet opened their eyes, but, although observers thought that every branch of the big oak, from which the sounds appeared to come, had been searched, no glimpse of the infants had been seen.

As the family sat on the grass, laughing or crying over the home news the friends were telling, "Ma Grosbeak's" actions called their attention. Her fat tan body, her black

bonnet with its buffy trimmings, came so near that they knew she was in distress and needed help. She seemed to have even more trouble than usual to see beyond her big nose, and she twisted her heavy bill from one side to another as she peered down into the long clover.

As usual, Edward was the first to discover the cause of a bird's wretchedness; and, in a moment, up came his hand, to which clung a chunky, awkward, messy image of mother grosbeak. Perfectly satisfied, it sat upon its unusual perch, and blinked around at its audience, while cameras were focussed amid delighted cries. His pictures taken, the youngster was placed upon the roof of a low shed, although his toes had to be pushed from the long finger which they were clutching.

His mother was by his side in a second with a red mulberry which she poked into his yawning mouth. When she left him for an instant, to get to the bird table, down came both wrens to find out what was the matter with the baby, but its mother objected to their attentions and drove them away, when she came back with a bread crumb, which she showed to her darling just beyond his reach.

As he flapped toward her she moved and he followed to the edge of the roof where he cried in dismay. The food he wanted could be seen, but he had to take a terrible plunge to get it. His wings trembled; he mewed and pleaded; but bird obedience at flitting time must be absolute, and down he tumbled, receiving his reward, although he had landed in tall grass, from which Edward again rescued him and helped the anxious parents by carrying him to the lilac jungle. Father Grosbeak's gayer cinnamon, brown, black, white and lemon-yellow colors were then enjoyed by all as he came to his family, collecting weed seeds or flying back and forth with scraps of bread to help stuff the rescued infant.

Its wants satisfied, he flew into a wide-spreading oak tree and sang his evening hymn. His swinging, rhythmic

song started out with the "Quit, cheery, cheery!" of a robin's theme, but it had bubbles, and ripples, and many tender tones of its own. Sometimes, the notes were liquid, rounded, and sometimes, they were split, or sharpened into "Your-Up! Your-up! Ken-ne-wick! Ken-ne-wick!" He even threw in a canary's warble, which no robin attempts to sing, and the whole melody had an exquisite quality which made a listener think of vespers in St. Peters. His theme was continued longer than the mellow rounded music of the robin, and his high notes were repeated over and over with dozens



Seattle—Taken by Mr. Ronald Chapman
Father Grosbeak—Collecting

of variations which made it easy to distinguish from the notes of the robin, or the "Pretty! Air-ic!" of the Louisiana Tanager, with both of which songs it is sometimes confused.

The row of mulberry trees that edge the yard are visited by the grosbeaks, the California purple finches, robins, and Louisiana tanagers from the time the berries begin to redden, but the latter find the fruit rather large for their slender bills to manage. We often see them twisting it

about and crushing it, even dropping from a branch with their weight upon the selected berry to pull it off. These trees seem at times a circus where one may study the peculiar ways of different species, and of individual birds, as they go through their performances. The heavy slow movements of the grosbeak remind one of the fat performers in the show; the robin is the ring master; the tanager is the brilliant dancer; the finch is constantly singing his "Digger, digger, digger, dirt, dirt, dirt;" the wren is the acrobat; while the long-tailed chat is the clown.



Oregon—Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth

A Chat—Caught

This chat, as I write, is out in the thicket, running over and over the calls and songs of all the birds in the neighborhood. He can even whistle for the dog, using the notes of invitation that every dog has learned from boy masters starting out for fun or game, and sometimes the chat almosts barks. Many of his tones may be imitated and, with his inquiring disposition, the bird will usually find the author of any new sound.

Esma says that he is as full of bounce as a rubber ball. He knows so well how to keep a leaf between you and his handsome body that you may get no glimpse of him,

although your ears will catch the scratching of his big feet and the rustling of his wings. When he has satisfied his curiosity, and whetted yours, away he dashes, unseen, with an elfish imitation of laughter that makes you want to join in his merriment, although the joke is on you. Yet Esma caught him twice unawares.

There is a basin full of water, weighted down with white stones, out behind a screen of the tree form of Oregon grape in the side yard. There, if you are wary, a chat maybe seen at his bath, which he takes whenever the notion



Oregon—Taken by Mrs. C. E. Forsyth
A Long-tailed Chat—Unaware

strikes him, many times a day. He seems to scrub away at his lemon-yellow vest, his white shirt tail, and dark green hood until they look so mussed that one wonders if he will ever get unsnarled. But a spring of his brown toes lands him in a syringa bush, where, fancying himself in peaceful solitude, with dips of his bill, shakes of his wings, flirts of his tail, and scratches of his toe-nails, he easily arrays himself in all his glory.

He is not always so cautious. One spring when life was brimming full, and riotous, he was seen to fling him-

self out of a thicket up into the air with awkward legs dangling, angular wings swaying, long tail flapping, as he went through the antics of a jazz musician when frenzy strikes him. At the same time a flood of song was pouring forth, and it seemed that he was insane, but no, his performance was all for the fascination of a hidden mate.

He becomes still another creature at the time his nest is emptying. No songs are then in fashion. If a mere human happens to find the shrub where his jewels are secreted, he seems to lose his love of life, his feeling of fear, for he will boldly "aar-up" at anyone to drive his fancied foe away. He will even hop to a branch in plain sight and scratch his nose with one foot as he balances on the other, while his mate softly whistles, "tut-tut-tut-tut," as she coaxed the babies from twig to twig in another direction into safety.

The vegetables are often prepared in the well arbor, where the Oregon Juncos, which spend the year in Golden, were fed last winter. A baby Mountain Quail ran across the yard, hunting for its mother, and a mother Rufous Hummer brought her two youngsters there while the peas were popped this morning. The hummers bazzed in and out getting insects from the roses and Esma noticed that the little quail's ears were keener than hers, for he suddenly ran toward the brush and then his mother was heard scolding, probably telling him he must not take such venturesome journeys again. Esma was in a reflective mood and she told tales of the days when she and Edward were beginning to make the acquaintance of their bird tenants.

To see a male rufous humming-bird poise and take a drink from the dew on the tip of a fir needle was an event, such as she had never had time to glimpse, when she was managing the work of four hundred people in a big city. Here she had seen a western house wren stand on the rim of a barrel of water to make his toilet, dipping in first his

tail, and then throwing the water over his back and wings with his head, as he clung for safety to the edge of his bath tub. Edward had called her one stormy June evening to watch a mother house wren coax and drive her brood of babies back into the box in the gable for shelter. At another time they had seen the wren gather the youngsters into a deserted robin's nest above them, and, after the last one was quiet, the little parent sat on the edge of the nest to guard them.

Once they had watched a pair of swallows circle around their young brood, getting them near to the barn door. Finally in went the whole group, but, in an instant, out flew the little imps through an open window on the other side. The twittering parents fluttered about in a distracted way for awhile, but, as the darkness rose, tried the same game again successfully.

When Edward and she bought the big mine, and decided to have only enough gold taken out of the ground each year so that they might live here, there were almost no birds in the valley, but now they are abundant. This year, for the first time, a Cassin Vireo's beautiful nest hangs in a fir in the chicken yard and in the next tree, an oak, swings the mossy basket of a Western Warbling Vireo.

The delight of a visitor was great when she followed the Cassin's "Richard! Sweetheart! Come here!" varied with "Jimmie" or "Mary! Dearie! Come here!" right to the swaying branch of nestlings. There she could plainly see the white streak running from his, or her, nose to the white eye-ring, the two white wing bands, and the greenish gray and white of his five inch body, as he tucked insect after insect into the gaping mouths which stuck above the basket rim.

The song of the "teakettle" bird, as Esma persists in calling the Western Warbling Vireo (although he really says "I see it! I see it! Here it is!"), continually rolling out from the oak tree had hinted that his nest was some-

where near. A search from various points of view had failed to locate it until a venture was made into a poison oak tangle up the hillside. From that spot, on the topmost twigs of the highest branch of the oak, screened by the shining leaves, could be seen the swinging cradle.

The father bird poked his long bill and head (with the white streak through the eye which distinguishes this bird from the Cassin Vireo), out into sight again and again, as the air thrilled with his warble. He slipped off the nest as his mate approached and took a trip about the tree singing, between breaths, as he craned his neck over the edges of leaves, doing his police duty. She yawned as she watched him and gave a little dainty song of refusal, as he drew near and offered to change with her.

They seemed to think those eggs must be always covered, and he did his fair share of brooding, until the young were heard. Even then he never shirked, but carried his insects to the nest as often as she did. His songs grew shorter and less constant, as the nest bulged with its burden during the twenty days of watching, but they kept their quality of concentrated joy. One morning, as he sang, the younglings leaned far out over the edge teasing for just one more bite. As the father approached a babykin flapped his wings above the basket, and almost fell the forty feet below, but caught himself in time to save an accident.

The next daybreak their venture into the big world must have been made for not one fatherly song could be heard from that time to hint at the hiding place of the family, although harsh cries of "Ye-Ye-ape" sounded monotonously in the spirea thicket near the home tree. It took hours of searching that July 3rd day over every leaf and twig before these aristocrats of birds, in appearance, could be found and gently touched, as they croaked their locations to their parents. These calls seemed a wise provision, because the young birds blended so well into their surroundings in their pearl-white and grayish-buffy coats,

that they seemed to vanish from sight if you turned an instant, and even their parents could scarcely have found them if they had not told where they were secreted.

Esma decided, at six in the morning that started Betty and Becky onward to San Diego, that she would show her visitor the big madrone. An hour later, with luncheon strapped on their backs in two of Edward's bandannas, they were on their way to the mountain walls. The russet-backed thrushes and the Audubon warblers could be heard on all sides, as they tramped along in the shadow of hills which the sun had not yet climbed. They watched several large families of mountain quail, had a visit with a Traill flycatcher, and wondered over the bravery of the pileolated warbler when a young fledgeling was seen, for the parent bird came flying about their heads to give the youngster time to get away. It had been four years since Esma and Edward had made a trip to this sylvan monarch, but she picked her steps along over the deer paths, finding flat rocks or prospect holes to point her road, with a keen woods-woman's eye. She seemed to see everything and pointed out one black hole across the valley from which four thousand dollars a month, in gold, had been carried out for years, before the pocket was found to be empty.

After climbing for two hours, the friends reached a small clearing on the edge of which towered the giant tree they were seeking. Its various tops gave a welcome shade from the scorching rays of the sun, as stretched flat upon the ground they marveled at the size of the great green tent and enjoyed the beauty of its peeling trunk and arms. The forest floor was carpeted with the rich red strips of its bark and the buffy branches were interlaced in fantastic patterns above their heads to their tips, where waxen, shining leaves were massed.

Presently a new musical phrase sounded with notes which had the fine high quality of the vanishing strains of a violin and a repeated flute-like echo so vibrant that

they almost quivered at its charm. The five or six tones were so haunting that they tried to imitate them. A flutter of distant wings answered, and a bird still singing, circled about to get the light on the visitors until they moved to get a better view. Then a scornful cry, that might have been made by a naughty boy with his finger at his nose, told them that a Sierra Hermit Thrush had seen the intruders in his tract of land. Not another glimmer did they get of the singers, but the imitation of his whistle "Oh! The earth is fair," was answered many times during the long day they spent under the madrone.

Behind the fringe of forest opposite the house lies the desolation that marks the working of a placer mine. Esma took her visitor there one day to show her how to wash a pan of gravel, in order that she might feel that thrill that comes at seeing the virgin gold emerge from the blue clay and black sand, by which it is covered in the gold pan, after the pebbles and debris have been washed over the rim.

As they balanced their way from one big boulder to another (which were lying with cobbles and gravel over the bedrock, above all of which, tall evergreens were growing last year), they saw a black, white and brown bird, about ten inches long, that struggled along at their feet, apparently badly hurt. Flashing its tail until the black band was shown as a big, rounded fan, stretching the white barred wings, limping, falling, turning, while the two black belts were seen across the white breast, it led them along, giving low cries of "Kill-dee, killdee." They recognized the Killdeer, that may breed in any part of temperate North America. The mate was near by and their curious actions told that the young were probably about. The young are so much like rounded granite pebbles, and know so well how to obey their orders to be motionless, that one may almost step on them and not see them, and the two prospectors were not surprised to miss them.

One of the real miners, washing boulders from the old

creek channel over the "grizzly" with a mighty stream of water, consoled the new comers by pointing out a treasure under the only tip of green to be seen on the bedrock. How the bit of a willow shrub found food and space for its roots seemed a miracle; but in its shadow was a nest made of fine grass twigs, containing four lavender, brown and black-spotted buffy eggs which was seen, as the little mother slipped away.

She took advantage of every jagged piece of slate, that had probably been stood on edge millions of years ago, been covered later by earth and forests, and had now been washed clean by the force of the water that the miner was using, yet the women saw not the killdeer, but a Spotted Sandpiper, as she tiptilted her way down to the edge of the stream. There she boldly picked her way along, unfurling her tail above her bronze back to show the black band tipped with white, or crawled on her spotted, white "tummy" to attract attention and coax her visitors away. She was in such distress that they took but one glance at the four big eggs, which seemed too large to be hers. On later visits, they saw her long orange bill, the white line above her eye, and the white bar on each pointed wing, as she ventured back to the nest, when they hid behind the hill of boulders.

Two weeks later, a child told that she had been shown the eggs and that evening in the early twilight, the friends went to see if all were well. The little mother called the usual "weet' weet," but teetered only a few steps and they soon saw why she was so brave. There, in the nest, sprawled beside three eggs, was a tiny, brown bird with no strength left, (after its struggle to get out of its own egg) to lift its downy head. Never was a baby more helpless and appealing, and they hurried away, but the next sunset felt that they must see if more birds were out.

Not a sound did the visitors hear as they approached the small willow, and no mother bird decoyed, as usual. Silent they stood beside the empty basket, thinking of the tragedy of another bird home. Just then, they heard the

sandpiper call, coming, apparently, from far up in the forest on the hillside, but it seemed to be more mournful than usual. They had heard that a young spotted fawn had fallen from the bluff into the channel and been killed the night before, and, as they turned to look at its straight, slender legs, stretched out in the creek, they saw the Spotted Sandpiper a short distance away. Her call was not mournful, but anxious; not on the hill, but almost at their feet. Well might the little mother be troubled, as with her were four small creatures that twenty-four hours before were fastened up in eggs; but now these little ones were tripping up and down; poking their slender bills into the sand for food, or running about as if they had always done it. She buzzed across the stream at sight of visitors, calling "tiddle-de-wink! tiddle-de-wink," and at first, the two-inch downy things were afraid to follow, but stood, teetering the places where their tails were going to be, on the brink of the stream.

As her calls grew louder the biggest baby ran to the waters' edge and boldly ventured into the swift-current. Getting beyond his depth, he needed no swimming lesson, but used his partly webbed toes to paddle strongly toward his mother. She waited for him, and then started away over logs and stones, still calling and teetering. The second and third bunches of down tipped-tail into water and soon climbed the opposite bank, walking the full length of one naked, white log before they found the protection they were seeking. The fourth, and tiniest one, stood afraid to dare the big ocean that flowed between him and mother. Yet as his family disappeared, a panic of fear urged him to make the plunge, and his brave little heart and legs took him over to where his mother called in the shadow of a bunch of dwarf alders.

When he reached her, she tucked him in, along with the rest of her clever younglings clucking in soft, cuddly tones, and peace seemed to descend that June evening into the valley at Golden.



SEATTLE AUDUBON SOCIETY
COMPILED FROM RECORDS OF BIRD WALKS

CHECK LIST OF NORTH AMERICAN
BIRDS FOR SEATTLE, WASH.,
AND VICINITY

ABBREVIATIONS

R—Resident	S—Summer
W—Winter	Sp—Spring
M—Migrant	C—Common

Bittern, American—Rare but still found April to October.
Blackbird, Brewer—Very CR.

N. W. Redwing—R; majority leave however for W.

Bluebird, Western—CR; more common some winters. Migration October and November.

Bunting, Lazuli—Rare SR.

Bush-tit—CR.

Chickadee, Chestnut-backed—Very CR.

Oregon—CR. on east side of Sound.

Mountain—Few records for low lands; October, November, December.

Coot, American—CR.

Cormorant, Baird—C lower Sound.

Creeper, California—Has wide distribution.

Crossbill, American—Irregular visitant; has been found breeding in low lands.

Crane, Sandhill—Records for Sp and Fall.

Crow, Northwest—Very CR.

Cuckoo, California—Rare; SR.

Dove, Mourning—Regular SR but local April to October.

Dowitcher—M.

Duck, American Scaup—Late Fall and WR. Departs April.

- Lesser Scaup—CWR.
Baldplate—CWR; October to April.
Bufflehead—CW and Sp R; October to May.
Canvas-back—Fairly CWR; October to late April.
Gadwall—Of casual occurrence.
Barrow Golden-eye—Not CWR.
Golden-eye—Small flocks CWR; November to April.
Harlequin—Found in Lower Sound and occurs in Olympics.
Mallard—Very CR.
Old Squaw—C in Lower Sound and Strait November to March. Rare in Upper Sound.
Pintail—CWR; October to April.
Red-head—Rare west of Cascades.
Ruddy—Not C but regular. Found nesting on Union Bay.
Scoter, Surf—C Lower Sound; November to April.
Scoter, White-winged—C late October to April. Seen in June.
Shoveller—CWR. A few may breed here.
Teal, Green-winged—C October to April.
 Blue-winged—Very rare.
 Cinnamon—Very rare.
Eagle, Bald—R but becoming uncommon.
Flycatchers, Hammond—CSR.
 Olive-sided—CSR.
 Traill—CSR.
 Western—CSR.
 Western Wood Pewee—CSR.
Finch, California Purple—CR.
 Willow Gold—Abundant R.
Goose, Canada—CM.
 White-fronted—CM.
Grebe, American Eared—C; Autumn W and Sp.
 Holboell—C; Autumn W and Sp.
 Horned—Not uncommon; October to May.
 Pied-billed—R; commonest of all grebes.
 Western—C; October to May.
Grosbeak, Black-headed—CSR.

- Western Evening—Irrregular; seen nearly every month.
Grouse, Oregon Ruffed—R; less C than formerly.
Sooty—R; less C than formerly.
Gull, Bonaparte—CM; August, September, October. April to May.
California—Very C; Sept. to April.
Glaucous-winged—Very C.
Heerman—Rare; June to July and probably late May.
Herring—Not very C.
Ring-billed—Rare; October to April.
Short-billed—Very C October to April; sometimes Sept.
Hawk, Cooper—Regular but not C April to October.
Marsh—Not C; May to September.
Western Red-tailed—Not uncommon. Of regular occurrence and wide distribution.
Sharp-shinned—C; October to May.
Desert Sparrow Hawk—C April to November; less so in W.
Heron, Northwest Coast—CR.
Hummingbird, Rufous—CSR.
Jay, Oregon—CR in heavy timber.
Steller—CR.
Junco, Oregon—Not C; Nov. and April.
Schufeldt—CR.
Kingfisher, Western Belted—CR.
Kinglet, Golden-crowned—CR.
Ruby-crowned—CR.
Sitka—Regular M; not as C as Ruby-crowned.
Loon, Pacific—R near Seattle; fairly C in migration but more so on Lower Sound.
Red-throated—Extremely rare.
Magpie, American—Regular WR in limited numbers; October to April.
Martin, Western—SR.
Meadowlark, Western—CR.
Merganser, American—CM.
Red-breasted—CM; breeds in Cascades.

Murrelet, Marbled—R on salt water.
Nighthawk, Western—CSR. Bureau has identified specimens as *Virginianus*.
Nuthatch, Red-breasted—CR.
Osprey, American—Rare SR.
Owl, Coast Pygmy—Not uncommon R.
Dusky-horned—Not uncommon R; more so in W.
Northwest Saw-whet—Not uncommon R.
Screech, Kennicott—CR.
Snowy—Irrregular; October to April.
Spotted Northern—Rare R.
Pewee, Western Wood—CSR.
Pheasant, Ring-necked—CR; exotic.
Phalarope, Northern—Regular M; August to October; also Sp.
Pigeon, Band-tailed—R; May to October. Numbers increasing.
Pigeon, Guillemot—Common Sound R.
Pipit, American—Sp and Autumn Migrant.
Plover, Black-bellied—Regular Sp and Autumn Migrant but less on Sound.
Killdeer—CR.
Quail, Bobwhite—Not very plentiful; introduced R.
California Valley—CR; introduced.
Mountain—Rare; introduced.
Rail, Virginia—Fairly C.
Robin, Western—Abundant R.
Sandpiper, Least—CM.
Red-backed—M.
Spotted—Not CR.
Western—Regular M.
Western Solitary—Rare M.
Shrike, Northern—Irrregular visitant; October and Winter.
Snipe, Wilson—CM and WR.
Greater Yellow-legs—Regular M in small flocks.
Siskin, Pine—CR.
Solitaire, Townsend—Rare; WR.

Sparrow, English—Abundant R; exotic.
Forbush Lincoln—Rare M.
Golden-Crowned—CM.
Nuttall—Abundant SR and occasional WR.
Oregon Vesper—Rare near Seattle.
Rusty Song—Abundant R.
Savannah—C Fall and Sp M.
Sooty Fox—CM.
Western Chipping—CSR.
Swallow, Barn—CSR.
Cliff—CSR.
Northern Violet-green—Abundant SR.
Rough-winged—SR; sparingly but widely distributed.
Tree—CSR.
Western Martin—CSR in cities and towns
Swift, Black—M; May 25th to June 5th.
Vaux—CM; fall visitant on University Campus; May,
Medina.
Tanager, Western, or Louisiana—CSR.
Tern, Common—CM.
Thrush, Alaska Hermit—CM.
Russet-backed—CSR.
Sierra Hermit—CM.
Varied—CWR and rare SR.
Towhee, Oregon—CR.
Vireo, Anthony—R; fairly common
Cassin—SCR.
Red-eyed—Rare SR.
Western Warbling—CSR.
Warbler, Aububon—CSR.
Black-throated Gray—CSR.
Golden Pileolated—CSR.
Hermit—SR.
Lutescent—CSR.
Mrytle—CM.
Orange-crowned—Rare; in W.
Pacific Yellow-throat—SR.

Macgillivray—CSR.

Townsend—Regular M but rare near Seattle.

Yellow (or Summer)—CSR.

Waxwing, Bohemian—Rare visitant.

Cedar—CR.

Water Ouzel—R on Foster and Cedar River.

All through mountains.

Woodpecker, Gairdner—CR.

Harris—CR.

Lewis—CSR.

Northern Pileated—R in heavy timber.

Northern Red-breasted Sapsucker—R.

Northwestern Flicker—CR.

Wren, Seattle—CR.

Tule—CR.

Western House—SR.

Western Winter—Very CR.

INDEX

Bird Houses.....	14
Blackbird, Brewer.....	71, 75
Bluebird, Mountain.....	94
Western, or California.....	12, 94
Bunting, Lazuli.....	156
Bush-tit.....	41
Plumbeous.....	42
Puget Sound.....	42
Sacramento.....	41
Catbird.....	145
Chat, Long-tailed.....	183
Chewink.....	142
Chickadee.....	33
Chestnut-backed.....	6, 35, 120
Mountain.....	33
Oregon.....	33
Coot, American.....	55, 65
Cormorant, Baird.....	86
Brandt.....	86
White-crested.....	86
Crane.....	136
Creeper, California.....	36
Tawny.....	36
Crow, Northwest.....	74, 75
Duck, American Scaup.....	73
Falcon, Peale.....	87
Flicker, Northwestern.....	27, 124, 130
Red-shafted.....	27
Flycatcher, Olive-sided.....	47
Traill.....	189
Western.....	12, 46
Western Wood Pewee.....	40
Finch, California Purple.....	182
Rosy.....	129
Willow Goldfinch.....	21, 27
Grosbeak, Black-headed.....	152, 180
Alaska Pine.....	152
Western Evening.....	150
Guillemot, Pigeon.....	73, 87

Gull, Bonaparte.....	71, 82
California	69
Glaucous-winged.....	68, 69, 83
Heerman	68
Herring	69
Sabine	68
Short-billed	72
Hawk, Desert Sparrow.....	97, 132
Heron, Fannin, or Northwest Coast.....	134
Great Blue.....	135
Hummingbird, Allen.....	175
Black-chinned	175
Calliope	175
Ruby-throated	175
Rufous	130, 168, 186
Jaegar	67
Jay, Oregon.....	130, 131
Steller.....	110, 119, 130
Junco, Oregon.....	18, 45, 103, 121, 186
Shufeldt	130
Killdeer	190
Kingbird	46
Kingfisher, Western Belted.....	27
Kinglet, Western Golden-crowned.....	34
Ruby-crowned	34
Sitka	35
Kittiwake, Pacific	67
Leucosticte, Hepburn.....	127, 129
Martin, Western	12
Meadowlark, Western	158
Murrelet, Marbled.....	73, 87
Nighthawk, Western	27
Nuthatch, Pygmy	37
Red-breasted	37
Slender-billed.....	12, 37
Nutcracker, Clarke.....	130, 132
Oriole, Bullock	156
Ouzel, Water	127
Owl, Coast Pygmy.....	115
Oyster-catcher, Black	86
Petrel, Kaeding	84
Phoebe	12, 46
Pipit, American	133
Ptarmigan, White-tailed	129

Puffin, Tufted	84
Quail, Mountain	186, 189
Robin, American	64, 89
Western	84, 89
Sandpiper, Red-backed	78
Spotted	191
Western	76
Scoter, White-winged	73
Siskin, Pine	123, 133
Sparrow, English, or House	23, 93
Gambel	26
Golden-crowned	27
Merrill	7
Nuttall	26
Rusty Song	1, 35, 79, 123
Sooty Song	7
Western Chipping	20, 27, 178
Swallow, Bank	23
Barn	22
Cliff	22
Northern Violet-green	12, 21, 22
Rough-Winged	23
Tree	12, 22, 179, 187
Western Martin	12, 19, 21, 22
Swift, Vaux	31
Tern	67
Thrush, Russet-backed	6, 79, 105, 106
Sierra Hermit	104, 190
Varied	18, 100, 124, 132
Towhee, Oregon	6, 18, 21, 119, 141
Spurred	142
Vireo, Anthony	39
Cassin	40, 41, 187
Red-eyed	41
Western Warbling	40, 41, 187
Warbler, Audubon	44, 189
Golden Pileolated	6, 45
Lutescent	45
Myrtle	44
Pileolated	45, 189
Yellow	45
Waxwing, Bohemian	62
Cedar	60

Woodpecker, Lewis	78
Northwestern Flicker.....	27, 124, 130
Red-shafted	27
Western Pileated.....	157
Wren, Canon	55.
Rock	56
Seattle	56
Tule.....	51, 54
Western House.....	12, 50, 179
Western Winter.....	53, 132

KEY FOR BEGINNERS IN BIRD STUDY

Aids in identification of birds mentioned in these essays.

Notes taken by permission from Bulletin No. 50 by Robert Ridgway, from Birds of Washington by Dawson & Bowles, and from observation of author.

Little stress should be put on imaginary words given to calls and songs, as ideas on such matters vary greatly according to moods and individuals.

All sizes are given in inches directly after names of birds.

The last item on each bird refers to call or song.

ABBREVIATIONS

B. C.—British Columbia	N. A.—North America
Cal.—California	U. S.—United States
F.—Female	S.—Summer
M.—Male	W.—Winter
Mex.—Mexico	

I. Birds often seen about water.

Northwestern Red-wing Blackbird.

See Birds with Black plumage.

American Coot (Mud Hen), 13-16.

Uniform slaty, head and neck darker.

Notice—White bill has brown spot near tip each side; white shows under tail and on edge of wing; scalloped webs on toes.

Found—N. A. shallow ponds, lakes.

Nest—Grass, reeds in rushes.

Eggs—6-10 creamy.

"Pool-ka, pool-ka, pool-ka."

Cormorant (Shag), 25-36.

Greenish-black.

Notice—Long, slender, hooked bill; naked skin about eye and lower bill.

Found—Pacific Coast and connecting waters.

Nest—Sticks on isolated crags.

Eggs—3-5 dull bluish green.

Low croak.

Sandhill Crane, about 45.

Slaty gray or brown.

Notice—Long black legs and bill; top of head dull red, naked.

Found—Rare migrant both sides of the Cascade Mts.

Nest—Platform of roots, weeds, in swamps.

Eggs—2 drab, spotted.

Far-reaching bugle call.

American Scaup Duck, 17½-20.

H. Head, neck, breast, and tail black; belly and sides white; back wavy black and white; F. black replaced by brown.

Notice—Under wings and edges of wing feathers white; blue bill.

Found—N. A. breeding far north.

Nest—On ground in swamp.

Eggs—6-10 grayish olive.

Gabbling cry.

Pied-billed Grebe (Hell Diver), 12-15.

Head and neck black, except for whitish-gray sides; upper part blackish; lower parts silky gray.

Notice—Whitish bill crossed by black band in breeding season.

Found—N. and South A.

Nest—A raft of decaying plants.

Eggs—4-8 dull white or greenish.

An odd bubbling giggle, "keggy, keggy."

Bonaparte Gull, 12-14.

S. Darker gray hood, mantle pale gray; rest of body white.

W.—Head white, with dabs of dark.

Notice—Naked black eye-ring, black bill; black outer wing edge and wing tips; all gulls have square tail, not forked, white, except in young a blackish band; feet orange-red.

Found—Breeds Alaska, migrates over most of N. A.

Nest—Sticks, lined with grass in bushes, trees.

Eggs—3-4 greenish brown, spotted.

Joyful "yeeep."

California Gull, 20-23.

Mainly white, pearl-gray mantle; a black and a red spot on each side of yellow bill.

Notice—Wing much black with two-inch white wedge at tip; yellow bill; feet greenish gray.

Found—Western N. A.

Nest—On ground, inland marshes.

Eggs—3 grayish, spotted.

"Please, please, please."

Glaucous-winged Gull, 24-28.

Adult mainly white. W. clouded with dusky; with blue-gray white-tipped wings and back; young, dark.

Notice—No black on wing of adult.

Found—Both coasts of Pacific and its arms.

Nest—Coast island or promontory, made of grass or seaweed.

Eggs—2 or 3 spotted, gray-olive.

Screams, trumpet peals.

Heerman Gull, 17.

S. Body slate gray; head and upper hind neck white; red bill and eyelids; W. head dark gray.

Notice—Black tail tipped with white; feet and legs reddish black, dark bodies.

Found—Pacific Coast from Vancouver to Gautemala.

Nest—In ground.

Eggs—3 imperfectly known.

Low pitched, mellow, strange sweet cries.

Short-billed Gull, 16½-18.

S. Body white with pearl-gray mantle; wing quills chiefly black; feet and legs greenish; yellow webs; W. duller.

Notice—Weak bill; white wedge on front edge of wings near tip.

Found—N. A. breeding north.

Nest—Grass or moss on ground near ponds or lakes.

Eggs—2-3 like other gulls.

“Gabbling duck-like notes”

Western Gull, 24-27.

White head and body with dark slaty-gray mantle; wing quills mainly black, white-tipped; W. head may be streaked.

Notice—Feet and legs yellow with yellow bill, angular.

Found—Pacific Coast of N. A., breeding from B. C. south.

Nest—Dried grasses on ledges.

Eggs—2-3 like other gulls.

“Excited screams.”

Great Blue Heron, 42-50.

Mainly bluish-gray or slaty; white on sides of head, throat, and crown.

Notice—Great size, slow flapping flight, motionless pose in fishing, long slender neck and legs.

Found—N. A. except northwest coast.

Nest—Usually in trees, sticks.

Eggs—3-5 greenish blue.

Harsh croaking squawk.

Northwest Coast Heron.

Similar to Great Blue Heron, but darker and with shorter legs.

Found—Northwest humid region north of Olympia.

Parasitic Jaeger, 15½-21.

Face and most of upper parts dusky; rest of head and below yellowish white.

Notice—Long central sharp-pointed tail feathers.

Found—Migrant on Puget Sound and Pacific Coast.

Nest—Mossy depression.

Eggs—2-3 grayish, spotted.

Doleful wailing cries, chatters, and shrieks."

Killdeer, 10½.

Upper parts brownish gray; lower parts white.

Notice—Two black bands across breast; white on forehead, above eye and wings; tail longest in the middle.

Found—Irregularly anywhere in N. A. While fond of water it is often found on uplands or meadows.

Nest—On the ground.

Eggs—4 buffy white, spotted.

"Kill-dee, kill-dee."

Western Belted Kingfisher, 13.

Above and sides of head blue-gray; below white except for bluish-gray breast band. F. rufous flanks.

Notice—Loose crest, central tail feathers with herring-bone pattern dusky.

Found—Western N. A. including Rocky Mts.

Nest—Tunnel in sand banks.

Eggs—5-8 white.

Policeman's rattle.

Pacific Kittiwake, 16-17.

White with bluish-gray mantle; head and neck grayish.

Notice—Tail slightly forked; yellow bill; legs and feet blackish.

Found—Pacific Coast.

Notice—Arctic ledges of cliffs, grass, moss or seaweed.

Eggs—3-4, buffy olive, splotched.

"Noisy notes like name."

Marbled Murrelet, 10.

S. Above dusky brown; below mottled white and brown; bill black; W. lower parts white, above slaty.

Notice—Wings barred chestnut; some white on back; swim often in pairs.

Found—Pacific Coast of N. A.

Nest—Crevice of cliff.

Eggs—1-2 white, sparsely dotted.

"Articulate cry of the sea in a royal mood."

American Water Ouzel (American Dipper), 7¾.

Soft slaty gray.

Notice—Land bird, but dives into mountain streams, runs along under water; winking, dipping.

Found—Western U. S.

Nest—Domed, near waterfall.

Eggs—4-5, white

A gay charming "Jigic, jigic."

Black Oyster-catcher, 19.

Head, neck, chest blackish gray; rest of plumage sooty brown.

Notice—Bill and edges of eyelids vermilion; feet white, tinged with rose.

Found—Pacific Coast of N. A.

Nest—Bare rocks.

Eggs—2-3 whitish, buffy, spotted.

Shouting, chuckling cry.

Kaeding Petrel, 8.

Bluish gray, darker wings.

Notice—White rump, tubular nostrils.

Found—North Pacific Ocean.

Nest—Grass at end of burrow.

Eggs—1, whitish.

“Rolling cackle, ‘petteretterel’.”

Tufted Puffin, 15-16.

Sooty black, or sooty brown; legs and feet salmon-red.

Notice—White forehead and cheeks; white eyes;; huge red bill; creamy tuft from chin back of eyes.

Found—Pacific Coast of U. S.

Nest—Network of burrows in ground, or crevices of rocks.

Eggs—1 whitish, on bare ground of burrow.

“Low raucous groan.”

Virginia Rail, 8-10½.

Above brownish black striped with light browns and amber; below cinnamon brown.

Notice—Extreme thinness; chestnut wing patch and long reddish bill.

Found—Entire U. S.

Nest—Swamp, sedges and grasses.

Eggs—6-12 pale buffy.

“Cackle and laugh.”

Red-backed Sandpiper, about 8.

S. Above reddish brown with some black streaks; below whitish, streaked in front with dusky; belly black. W. paler.

Notice—Long black bill and faint stripe above eye.

Found—N. A. breeding far north.

Nest—Ground.

Eggs—4 buffy or clay.

“A musical trilling note.”

Spotted Sandpiper, 7-8.

S. Above bronzy-olive; below white spotted with bronzy; W. under parts not spotted.

Notice—Conspicuous white bar on wing; teetering walk.

Found—N. A. Not very common on Puget Sound. Breeding throughout range.

Nest—Under low bush or tuft of grass.

Eggs—4 buffy, spotted.

"Weet-weet."

Western Sandpiper, 5¼.

Above mottled chestnut, gray and black; below white.

Notice—Lives and travels in flocks; white bars on wings.

Found—Breeds far north in Alaska and B. C. Migrating through western states, especially along coast.

Nests—Ground, sparsely lined with dry grass.

Eggs—4 reddish buff.

"Peep, peep."

White-winged Scoter, 19-24.

M. Brownish-black; F. dusky-brown.

Notice—White wing patch and white around and back of eye.

Found—Breeding N. A. Washington, north. W. as far south as Lower Cal.

Nest—Ground, a few plants, feathers.

Eggs—6-10 buffish.

Squawk.

American Black Tern, 10.

S.—Head, bill, neck, breast, and feet sooty black; rest largely neutral-gray; under tail coverts white; W. head, neck, under parts white; above blue gray.

Notice—Swallow-like flight, deeply forked tail.

Found—Summer resident east of Cascades.

Nest—Reeds or marshes.

Eggs—2-4 brownish-olive.

"Krik, krik."

Common Tern, 13-16.

S. Top of head black; upper parts largely pale gray; under parts white; bill and feet orange-red; W. crown white.

Notice—Crow size, swallow flight, deeply forked tail.

Found—Dawson says, "Not uncommon migrant, chiefly coast-wise."

Nest—Bare rock or sand, sometimes seaweeds.

Eggs—2-4 varied; olive, buffy.

Wierd plaintive, "Tee-er."

Tule Wren.

See Birds with Brown Plumage.

Western Marsh Wren, about 5.

Similar to Tule Wren but smaller.

Found—Rocky Mt. Plateau to Cascades.

II. Birds usually seen on land.

1. With Black in Plumage.

Brewer Blackbird, 10

All glossy black; M. with whitish eye; F. duller than M.
Notice—Flocking habits.

Found—Western N. A.

Nest—Trees, shrubs; made of grasses and padded with mud or dung.

Eggs—4-7 grayish or brownish, spotted.

“Chack, chack, chack.”

Northwestern Red-wing Blackbird, 8½.

M. in S. glossy black; winter many feathers rusty edges;
F. brownish with rusty.

Notice—Epaulet of scarlet and buff.

Nest—In swamps, of grass and cattails.

Eggs—4-7, light blue.

“Quonk-er-ee.”

Northwest Crow, 16-17.

Entirely black.

Notice—Upper parts glossed with dull violet.

Found—Pacific and estuaries from Columbia River north.

Nest—Large, compact; twigs and bark; sometimes mud; lined softer.

Eggs—4-5 greenish, spotted.

Hoarse flat “caw.”

Western Crow, 18½-19¼.

Entirely black.

Notice—Larger than Northwest Crow.

Found—Rocky Mts. to Pacific, except in Northwest Crow territory.

Nest—Some as preceding.

Eggs—Same.

Clear “Caw.”

American Magpie, 17-21¼.

Black head, back, and breast; shoulders, rump, flanks, and abdomen white.

Notice—Metallic sheen and long tail.

Found—Western N. A. except central Cal.

Nest—Mud cup; sticks, lined softer.

Eggs—7-10.

“Mag,” almost human tone, has been taught to talk.

Clarke Nutcracker, 11-13.

Smoky gray in general; lighter on head; wings black with white patch.

Notice—Four outer pairs of feathers of black tail are

white; feet and crow-like bill black.

Found—Mts. of western N. A. in coniferous regions.

Nest—Platform of twigs, bark, grasses.

Eggs—Pale green, spotted.

Raucous "char-r-r."

White-tailed Ptarmigan, 13-14.

S. Head, neck, flanks, breast mottled with white, tawny, black; rest of plumage white; W. all white.

Notice—White feathered legs and feet; nails and bill black.

Found—High Mts. of Oregon north.

Nest—Depression in heather, grass lined.

Eggs—8-10 creamy, spotted.

Subdued croaking.

Gairdner Woodpecker, about 6½.

Similar in coloring to Harris Woodpecker but smaller.

Found—Humid Pacific Coast from Cal. north. At home in orchards, parks.

Shrill "eek."

Harris Woodpecker, 9-10½.

Above black; white stripe down back and a few white wing spots; below smoky gray.

Notice—Scarlet patch on back of neck; smoky gray cheeks, and sides of face black streaked.

Found—Humid Pacific Coast, Cal., north. Deep woods usually.

Nest—Hole in dead tree.

Eggs—4 white.

"Eek-eek".

Northern Pileated Woodpecker, 17-19.

General color sooty black with broad white stripe on side of head and neck; white chin and in front of crest.

Notice—Whole top of head and crest brilliant poppy-red, same color separates white stripe on head from chin.

Found—Formerly well scattered in North America. Now Northwest from B. C. to Cal., east to Montana in heavy forests.

Nest—High in living or dead trees.

Eggs—4-6 glossy white.

Whistled "Cuk, cuk, cuk."

2. Blue in Plumage.

Mountain Bluebird, 6½.

M. Above sky blue with wings and tail cobalt; below

paler blue front with white toward tail; F. above smoky gray with spread wings similar to male.

Found—Western N. A. Mt. regions to eastern slopes of Cascades.

Nest—Holes in trees.

Eggs—4-7, greenish blue.

Soft warble.

Western, or California Bluebird, 5¾.

S.—M. Above cobalt blue with some chestnut; below reddish-gray with rump, wings, and tail cobalt blue.

Notice—Paler blue throat and breast.

Found—Pacific coast district, irregularly eastward to Idaho and Montana.

Nest—Holes of trees.

Eggs—4-7 pale blue.

Soft warbling "tru-al-ly."

Lazuli Bunting, 5¼.

M. Head, neck, back azure blue; tawny brown breast and sides; abdomen white; F. gray-brown back; tawny buffy below; bluish rump.

Notice—Two white wing bars.

Found—From B. C. to Mex., Pacific to Kansas.

Nest—Shrubs.

Eggs—3-4 bluish, or greenish.

Weak warble.

Great Blue Heron.

See Birds Found about Water.

Steller Jay, 12½.

Front of body and back sooty brown; blue streaks on forehead; gray throat; dark blue on rump and most of lower parts; wings and tail blue with black bars.

Notice—Blackish crest.

Found—West of Cascades from middle California through Washington.

Nest—Trees, wide, flat; twigs, grass lined, rootlets, mud interlining.

Eggs—3-6 greenish or buffy, spotted.

Harsh "Chay, chay."

3. Brown or Brownish-black Plumage.

California Creeper.

Similar to Tawny Creeper but paler.

Found—Central western B. C. and U. S. to Los Angeles.

Tawny Creeper, 5½.

Dark rusty brown back, wings, and tail; all narrowly streaked with black; below whitish.

Notice—Tawny rump with hidden white spots; white stripe above eye; long curved bill; middle of tail longer than sides.

Found—Pacific Coast district from Cal. to Alaska.

Nest—Behind loose bark of evergreen.

Eggs—5-9 whitish, spotted.

"Tsip" and rare lisping song of four or five notes.

American Pipit, 6-7.

Above grayish brown; below buffy breast and sides.

Notice—Wings and tail dusky; outer tail feathers white; eye-ring and stripe above eye buffy; teetering habit.

Found—N. A. breeding in high Mts.

Nest—Deep structure of grasses and moss.

Eggs—4-6 white ground hidden by brown spots.

Like name "Plip yit."

English Sparrow (Not native), 6.

M. Above ashy brown, with brown and black stripes on back; below whitish with black bib; wings chestnut with white bars bordered with a black line; F. paler and no bib.

Notice—Chestnut shoulder patch.

Found—Nearly everywhere in N. A. especially in cities.

Nest—Almost anywhere in cavities or trees; mass of scraps.

Eggs—4-7 whitish, dotted.

Ceaseless chatter of a few sharp notes.

Gambel Sparrow, 6½-7.

Very similar to Nuttall Sparrow, except that the median crown stripe is broader, without yellow edge to wing.

Found—Western N. A. except on Pacific Coast, breeding generally north of Oregon.

Song irregular and weaker than the Nuttall.

Golden Crowned Sparrow, 7.

Resembles Nuttall Sparrow, but larger and with short golden stripe ending in gray; one broad black stripe above eye.

Found—Pacific coast, Alaska to Lower Cal. Breeds north of U. S.

Nest—Eggs similar to Nuttall Sparrow.

"O-hear-me."

Mountain Song Sparrow.

Like Rusty Song Sparrow, but paler.

Found—Rocky Mt. Plateau.

Merrill Song Sparrow.

Lighter than Rusty Song Sparrow.

- Found—Eastern Washington, Oregon and Idaho.
 Nuttall Sparrow (American Nightingale), 7,
 Above grayish brown streaked darker; below whitish.
 Notice—Median white crown stripe narrower than black
 on each side, which is outlined with white, with black
 streak back of eye; edge of wing a bit yellow.
 Found—Pacific Coast, California to Alaska.
 Nest—Ground or clump of grass.
 Eggs—4-6 vegetation, lined fine grasses and horsehair.
 "Dear, dear, I'm glad to be back he-re."
- Rusty, Song Sparrow, 6.
 Above ground color rusty olive, streaked with dark;
 below whitish much streaked with dark.
 Notice—Conspicuous brown breast spot; three faint gray
 head stripes.
 Found—Rogue River, Oregon to Alaska west of
 Cascades.
 Nest—On or near ground; coarse grass lined with finer.
 Eggs—3-5 whitish, spotted.
 Nasal "emp." "O dear teacher, can you hear my pretty,
 sweet song?"
- Sooty Song Sparrow.
 Larger and darker than Rusty Song Sparrow.
 Found—W. Olympic Mts. north to Alaska.
- Russet-backed Thrush, about 7½.
 Above plain russet-brown; below white with all of front
 part darkened by deep olive-brown triangular spot-
 ting.
 Notice—Pale buff eye-ring.
 Found—Pacific Coast from San Diego to Alaska.
 Nest—Largely green moss; inner matted mould; lined
 fine grasses, sometimes feathers.
 Eggs—3-5 greenish blue, dotted.
 Pearl-like "qu-it," "Bedelia, Amelia, Cordelia".
- Sierra Hermit Thrush, 7.
 Above gray-brown; below whitish with arrow-shaped
 darker spots.
 Notice—Cinnamon rump and tail; whitish eye-ring.
 Found—Breeding in Sierra Nevada and Cascade Mt.
 Nest—Vegetation, placed low.
 Eggs—3-4 greenish-blue unmarked.
 "Oh, the earth is fair."
- Canon Wren, about 5½.
 Above grayish brown, speckled dusky and whitish; be-
 low front white, rest rusty.

- Notice—Cinnamon brown tail, black barred.
 Found—Arid regions B. C. and Western U. S.
 Nest—Holes usually in cliffs; twigs, and soft lining of hair, fur, etc.
 Eggs—3-6 whitish, dotted with cinnamon.
 Ringing "dink", bugling melody of happiness.
Rock Wren, about 5½.
 Above grayish brown; cinnamon rump, speckled; below whitish, speckled.
 Notice—White stripe above eye; dark barred tail, buffy tipped with bars of black.
 Found—Western N. A. and B. C. to Vancouver Island.
 Nest—Similar to Canon Wren, runway of pebbles.
 Eggs—Like Canon Wren.
 Re-echoing chatter, "Whittier, Whittier, Whittier."
Seattle Wren, about 5½.
 Above grayish brown; below grayish.
 Notice—White stripe above eye; concealed white spot on rump; blackish tail tip blotched with white; slender insect-eating bill.
 Found—Pacific coast north of California.
 Nest—Crannies of trees, buildings, logs.
 Eggs—4-7 white, speckled.
 Varied. Cascade song "Sweet-heart, sweet-heart, come, come, come, come." Rasping call.
Tule Wren (California Marsh), about 5.
 Above brownish; below whitish; white stripe above eye; black-barred wings and tail.
 Notice—Triangular black patch on back striped with white; long bill.
 Found—West of Cascades and Sierra Nevada in swampy regions.
 Nest—Spherical cradle of tules and down.
 Eggs—5-8 heavily speckled so as to appear brown.
 Brassy notes of tinkling cymbals, exploding, sputtering.
Western House Wren, 4¼-5¼.
 Above grayish brown barred with dusky; below whitish speckled with dusky; tail barred terminally.
 Notice—Slender, slightly curving bill; indistinct stripe above eye.
 Found—Western N. A. from Mississippi to the Pacific.
 Nest—Mass of twigs, etc., in nooks of all sorts.
 Eggs—5-9 white, speckled.
 A brilliant medley of songs, raucous scold.
Western Winter Wren, about 4.

Above rusty-brown, barred dusky; below tawny, dusky speckled.

Notice—Short barred tail, faint buffy line above eye.

Found—Western North America from Rockies to the Pacific.

Nest—Crannies, roots of trees, brush; made of moss, twigs, fur, feathers, hair.

Eggs—4-7 whitish, dotted.

Tinkling bit of the music of the spheres; sharp "Cheep, cheep, cheep."

4. Birds with Crest.

Steller Jay.

See Birds with Blue in Plumage.

California or Valley Quail, 9½.

M. Upper parts smoky brown bordered with buffy; bluish-gray breast; scaly sides and lower parts except for abdominal chestnut; F. similar to M. but without characteristic head marks.

Notice—Black bib bordered with white; recurved glossy black crest in olive brown crown patch white bordered.

Found—Pacific Coast region from middle Cal. north.

Common about Puget Sound.

Eggs—12-16, white or buffy dark spots.

"Who are you? Chi ca goo, Chi ca goo."

Mountain Quail, 11.

Upper parts dark olive brown; chestnut bib; slaty gray breast; flanks black, white, and chestnut bands; abdomen chestnut; tawny border to back of wing.

Notice—Chestnut bib white bordered; crest of two black feathers carried horizontally backward.

Found—Pacific Coast from middle Cal. through Washington.

Nest—Ground near log or shrub.

Eggs—8-15 buffish.

"Hu-we-u."

Bohemian Waxwing, Rare, about 8.

Soft drab with vinaceous suggestions; soft pointed crest outlined with black; abdomen yellowish.

Notice—White or yellow wing spot and wax-like points on end of secondary wing feathers; tail yellow tips.

Found—Circumpolar, south to northern U. S.

Nest—Trees; bulky; twigs, rootlets, softly lined.

Eggs—3-5 whitish, spotted.

Hissing "sst, see."

Cedar Waxwing, 7.

Similar to Bohemian Waxwing but smaller.

Notice—No yellow or white on wings.

Found—N. A. south to Costa Rica.

5. Gray in Plumage.

Bush-tit, 4-4½.

Four varieties similar.

Localities differ.

Above Brownish mouse-gray, below smoky brown.

Notice—Head and flanks darker.

Nest—Long hanging pocket, opening on side just above branch door-step usually.

Eggs—5-9 whitish.

Lisping "sst-sst-sst."

1. Bush-tit.

Found south of Columbia River west coast.

2. Plumbeous Bush-tit.

Found—Interior arid region.

3. Puget Sound Bush-tit.

Found—Puget Sound country.

4. Sacramento Bush-tit.

Found—In California.

Chickadee (Eastern type), 4½-5¼.

Cap and bib black; back olive gray; buffy rump; wings and tail slate with light edges; lower parts white; buffy sides.

Notice—Larger size, brighter coloring.

Found—"A separate colony" between Rockies and Cascades; Oregon through B. C., Eastern N. A.

Nest—Hole in tree with soft bed.

Eggs—5-8 white, few dots.

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

Chestnut-backed Chickadee.

See Red or Brownish-red in Plumage.

Mountain Chickadee, 5-5¼.

Much like type form.

Notice—White line above eye (almost meeting on forehead) trims black cap.

Found—Mountains and plateaus of Western U. S. from B. C. to Lower Cal. (chiefly east of Cascades.)

Similar to type form.

Oregon Chickadee, 4¾-5¼.

Similar to Chickadee but smaller and darker, less white on edges of wings and tail.

Notice—Usually found in lower branches of trees in humid Pacific Coast district.

Like Chickadee, also 3 whistled notes "My sweet-ee."
Peregrine Falcon, 15½-18.

Above slaty with bluish cast, obscurely barred; below buffy or white, spotted darker except on chest and throat.

Notice—Blackish moustasche and bill (latter with yellow base); yellow feet, black claws.

Found—N. A. but Peale Falcon on coast north of Oregon.

Nest—Cliffs or tall trees.

Eggs—Buffy, sometimes dotted.

Screams.

Oregon Jay, 10-11.

Above brownish-gray; below white, tinged with brown.

Notice—Collar, forehead, and sides of face like lower parts; black cap.

Found—Humid regions of west, closely resembling White-headed Jay of Rocky Mt. Plateau, and Gray-headed Jay of the arid regions of the West.

Nest—Bulky wide mass of twigs, lichens.

Eggs—4-5 grayish.

Gentle "Whew, whew."

Oregon Junco (Snow Bird) 5¼-6¾.

M. Entire head and neck black; back and sides pinkish brown; below white; F. paler.

Notice—Pinkish white bill; three outside tail feathers show white; convex black chestline.

Found—Pacific coast S. north of U. S. Usually W. south through Cal.

Nest—Ground, vegetation.

Eggs—2-5 whitish, spotted.

Metallic "chip", soft bell-like song.

Shufeldt Junco.

Resembles Oregon Junco.

Notice—Pacific region summer and interior to Montana, winter nearly all of U. S. west of Mississippi.

Pygmy Nuthatch, 4.

Upper parts gray; crown olive gray; nape usually white; below whitish.

Notice—Blackish line through eye, some white on wings and tail.

Found—High forested regions of western N. A. and Mex.

Nest—Holes trees.

Eggs—5-9 white, flecked.

Lisping, jolly chatter.

Slender-billed Nuthatch, $5\frac{1}{2}$.

Sides of head, neck and most of lower parts white;
above, head black; back gray; F. duller.

Notice—Straight, slender, dark bill with slight upper
tilt; nimble climber any direction.

Found—Pacific coast district, U. S. and B. C.

Nest—Woodpecker holes.

Eggs—4-9 white, speckled.

Slow "Yank, yank", varied.

Red-breasted Nuthatch.

See Birds with Red in Plumage.

Water Ouzel.

See birds found about water.

Black-throated Gray Warbler, 5.

Streaked gray, black and white; head and throat black;
back gray; white below.

Notice—Small yellow spot front of eye; two wing bars.

Found—West of Rockies to Pacific, B. C. to Mex.

Nest—Cone bearing trees, vegetation.

Eggs—4 creamy, spotted.

"Woodsy zee-e, zee-e, tze, tze, tze."

6. Green or Olive Plumage.

Olive-sided Flycatcher, about $7\frac{1}{2}$.

Above slaty olive; darker wings, tail; below brownish;
middle stripe and flanks whitish.

Notice—Crest-like crown.

Found—Coniferous forests of West.

Nest—Trees, twigs, rootlets, moss, lichens.

Eggs—2-4 creamy, spotted.

Shrill "Just three days."

Traill Flycatcher, $5\frac{1}{2}$ -6.

Above brownish olive; breast olive; belly yellowish.

Notice—Faint grayish eye-ring; whitish wing-bars;
yellow on bend of wing.

Found—Western N. A. to Mississippi valley.

Nest—Bulky vegetation, crotch of low tree.

Eggs—3-4 creamy white, splotched.

"Sweet-chew."

Western Flycatcher, $5\frac{1}{2}$ -6.

Upper parts brownish olive; lower, straw yellow.

Notice—Faint yellow eye-ring; two wing bars.

Found—Western N. A. from Rockies.

Nest—Stumps, logs, rafters; varied materials.

Eggs—3-4 creamy white.

"Pst, tsp, tsep."

Arkansas Kingbird.

See Red or Brownish-red in Plumage.

Western Wood Pewee, 6-6½.

Above grayish olive-brown; below dusky, sometimes whitish.

Notice—Two white wing-bars; lighter around eye.

Found—Western N. A.

Nest—Saddled on limb. Made of grass, weeds, moss, cobweb, feathers, lichens.

Eggs—2-4 white, blotched.

"Tzwee-air".

Northern Violet-green Swallow.

See Long-Winged Birds.

Anthony Vireo, 4¼-4¾.

Above olive; wings and tail darker with yellowish edges to feathers; below sides and flanks olive, whitish medial portion.

Notice—Two wing bars; broken broad eye-ring.

Found—Coast district, Vancouver, I., Cal.

Nest—Hanging basket.

Eggs—3-4 white, few black spots.

"Mu-zerrp."

Cassin Vireo, about 5½.

Above yellowish olive; below yellow flanks; rest white.

Notice—Two wing bars; white eye-ring with spur to nose.

Found—Western N. A.

Nest—Hanging basket.

Eggs—3-4 whitish.

"Richard, dearie. Come here."

Red-eyed Vireo, 5½-6½.

Above gray olive-green; slaty crown with dusky border; dusky wings and tail; below whitish.

Notice—White line above red eye.

Found—Temperate N. A. except arid regions.

Nest—Hanging basket.

Eggs—3-4 white with dark spots.

Higher in pitch than Cassin, more varied.

Western Warbling Vireo, 5-6.

Back grayish olive; wings and tail darker; below whitish with yellowish flanks.

Notice—White streak above eye.

Found—Western N. A.

Nest—Hanging basket.

Eggs—3-4 white, dotted dark.

"I know you. Do you know me? I do. Do you?"

7. Long Winged Birds—Many have metallic glints.

Allen Hummingbird, $3\frac{1}{4}$.

Similar to Rufous Hummingbird but with shining bronze-green back in M.; has no notch in narrow tail feathers as Rufous has.

Found—As yet on Pacific side of Cascades only.

Black-chinned Hummingbird, $3\frac{1}{4}$.

M. Above bronzy green; below whitish, tinged with greenish; F. like M. but without gorget.

Notice—Velvety black gorget of M. and patch of metallic orange in gorget each side of middle.

Found—Western U. S. except northern Pacific Coast.

Nest—Down and cobwebs.

Eggs—2-3 white.

In courting a low musical, murmuring sound.

Calliope Hummingbird, about 3.

M. Above golden green; dusky tail with rufous base; below whitish; F. like M. but without gorget.

Notice—Brilliant radiating rose-purple gorget of M.

Found—Mountains of West to central B. C.

Nest—Down of willows, trimmed with bits of bark and cone.

Eggs—2 white.

Tiny shrill squeak.

Ruby-throated Hummingbird.

Not found in Western N. A.

Rufous Hummingbird, $3\frac{1}{4}$.

M. Head metallic green; back, lower tail coverts, and breast cinnamon-red; F. back green.

Notice—Metallic coppery-red gorget in M.; trace of same color in F.

Found—Western N. A. to latitude 61° .

Nest—Made of spider webs, plant down, and lichens.

Eggs—2 white.

Long-drawn, rasping buzz or squeak.

Purple Martin, 8.

M. Glossy blue-black above and below; F. dull gray.

Notice—Wings longer than forked tail.

Found—Temperate N. A. except Pacific Coast district

Nest—Holes of trees, bird boxes.

Eggs—4-6 white.

"Musical laughter rippling up from the throat."

Western Martin.

M. Similar to Purple Martin but smaller, with more deeply forked tail; F. much paler.

Found—Pacific Coast district from Mex. to B. C.

Vibrant twitter.

Pacific Nighthawk.

Resembles Western Nighthawk but is found west of Cascade Mts.

Western Nighthawk, about 9.

Above mottled gray, black, and yellowish; below finely barred dusky, yellowish and white.

Notice—White-wing patch, v-shaped throat patch, and sub-terminal band.

Found—Rockies to Cascades; B. C. south.

Nest—Bare ground.

Eggs—2 like granite pebbles.

"Pee-yert", a sullen boom.

American Barn Swallow, 5¼-7¼.

Above glossy steel blue; below glistening tawny buff; faint dark collar.

Notice—Forehead, cheek, chin, chestnut; forked tail with two white spots.

Found—N. A.

Nest—Beams barns, bridges; shelf of mud, grass and feathers.

Eggs—3-6 whitish, spotted.

"Low chattering trill."

Bank Swallow, 4¼-5½.

Above grayish brown; below white; darker tail obscurely edged with white.

Notice—Grayish brown band across chest.

Found—N. A.

Nest—Holes in banks, fine grasses, feathers.

Eggs—3-7 white.

Soft giggling twitter.

Cliff, or Eave Swallow, 5-6.

Above glossy blue-black; below chestnut breast; darker collar; white abdomen; F. duller.

Notice—Forehead and rump whitish or rusty.

Found—Most of N. A.

Nest—Gourd-shaped; mud, lined with grass, feathers.

Eggs—3-5 white, spotted.

"Contented, nurmuring giggle."

Rough-winged Swallow, 5-5¼.

Above plain grayish-brown; below soiled white; chin and throat darker.

Notice—Peculiar hooks on front edge of wing.

Found—Temperate N. A.

Nest—Holes banks, rarely bridges.

Eggs—3-6 white.

Low murmuring warble.

Northern Violet-green Swallow, $4\frac{3}{4}$ - $5\frac{1}{2}$.

M. Above rich bronze green, overlaid with purple;

F. duller.

Notice—Eye in white; lower white feathers show on rump; tuft of feathers on leg above hind-toe.

Found—Western N. A. from eastern base of Rockies to the Pacific.

Nest—Holes in trees, buildings, cliffs; grasses, feathers.

Eggs—4-6 white.

"A soft warbling gurgle."

Tree Swallow, 5 - $6\frac{1}{4}$.

Above glossy greenish, steel-blue; below white; F. duller

Notice—Eye is in dark area.

Found—N. A.

Nests—Holes in trees, buildings; grasses, feathers.

Eggs—3-6 white.

"Constant warbling twitter."

Vaux Swift, about $4\frac{1}{2}$.

Above sooty brown; below gray.

Notice—Lighter on chin, throat, and rump.

Found—Pacific coast states and B. C.

Nest—Hollow trees; twigs and saliva.

Eggs—4-6 white.

Rapid, repeated "ss-t."

8. Red or Brownish-red in Plumage.

Northwestern Red-wing Blackbird.

See Birds often seen about water.

Western Bluebird.

See Birds with Blue in Plumage.

Chestnut-backed Chickadee, $4\frac{1}{2}$ -5.

Back, sides, and flanks chestnut; gray wings and tail; lower parts white.

Notice—Sooty brown cap and bib, separated by white space; with black stripe through eye.

Found—Pacific Coast region from Alaska to California; east into Montana in coniferous forests.

Nest—Holes of trees, soft collection.

Eggs—7-9 white, dotted.

Wiry "skiss-a-dee" in tops of trees.

California Purple Finch, 6 - $6\frac{1}{2}$.

Above deep wine purple, streaked darker; below in front same, abdomen white streaked with brown; F. and young dark.

Notice—Rosy-red streaked sparrow.

Found—Pacific Coast from southern California to B. C.

Nest—Trees; fine leaves, grasses, lined with horsehair.

Eggs—4-5 light greenish-blue, spotted.

"Digger, digger, digger, dirt, dirt, dirt."

Alaska Pine Grosbeak, about 8½.

Rosy-red; feathers of back dusky centers; front of below rosy, but abdomen and tail coverts ashy; F. top, sides of head and rump tawny yellow.

Notice—Large, dusky, conical bill.

Found—Northwestern N. A. except Pacific Coast.

Nest—Twigs, rootlets, fine material.

Eggs—4 greenish-blue, spotted.

Resembles blackbird's notes.

Rosy Finch, Hepburn Leucosticte, about 6¼.

M.—S. rosy brown plumage with dusky or pink tips to feathers; F. darker.

Notice—Black forehead, gray crown and sides of face.

Found—Mountains of the Northwest; inland plateau in winter.

Nest—Dried grasses in rocks of high regions.

Eggs—Not yet taken.

"Schthub."

Northwestern Flicker.

See Birds with Yellow or Orange in Plumage.

Red-shafted Flicker.

See same as above.

Desert Sparrow Hawk, about 11.

General color rusty red with black bars; sub-terminal dark tail band.

Notice—Top of head bluish with rufous crown patch; sides of face with white and black patches.

Nest—Old woodpecker holes.

Eggs—4-6 buffish, spotted.

"Killee, killee, killee".

Allen Hummingbird.

See Long-winged Birds.

Rufous Hummingbird.

See Long-winged Birds.

Arkansas Kingbird, 8-9½.

Head, neck, and upper parts gray; chest and fore neck paler; abdomen yellow.

Notice—A concealed reddish-orange crown patch; blackish tail has white web on outer feathers.

Found—Common inland in open spaces of western U. S. and B. C., rare on coast.

Nest—Beams of buildings, trees; vegetation, hair, feathers, string, wool.

"Noisy, boisterous cries."

Ruby-crowned Kinglet, about 4.

Upper parts grayish olive deepening to olive-green rump; lower parts yellow-gray, two whitish wing bars.

Notice—Concealed ruby-red patch which can be spread over whole crown; eye-ring whitish.

Found—N. A. in forest regions.

Nest—Trees, usually hanging at ends of branches.

Eggs—5-10 whitish, spotted.

"Tee-teet", a joyous carol ending with "I know it, I know it."

Sitka Ruby-crowned Kinglet.

Similar to preceding, but having a shorter wing, larger bill and darker colors.

Found—Pacific Coast district.

Red-breasted Nuthatch, 4-4½.

Top of head black; back bluish-gray; chin and throat white; rest of lower parts reddish brown.

Notice—Side of head white stripe; black streak through eye.

Found—Forest districts of northern N. A.

Nest—Usually in woodpecker holes.

Eggs—4-6 whitish, speckled.

Rapidly repeated "Yank, yank."

Coast Pygmy Owl, 7-7½.

Above warm brown, spotted with buffy or white; below white streaked with dusky.

Notice—Collar of white and black; 6 broken white bands on tail, which is carried angularly.

Found—Humid Pacific Coast. Allied varieties; Vancouver Pygmy Owl of Vancouver Island, and California Pygmy Owl of Cal. and Inland Empire.

Nest—Cavities of trees, usually woodpecker holes.

Eggs—3-4 white, pitted.

"Glook, glook, look, look."

Say Phoebe, 7¾.

Drab brown with darker crown and ear feathers.

Notice—Blackish tail and cinnamon-red belly with

brownish gray breast and chin.

Found—Western N. A. from Arctic Circle to Mexico.

Usually arid regions.

Nest—Ledges buildings, bridges, cliffs; dry vegetation, hair, wool.

Eggs—3-6 whitish.

Call—Melancholy "Phoe be" as tail is wagged.

American Robin.

Much like Western Robin, but has white on the inner webs of the lateral tail feathers.

Found—Rarely, in winter in West.

Western Robin, 10-11.

Head and upper parts blackish changing to gray back; chin white streaked with black; breast and flanks cinnamon rufous; posterior lower part white.

Notice—White eyelids; young have speckled breasts.

Found—Western N. A. from the Rockies to the Pacific.

Nest—Usually in trees; coarse vegetation outside; mud interlining; fine grasses lining.

Eggs—4 greenish blue.

Mellow "Cheer up" irregularly repeated.

Western Chipping Sparrow, about 5½.

Back brownish (rufous east) and gray, streaked with black; below soft gray.

Notice—Top of head bright reddish-brown; streak of whitish above eye and of black behind eye.

Found—N. A. from the Rockies west.

Nest—Trees or shrubs, fine grasses lined with horse-hair.

Eggs—3-5 greenish blue.

"Chip, chip, chip, chip" repeated rapidly like the whirl of grasshoppers.

Barn Swallow.

Reddish-brown lower parts.

See Long-winged list.

Louisiana Tanager, 6¾-7¾.

S.—M. Head crimson; body mainly lemon-yellow, with back, tail and wings black; F. olive above; yellowish below with two faint wing bars.

Notice—Yellowish wing bars, M. like F. in winter.

Found—Western B. C. and U. S. south in W. to Guatemala.

Nest—High in evergreens; rootlets, bark.

Eggs—3-5 bluish green, spotted.

"Critic critic" or "Er-ic Er-ic".

Varied Thrush; about 9½.

M. Above slate color with two conspicuous tawny wing bars; lateral head stripe same tawny; below tawny orange-yellow fading to white belly; F. duller.

Notice—Black collar connecting with black on sides of face.

Found—Forests and mountains of western N. A. from Cal. northward.

Nest—Sticks; twigs, moss, decayed wood.

Eggs—3-4 greenish blue, dotted.

Plaintive, whimsical, one-toned whistle.

Oregon Towhee, 8.

M. Black bill, head, neck, back, tail and wings; white breast, spots on wings and tail; flanks reddish brown.

F. black replaced by sooty brown.

Notice—Red eye.

Found—Pacific Coast district from San Francisco Bay north to Alaska.

Nest—Ground, sticks, leaves, bark, grass.

Eggs—3-5 whitish, dotted.

"Mewing "Me-ay". Song locust-like trill.

Spurred Towhee.

Quite similar to Oregon Towhee but larger and lighter; white markings larger.

Found—Interior Rocky Mt. plateau from Mexico to B. C. Bohemian Waxwing.

See Birds with Crest.

Red wax-like points on ends of some wing feathers.

Cedar Waxwing.

See Birds with Crest.

Gairdner Woodpecker.

See Birds with Black in Plumage.

Harris Woodpecker.

See Birds with Black in Plumage.

Lewis Woodpecker, 10½-11½.

Upper parts lustrous greenish black, except top of head dull black; chest and collar silvery gray; sides of head, chin and face crimson; rest of lower parts rosy, mixed with ashy.

Notice—Iridescence and red hair-like lower plumage.

Found—N. A. from southern B. C. to Arizona west of the Rocky Mts.

Nest—Usually high hole in dead tree.

Eggs—5-9 white.

"A curious, raucous twitter."

Northern Pileated Woodpecker.

See Birds with Black Plumage.

9. Yellow or Orange in Plumage.

Long-tailed Chat, 7-8.

Above gray olive-green; breast lemon-yellow; rest of lower parts whitish; F. duller.

Notice—White eye-ring and stripe to nose; cheek darker; stripe through eye.

Found—Western U. S. usually interior, rare west of Cascades.

Nest—Briery thickets close to ground, loose mass.

Eggs—3-5 white, spotted.

Fine vocabulary of rollicking song; mimic.

Northwestern Flicker, about 18½.

Above brownish with purple tinge; barred; below vinaceous with black collar and many black dots; sides of head and throat gray; white rump.

Notice—Under surface of wings and tail orange red; red streak side of neck in M.

Found—Pacific coast from Sitka to Humboldt Bay.

Nest—Holes in trees.

Eggs—5-10 white.

"Kee-er" or "Week-er, week-er, week-er".

Red-shafted Flicker.

Similar to Northwestern Flicker but paler coloring.

Found—Western U. S. except in Pacific Coast district.

Western Goldfinch.

Similar to Willow Goldfinch but color paler.

Found—Rocky Mt. plateau district.

Willow Goldfinch, 5.

S. M.—General color canary yellowish; forehead, crown, wings and tail black. W. similar to F. above olive-brownish, below yellowish.

Notice—Two white wing bars; white spots on inner webs of tail feathers; undulating flight.

Nest—Compact; grasses, fibres, down.

Eggs—3-6 bluish white.

Canary like warble, "Per-chic-o-ree."

Alaska Pine Grosbeak. (Female).

See Birds with Red in Plumage.

Black-headed Grosbeak, 8.

M. Above head, back, wings and tail black; below reddish brown with yellow abdomen. F. similar pattern but duller and more old gold.

Notice—Same brown in collar and flecks on back, with

white wing bars and splashes, and white corners of tail. Large conical bill.

Found—Western U. S. from B. C. to Mex.

Nest—Careless bulky mass.

Eggs—2-4 greenish-blue, spotted.

Song starts, "Quit, quit, cheery" of robin with bubbles, ripples and tender tones of his own.

Western Evening Grosbeak, 7.

M. Bronzy-yellow mostly; wings, tail and crown black; yellow forehead extends above eye; F. above gray, below whitish.

Notice—Large yellowish-green conical bill and white patches on wings.

Found—Western U. S. including Rocky Mts.

Nest—Shrubs, sticks, roots, lichens.

Eggs—4 clear green, blotched.

Scared chicken call note.

Western Golden-crowned Kinglet, about 4.

Above olive with golden crown; below buffy whitish; dark line through eye.

Notice—M. orange crown with yellow edges, bordered with black, then white; F. crown, orange omitted.

Found—Western N. A.; prefers mountains.

Nest—Green moss and fibres, usually high in trees.

Eggs—5-10 dull or cream white.

Lisping "tssip".

Western Meadowlark, about 10½.

Above brownish, barred lighter and darker; below yellow with black breast-crescent; streaked sides; F. duller.

Notice—Yellow cheeks, chin; buffy stripe above eye and medial line of head; white outer tail feathers.

Found—Western U. S. from the Mississippi to the Pacific, from B. C. into Mexico.

Nest—3-7 white, speckled.

Many songs. One whistled." Say, girls, where'd you get the milk?"

Bullock Oriole, 8.

M. Head, back and narrow throat patch black; wing dusky and white; tail black and orange; rest of body orange-yellow; F. much duller.

Notice—Yellow streak above eye.

Found—Western N. A. Rare west of Cascades, north of Columbia River.

Nest—Hanging pocket in trees; grass, fibres, strings.

Eggs—5 smoky white, with lines of dark.

Gargling, chuckling whistle.

Pine Siskin, 5.

Much streaked gray and brown.

Notice—Sulphur yellow on wing and forked tail; undulating flight.

Found—N. A. coniferous regions.

Nest—Trees, twigs, rootlets, fibres, hair.

Eggs—3-4 greenish, spotted.

Continual twittering, musical chatter.

Louisiana Tanager.

See Birds with Red in Plumage.

Audubon Warbler, 5-6.

S. M.—Above bluish slate with yellow crown and rump; below chin and spot each side of black in gray breast yellow; black wings and tail; F. smaller and duller;

W. M. similar to F.

Notice—Five yellow spots and black streaked body.

Found—Great plains to Pacific; B. C. to Mex.

Nest—Coniferous trees; twigs, stems, lined with horse-hair, feathers.

Eggs—3-5 greenish white, dotted.

Tinkling, tiny, bell-like trill.

Lutescent Warbler, about 5.

Above olive-green; below olive yellow.

Notice—Obscure tawny orange crown; light yellow eye-ring.

Found—Pacific coast from Alaska to Gautemala, Rockies west.

Nest—Close to ground; fine grasses, roots.

Eggs—3-5 whitish, blotched.

Hissing, trilled whistle.

Myrtle Warbler, 5¼-5¾.

Resembles the Audubon Warbler but has white chin.

Found—Straggler from eastern N. A. found as migrant in the West.

Golden Pileolated Warbler, 4¼.

Similar to Pileolated but smaller and brighter.

Found—Pacific Coast; Cal. north to B. C.

"Quiet song of four or five notes in a descending scale."

Eliot.

Pileolated, Warbler, about 4½.

Above olive green with glossy black cap; below yellow, flanks greenish.

Notice—Yellow forehead; F. crown often obscure.

Found—Western N. A. migrant, coast side of the
Cascades south of B. C.

Nest—Near ground; leaves, stems, grasses.

Eggs—4-5 creamy, spotted.

“A well modulated swell”.

Yellow or Summer Warbler, about 5.

Above yellow olive-green; below, bright yellow; F.
duller.

Notice—Rufous streaks on breast and chest of older
birds.

Found—N. A.

Nest—Trees; grayish fibres, spider webs, down.

Eggs—2-6 light varied colors, speckled.

“Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweeter, sweeter.”

